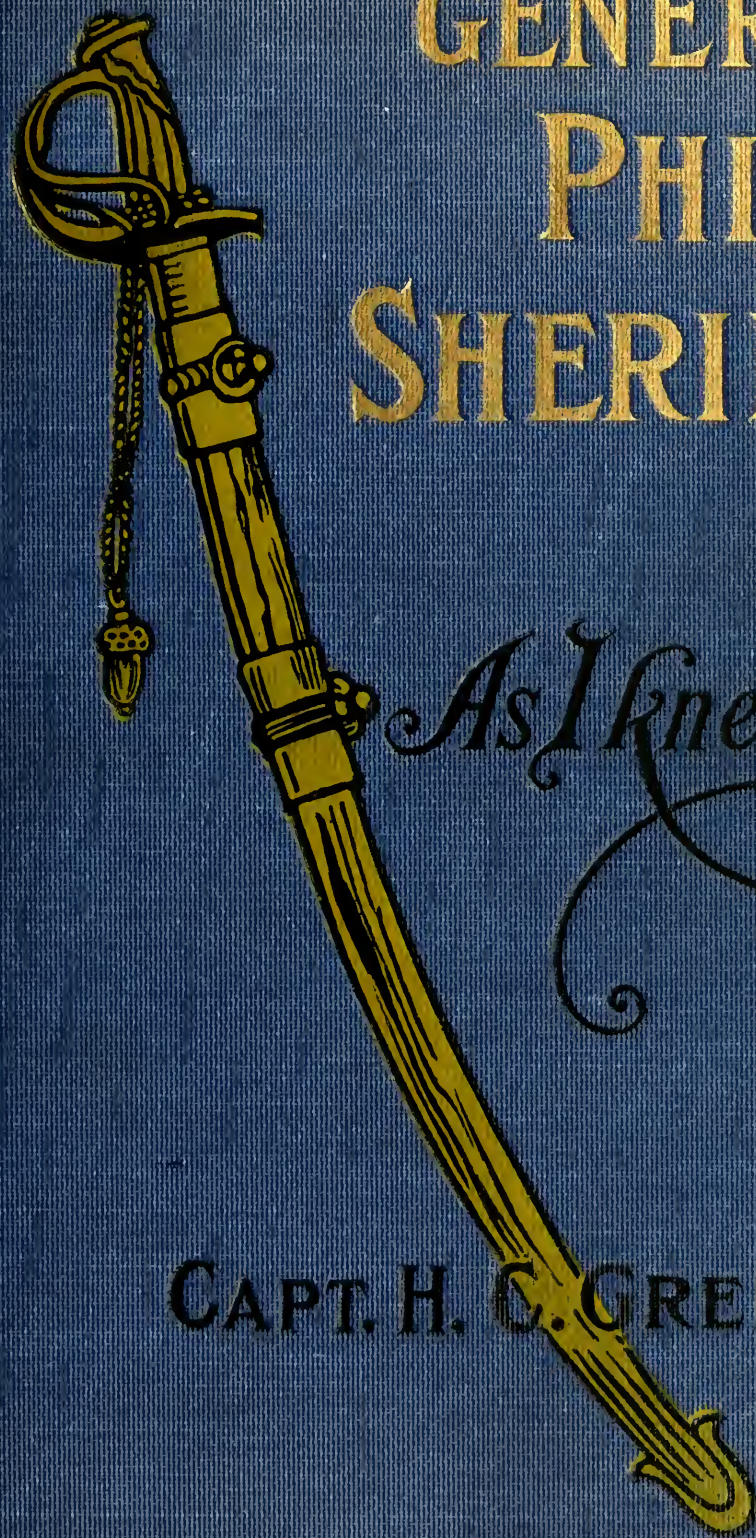


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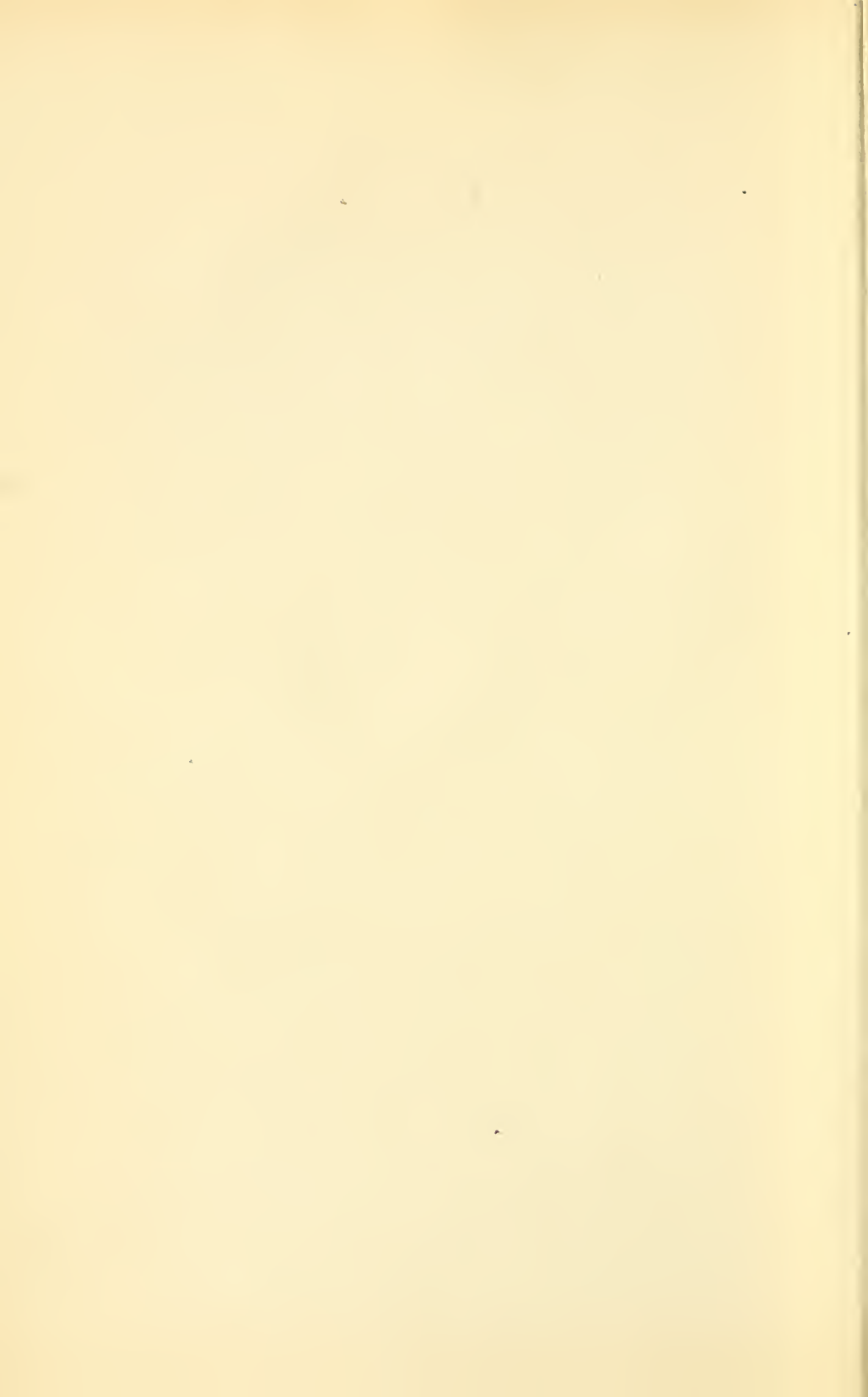
As I knew him

CAPT. H. C. GREINER











GENERAL PHIL. SHERIDAN

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN

As I Knew Him,

Playmate - Comrade - Friend

BY CAPTAIN H. C. GREINER

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

CHICAGO
J. S. HYLAND AND COMPANY
1908

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Dedicated

TO THE YOUTH OF OUR COUNTRY
WHO ARE STRUGGLING
FOR A PLACE IN THE RANKS OF
THE NATION'S GREAT AND
CHIVALROUS MEN.

—CAPTAIN HENRY C. GREINER.

In Memoriam

Captain Henry C. Greiner departed this life at his late home in Chicago Lawn, June 12, 1908, aged eighty-one years. Captain Greiner, the day before his death, laid down his pen, having finished this book, which had been a life study.



By his years of labor this Nation has become enriched . . . Whole-souled, brave, noble, his hand was ever servant to his heart . . . His spirit passed silently through the portals of the tomb, seeking its Creator.

Now this task of love at an end.
His soul joins its Playmate-Comrade-Friend.

PUBLISHERS.

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PREFACE.

If asked why these Memories of General Phil Sheridan had been written, I should answer: "To remove erroneous impressions." Since leaving Ohio I find such impressions quite prevalent. As children, Phil and I were playmates and comrades, and later I was for many years his agent and representative; therefore, my opportunity of obtaining an insight into his traits and characteristics was abundant. That others may know him as I knew him is the principal aim of this book. I might add also, it affords me an opportunity to atone for the thrashings I unintentionally brought upon both of us from the pioneer masters, McNanly and Thorn.

The rising generation, no doubt, may be interested in the early life and true character of the brainiest fighter and greatest battle tactician on either side of our great war. I find that many believe Sheridan was cruel, hard-hearted and loved war and its savagery, but I know he was kind and gentle of heart. On several occasions I sought to correct these wrong impressions, when the accusing party would point to his unnecessary devastation of the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, where Sheridan seemed to revel in destruction. The accuser was not aware that this was done in obedience to an order from General Grant, whom, I am sure, no one would accuse of cruelty. It was a wise and merciful order to destroy what an enemy subsisted upon, as it brought peace more speedily than the destruction of human life.

Others have said that he loved war rather than peace, and, in evidence, reminded me of his eagerness to fight the French who occupied Mexico under the ill-fated Maximilian. They claimed that General Lee had scarcely sheathed the sword that General Grant so generously returned to him at Appomattox, when Sheridan flew so hastily to another field promising blood and battle, that he did not remain North sufficiently long to take part in that grand parade down Pennsyl-

vania Avenue, where he could have ridden proudly at the head of his ten thousand cavalry, whose sabres were burnished with the lustre of so many brilliant victories; but refusing all these attractions, he hurried South. A moment's reflection will show the injustice of this charge. It was one of the chief desires of Sheridan's life to witness and participate in the great review, following victory.

At that time Grant was commander of all the armies. Sheridan could not move to the Mexican boundary without Grant's order. Grant, of his own motion, could not have sent Sheridan. The order was directed by the Administration.

Our government, during the war of the rebellion, had to endure threats and insults which it would not bear for a minute after domestic peace was secured. The English professed hostility to slavery, but sold weapons and munitions of war and supplies of every character to the States fighting to maintain slavery. Louis Napoleon put his poor dupe on a throne supported by bayonets in Mexico. Between England and Napoleon the Third, the Republic was to be overthrown and divided and the Monroe Doctrine forever stamped out. The sending of Sheridan to Texas was a National policy—not one of Sheridan's—and was the first act in the movement to notify the world that our western continent was dedicated to liberty and freedom and could never become a mere series of colonial possessions for rotten European tyrannies.

I do not deny that Sheridan was as eager as his government that the French, sent by Napoleon, the fraud, and their Austrian allies, should be driven from the continent and humiliated for tramping upon the Monroe Doctrine, while we were struggling for National existence. I know they regarded this Napoleon as a cheap, double-dealing coward, and were determined when their hands should be free, to resent the cowardly insult offered us, but it was the government which said: "Go at once."

If, therefore, my testimony were held back longer, it might be too late, and I would be guilty of suppressing the truth, and should we meet on the other shore with this plain statement of facts left unwritten, he might ask me why I had not done my duty.

With some it will be difficult to remove the impression that he was cold, cruel and relentless, but I know that his sympathies when a boy were always with the weak, underdog, and I know also that in this respect he never changed. I do not claim that during that long, bitter struggle (the Civil War) he was a lamb—he could not be that and do his duty as a soldier. During the ten years prior to his death that I was his agent, many incidents occurred that impressed me with the fact that he was as humane and tender-hearted as when we played together.

I shall chronicle occurrences of pioneer and volunteer life that will, I hope, amuse and interest the reader. I disclaim a history of General Sheridan's military operations—I am not competent to deal with that, even had I time and space. A few instances of battles may appear which are characteristic of his military genius. If there should be errors in my statements, I hope to be pardoned. In looking back through the spectacles of forty years, I find them dimmed. I depend largely upon an old diary, almost illegible, and shall also make quotations from an old scrap book. In these quotations proper credit cannot, in all cases, be given to the authors, as I copied their words without the least idea that they should ever be quoted. I point to General Sheridan as a guiding star for the young men of our country; as an example of patriotism, bravery, humaneness, filial affection and purity of character, and if I can remove the false impressions regarding him, shall feel well rewarded. As to the labor—it is one of love.

Since living here, in what General Sheridan often told me was his favorite city, it has often occurred to me as passing strange that Chicago could boast of no visible tribute to this brave soldier commensurate with his great services, surpassing valor and peerless genius.

THE AUTHOR.



CHAPTER I.

NOTABLE HISTORIC PERSONS AND WARLIKE SCENES IN SOMERSET, OHIO—SOMERSET BEFORE IT WAS HONORED BY THE NAME OF SHERIDAN—GREAT MEN LIKE WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON AND HENRY CLAY SPOKE FROM THE ROSTRUM OF THE SOMERSET COURT HOUSE—THE IMMORTAL "J. N." AND OTHER QUAIN'T CHARACTERS—MAC GAHAN CREATED A NATION BY HIS PENCIL.

"It is true the smallest hamlet or obscurest village is large enough to contain the grandest human emotions."

SOMERSET is a quiet, old-fashioned place in southeastern Ohio, containing a population of from twelve to fourteen hundred people. For over fifty years the exact number has been fluctuating between these two figures.

The history of the village before it was honored by a name is associated with notable historic persons and warlike scenes. In the early summer of 1797 the Duke of Orleans (afterwards King Louis Philip of France) and his two brothers followed on horseback the line marked out by Washington, beginning at Mount Vernon, leading north to Harpers Ferry, thence along the mountain range to Tennessee, from here again north to Maysville, Ky., across the Ohio river to Chillicothe, thence to Lancaster, through what was, in time, to be Somerset, to Zanesville, and from there east to New York. They were poorly mounted, poorly clad, almost destitute of means. This was when destiny was cruelly drifting the three brothers, Duke of Orleans, Count de Montpensier and Count Beaujolais, about to avoid the guillotine.

Somerset is built on a high ridge, the general direction of

which is south. This ridge divides the waters of the Hocking and Muskingum rivers, equi-distant about twenty miles, and its highest point takes in the Court House square.

The main street of the town is built on the line of the Zanesville and Maysville (Ky.) turnpike, and is crossed midway by a street not so long nor so compactly built. Two more streets, sparsely built, one north and the other south of and parallel with Main street, constituted the village when I left there about twelve years ago. It was on South street, generally known as "Happy alley," that the home of Sheridan was located. This street derived its name from the first Methodist church built there, the scene of many happy revivals among the pioneers. It is now known as Sheridan avenue.

In the early days all that portion of the town west of the Court House, on the Hocking side, was known as Pig Foot; all east, on the Muskingum side, was Turkey Foot. Columbus street was the dividing line, also, between two belligerent factions whose sectional prejudices caused many fights among the boys of those days. There was no other cause apparent, but we all know that dreadful wars have been precipitated between Christian nations on more flimsy pretexts than that which caused the war between the Turkey Foot and Pig Foot boys. However, those boys have not fought on that question now for fifty years or more. These mountaineers were types of rural simplicity, believing that the chief object of mankind was to fight and be loyal to his friends and country at the risk of life.

From the Sheridan cottage there is a beautiful view of the Hocking Valley, as it extends many miles south until the blue hills blend with the sky. The scene is so grand and inspiring

had not been developed in Phil instead of the martial spirit that early possessed him.

During half a century there has been little change in Somerset. For more than sixty years the curfew bell at the Court House has rung at nine o'clock, which is regarded as the proper hour for retiring. When the Catholic bell on the hill rings for six o'clock in the morning it is expected that everyone is up and doing. It is true that the nine o'clock signal summoning to rest is poorly observed by the average boy, yet it is sternly insisted upon by the village marshal as he makes his nightly round.

The old Court House, with its ungrammatical motto over the arched entrance door, is still standing as proudly and firmly as it did when justice was dealt out there seventy years ago. Some great men spoke from its rostrum—that greatest and most eloquent orator, Tom Corwin, also William Henry Harrison, President in 1840. Henry Clay, too, spoke there, and many times he passed the old building on his way to and from his Kentucky home. Here is an old legend handed down as to how the grammatical error occurred in the inscription above the entrance, which, in large and well-chiseled letters, reads: "Let Justice be done. If the Heavens should Fall."

There came to Somerset in a very early day, before the Court House was built, a German, well educated, speaking many languages. Soon after his arrival he became engaged in a law suit, which was decided against him, greatly to his surprise and contrary to his ideas of law and justice.

When the time came for the completion of the Court House, the Town Council held a meeting to decide what inscription should be carved upon the huge stone to be placed above the entrance. Every member had an idea of his own, but, owing to more or less jealousy, each failed to receive a sufficient

number of votes to adopt any one of them, so the meeting ended in a wrangle. It was then proposed that the educated German should be invited to submit one. This was agreed upon, and the next day one of the members of the Council, who was the judge that had decided the case against the German the year before, called and stated his business. The German, still smarting silently under the defeat he had sustained, now saw his opportunity to be revenged, but appeared to be highly complimented at this show of confidence in his literary judgment. However, he had it understood that the judge must assume authorship of the inscription, for it would discredit the Council in the public eye were it known that they had gone outside to procure it. This more than satisfied the judge, as he was proud to father the authorship—it would help him in his next candidacy for election as Justice of the Peace.

When the motto was submitted at the next meeting it was adopted. The lettering was done, the huge stone hoisted to its place, and the building completed, but the error was not discovered until the following year. The judge was reminded of it so often that he became disgusted and moved West, but the German, as he passed, would often look up at that inscription, solemnly smile at the sarcasm, and say: "It ish true! It ish true!"

There is no excitement in Somerset, generally speaking, except during a political campaign, a war, or a rumor of war, at which times the people are thoroughly disturbed; but when the election returns are all in, or the war over, every one resumes the even tenor of his way. One does not see the worried faces and frenzied rush that are encountered on every hand in the streets of the large metropolis.

No place can be more patriotic than this quiet little village. One of my earliest recollections of little Phil Sheridan is of a

Fourth of July celebration we attended when he and I were about six or seven years old. It might have been here that Phil received his first military impulse and patriotic thrill.

A Fourth of July celebration was a great event at that time in our village; every one participated in the exercises; not that we were more patriotic then than now, but, there being fewer patriotic holidays, our patriotism was more condensed. Early in the morning on these days long trains of farmers' wagons would commence arriving, the head teams carrying the fife, drum and flags. Long tables would be erected in the most convenient groves for a grand dinner; all the uniformed military companies of the county would be present, while a six-pounder brass cannon on the Reading hill would awaken us in the morning and continue its salute until noon, when the grand dinner was prepared. The boys prided themselves greatly on this brass cannon, and eagerly each year did they throw themselves before the car of juggernaut (for the cannon caused many serious accidents) for the happy prominence of being one of the "Firing Squad."

The most attractive feature in a Fourth of July celebration was a decrepit Revolutionary soldier by the name of Dusenbury, who lived about six miles east of us in a hamlet called Greasetown, from the greasy appearance of an old carding machine and its greasy proprietor. The name of that hamlet is changed now to Sego. This old soldier, growing yearly less able to attend the celebrations, attracted much attention, as he was the last one in our part of the county who had belonged to that immortal band of heroes of '76.

The first time Phil and I saw him he was brought up in a farmer's wagon, seated on a split-bottom chair (there were no buggies then and but few carriages). He was clad in a new suit of homespun linen that, we were told, his old wife

had spun, wove and made for him. As the wagon drove into the grove it caused something of a sensation, for you could see many who recognized him gathering about the wagon to offer their services in assisting the feeble old man to alight. When safely out, he was carefully led to the platform occupied by our prominent citizens and speakers. The old man, tottering with age and infirmity, was given the place of honor—the observed of all observers.

While this was going on, Phil Sheridan, who was standing by my side, asked me who that old man was and why every one was so glad to see him. I was prepared to answer the question, for I had just heard the story from my elder brother. I told Phil that his name was Dusenbury, he lived at Greasetown, had been a soldier under Washington, and that “Dan” told me he was in five battles. He had belonged to the Horsemen.

I never saw Phil’s brown eyes open so wide or gaze with such interest as they did on this old revolutionary relic. I am sure it made a deep impression on his boyish imagination, for he followed him to and from the dinner table, and, when the exercises were over, we were still near him. The patriotic impression he seemed to receive, as he looked with awe and interest at the comrade of Washington, no doubt clung to him through life and was probably the first glow of military emotion he experienced.

When, some years after, the news was brought to our village that the old soldier was dead, and that another firing squad was forming to go down to fire a salute over his grave, Phil was the first among the boys to propose that we walk down, which we did, but fortune favored some of us in gaining a ride home on the cannon.

I have always thought that Somerset has produced more

than its share of eccentric and humorous characters. There was always more than a supply of people with peculiar characteristics. It was thought, also, that people here lived to a greater age than elsewhere. This was attributed to the elevated location and the simple lives and regular habits of the people.

As to the remarkable age of some of its citizens, there was "Old Loney," who was one hundred and ten years old and did his own cooking and washing (very little washing); then there was Sam Cassal, the tinner, who thought himself a young man at the age of seventy, for, at that age, he climbed the Court House steeple to repair the brass globe that ornamented the spire. I must not forget the village drummer—he was that before Phil Sheridan was born—living only a few steps from Phil's home. During the Civil War, although fifty-six years old, he felt the throb of patriotism with impulse strong enough to volunteer in my second company as its drummer. He and his son Tom, with bugle and drum, awoke us among the stirring scenes of the Shenandoah Valley with their unwelcome "reveille," or lulled us to sleep with the more welcome "lights out." Once a month he could be seen and heard beating the "long roll" to remind the old soldier of Post night; or when a veteran was carried to his last camping ground "Billy" was at the head of the procession with muffled drum to cadence the step of those who followed their dead comrade to the "green tent," for, in that village, it was seldom that a soldier would take his last march without a military escort and the honors of war. In 1895, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, he attended the reunion of the 31st O. V. I. at New Lexington, and rather than wait for a train at the conclusion of the exercises, he shouldered his drum and walked home, nine miles over the hills.

A star among all unique characters was one J. N. Free, who lived in our county for several years. So overwhelming was his assurance, that he could journey anywhere—East, West, North or South—without meeting a single landlord who would hint of an unpaid bill, or railroad president who would refuse him a pass. These latter were generally made out: "Pass the Immortal J. N. from time to eternity." And whenever he took his departure from an hostelry, it was with a parting, "Call again, J. N.!", from the proprietor.

In 1894 Somerset boasted of three Mrs. John Smiths. One was the subject of much gossip, and as she was thin and bony, she was known by everyone as "Sarah Bernhardt." No one thought of calling her by any other name, and the custom was economical, for it not only saved words but also completely identified her. Then there were three James Browns. Instead of saying "James Brown the lawyer," or "James Brown the shoemaker" or blacksmith, they were known as "Big Jim," "Little Jim," and "Fool Jim"—not very elegant expressions, I admit, but there was never the least objection made to this style of brief identification.

But it is not alone famous warriors and unique characters who have been produced in this once obscure County of Perry, for I read in Martzloff's history of this county, published within the last three years, that a distinguished educator can be added to the list. That author says that President Harper of the University of Chicago received a part of his education at Madison Academy, which is situated about five miles from where Phil Sheridan was born.

You may think I am dwelling unduly on the village and its scenes. My excuse is that it is more than doubly historic. Not only does the luster of Sheridan's immortal valor and genius shed a brilliancy over this quiet, simple place—its un-

pretentious streets and humble homes were known to General Sherman also. To Somerset it was, that Sherman, when quite a young man, came from his home in the next town to "see his girl," who was attending school on the hill. She was a Miss Ellen Ewing, whom he afterward married.

The first time General Sherman attracted my attention he was engaged in the pleasant pastime of courting, and Phil Sheridan and I were playing "hopscotch" a few feet from the residence of Martin Scott, who was a friend of this wooing couple. I remember Phil calling my attention to him as he leaned against the door talking earnestly to his sweetheart. The scene would have been unnoticed were it not that Sherman was clad in the semi-military uniform then worn by West Point cadets. From another boy we learned that his home was in Lancaster and that he was the ward of Hon. Thomas Ewing, who had secured him the appointment to West Point. He was then home on his vacation.

The next time I saw Gen. Sherman was at Camp Dick Robinson, in Kentucky. He was reprimanding the officers of our Regiment—the 31st Ohio V. I.—for unsoldierly conduct. That story shall appear later.

Had old Mrs. Harper, the village fortune-teller and prophetess, passed us and told me that these two boys, the one with whom I was playing and the other standing but a few feet away, both poor and obscure, would some day be full generals of the army; would immortalize themselves in a great war, and that I should follow them on foot thousands of miles in cold and heat, hunger and thirst; that both would be offered the Presidency of the United States of America; that I should look down from one of the mountains of the Blue Ridge and see the younger one entering the Valley of the Shenandoah at the head of ten thousand cavalry and a

corps of infantry; that he would change that valley within a year from one of humiliation and defeat to one of triumph and victory—had she told me this, I could not have believed her, and should have thought, “I pity you, Mrs. Harper; you are becoming demented by smoking that old strong pipe for so many years. Your prophecy will never come to pass.”

From still another standpoint is the old village of Somerset historic!

Just a few miles south of us a poor boy was born and lived until he grew to manhood. This boy often visited our village to dispose of butter, eggs, etc. When he reached manhood, he left Ohio and became a journalist, developing a heart as well as an intellect. He was employed by the New York Herald and London News, the two most widely circulated papers then published in the English language, traversed the globe in the interest of his papers, and through his letters spread knowledge of men and facts that advanced civilization and humanity. This boy was Janarius Aloysius MacGahan.

His most historic work was the liberation of Bulgaria. He had heard of the debased condition of the Bulgarians and the horrible cruelties practiced by their inhuman masters, the Turks. He went there at the risk of his life to witness these things, and found that half the truth had not been told. He saw the bodies of the murdered Bulgarians fed to the dogs, and women exposed to brutalities worse than death.

His pencil truthfully described these atrocities, and his sympathy and heroism gave force to the brilliancy his intellect inspired. His letters aroused the civilized world, especially England. The result was that he dethroned the selfish Disraeli by causing a revolution in that country that placed Gladstone at the head of the British administration. The Czar of Russia was awakened by these letters, which resulted

in the Turko-Russian War, ending in the liberation of Bulgaria and the restoration of millions of people to independence.

This humble boy changed the map of Europe. He was raised under circumstances not dissimilar to those influencing Phil Sheridan, his older compeer. Sheridan carved immortality with the sword by the opportunities offered him; MacGahan won glory and the gratitude of millions by creating the occasion and consummating a triumph in the creation of States. Sheridan helped preserve the Union by the sword; MacGahan created a nation by his pencil. The soldier destroyed the enemies of his country; the journalist lifted up the oppressed. The call of the bugle moved Sheridan's patriotic zeal, but a heart-beat animated the pencil of the liberator of Bulgaria.

These boys, born without the advantage of wealth, amidst the embarrassments of pioneer life, have cut their names high on the monuments of fame; they stand higher than kings and emperors. MacGahan could have been King of Bulgaria. Both died young, but still old enough to witness the consummation of that for which they so bravely fought. The one was mourned by a nation which he had done so much to preserve; the other, in far-away Constantinople, met death through nursing his friend, Lieutenant Greene, U. S. A., late Brigadier General in the Philippine war, since Commissioner of Police of New York City, whom he found ill with a malignant fever.

Although a trusted friend of the Czar of Russia and the idol of the Russian army, who knew him as "The Brave American," yet it was MacGahan's special pride that he was an American, and his dying request to his Russian wife was that she make America her home, that their boy might grow

up an American. This wish she faithfully granted, dying four years ago in New York City.

MacGahan is revered in Bulgaria as are Washington and Lincoln in America. For ten years his remains reposed where he died, the grave being marked by a beautiful monument erected by his friend and comrade, General Skobeleff, with whom he always rode in battle.

The legislature of Ohio, with commendable appreciation for one who died in the interests of humanity, passed a resolution that his body be brought from Turkey to his native State. This was generously approved by the Secretary of the Navy, who immediately sent the war vessel Powhatan on that patriotic mission, an honor never before conferred by this country upon a private citizen. In due time the vessel returned, and the remains were transferred to his native hills, to rest near his old home and kindred.

From what I have said, which is already too long, you can gather an idea of the queer old town that was the home of Phil Sheridan, where, when I was a boy, nearly every one had his horse and his cow, his pigs and his dog; where no one was very poor and no one very rich; where integrity and intellect ranked higher than wealth; where simplicity and absence from conventionality still prevail, and a prejudice yet lurks against much jewelry and "plug" hats. I have often thought that there is no place on earth where birth and wealth count for so little, and brains and character for so much. Generally speaking, the people believe that no nation can long survive a decay of reverence for the true and the good. That instinct which reveres the pure and noble in life was cultivated; the populace believes that to forget or abandon it is to enfeeble the nation's health or to deal a death-blow to its existence.

I do not want to be understood as saying that we had no sinners. We had our share of fighting and gambling, with some stealing and not a few drunkards, but for the thief, the swindler and the fraud there was no mercy.

NOTE.—A few years ago I returned to the little town that had been for so many years at a standstill and that had sheltered so many distinguished characters. I found it greatly changed. There were many beautiful houses, new and modern, old ones had been remodeled, and there was an atmosphere of new life and energy. Factories and other industrial centers had arisen. While admiring the new Somerset I met one of my boys from Company G. He had been one of the company's wags, and soon I had occasion to find that he had not reformed.

"Dave, how do you account for this change in ten years?" I asked. With a most serious air he replied:

"We are divided on that question. You may remember that you left here about the time that President McKinley was elected, so we really don't know whether it was your leaving or his prosperity."

CHAPTER II.

WOULD NOT SHAKE HANDS WITH THE VICE-PRESIDENT—
JUVENILE SHOWS—IN A BAD BOX—REFUSES THE OFFER
OF A. T. STEWART, THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

RIGHT here let me mention an incident that occurred when Phil Sheridan was eight or nine years old and which foreshadowed the firmness and zealous courage that marked his public life in later years. It happened during the Presidential campaign of 1840, which is known in political history as the "coonskin and hard cider" campaign.

Intense excitement prevailed throughout the country previous to this Presidential election. We were small boys then, but I remember the events of that election as if it were but yesterday.

That year the Democrats nominated Martin Van Buren for President and Colonel Richard M. Johnson for Vice-President. Johnson was from Kentucky. Our village was on the main road between the East and Southwest, which was much traveled when the Ohio River was frozen or too low for navigation.

The National Conventions were all held in the East in those days, so when Colonel Johnson returned from the convention that nominated him, he traveled through Somerset by stage. Our village was a stopping place to change horses and dine, and his coming was heralded on the day before his arrival. It was arranged to hold a reception during the half hour in which he would honor us, and a public meeting was held the night before to make all the arrangements. As the time approached for the stage with its distinguished passen-

ger to arrive, the hotel and pavement in front were densely packed with Democrats. Then the boys who were on the lookout heard the driver's horn from Harper's Hill, and soon after the stage came in.

Even now I can see those four gray horses dashing through the village at full speed, the driver proudly erect, for he was conveying the Vice-Presidential nominee. Old "Dave" Griffith, a zealous Democrat, was the driver.

The reception committee escorted the Colonel to the dining-room, and after dinner he was to return to the "bar-room," as a hotel office was always called in those days, where a reception would be held.

Every Democrat in the village who could walk was there, and every Democratic and Whig boy was there also. (It was Whig and Democrat then.) The excitement was so great and the feeling so bitter throughout that campaign that the Whig boy could think of the Democratic nominee only with scorn and contempt; yet we revered and admired him as a soldier and Indian slayer, for we had all heard and read of his being the hero of the battle of the Thames, and that he had there killed the great Indian chief Tecumseh in single combat. To the Whig boy there was a dark and a bright side to his fame. We were there to feast our eyes on the bright side—Colonel Johnson as the soldier and Indian slayer. While doing that we could view him with an awe and veneration that none but a boy could feel.

After dinner the reception begun. The bar-room was densely packed. As each Democrat took the crippled hand (for it had been shot in battle) he pressed his way back, to allow another to take his place. When the last man had gone through this ceremony the Colonel looked at his watch and remarked to General Leydey, master of ceremonies, "I still

have ten minutes to remain, and I see a number of boys near me and would like to shake hands with them." When the Democratic boys heard this they pressed forward, while the Whig boys, seeing trouble ahead, pushed back toward the door.

Little Sheridan was near me. Being Whigs, we struggled manfully to get to the rear. I was stronger than he, and succeeded in getting out of sight of the Colonel, but Phil was not so successful. He struggled in vain. He surged to and fro, back and forth, but made no headway. As I forced my way back it looked to me as if Phil must shake hands with a Democrat. The Democratic boys, after shaking hands, would fall back and close up the few little Whigs that had failed to extricate themselves. A final push on the part of the Democratic boys forced Phil in front of Colonel Johnson, who offered his hand, but it was not taken. Instead, both Phil's hands went behind, and his head drooped in confusion.

"Little boy, won't you shake hands with me?" asked the Colonel.

"No, sir; I don't want to," replied Phil.

"Why not?" asked Colonel Johnson.

"Because I am a Whig!" was Phil's answer.

"Oh, that makes no difference!" was the encouraging reply.

"Yes, sir; it does. It isn't right!" was young Sheridan's quick response.

The master of ceremonies then tried it, and the Democratic boys about him urged, but he was immovable. He was surrounded, but would not surrender.

"I want to get out of here!" said he.

This caused a laugh. Colonel Johnson enjoyed the incident more than anyone, and said, "Boys, give way and let

this little Whig out; we can't force or coax him to shake hands with a Democrat."

In Phil's childish judgment, had he taken the proffered hand it would have been an indication of sympathy with the enemy; indeed, he might have been accused of disloyalty by the Whig boys, and undoubtedly would have lost caste with them.

The next day, still suffering from the mortification and embarrassment of the day before, he told me: "I would rather have been whipped than laughed at by a room full of Democrats." And yet he, with every other Whig boy in town, idolized Colonel Johnson for the deeds he had done, provided we could have forgotten that he was a Democrat. I am sure we all gazed upon him with admiration when we thought of him as a soldier, and remembered that he had seen war, and killed an Indian; then, to mar all our generous emotions, would come the thought that he was our political enemy.

When about ten years old we heard that Tom Corwin, the famous orator, would speak at Rehobeth, eight miles over a hilly country from our village. We had heard of this wonderful and fascinating talker, so a group of Whig boys, among whom was Phil, concluded we would walk there. We desired to hear and see this great man. He spoke in an old tobacco house, and I shall never forget how he charmed us with his eloquence. We thought we were well repaid for our weary walk.

In "looking back" again, I can remember having been associated with Phil in the "show business."

The proximity of the Sheridan cottage to the fields where the circuses and menageries would pitch their tents made me envious of Phil's good fortune, for he lived so near the show

grounds that he could hear and see the excitement, glamour and turmoil from the moment of arrival until they "folded their tents and away again."

It is difficult for those who have never actually experienced it to comprehend to its fullest extent the pleasant excitement and interest felt by a boy living in a dull village when a show was coming. From the day the big-lettered, highly-colored posters were put up until the grand event was over, was a solid three weeks of pleasure.

You may be sure the wandering caravans dragging themselves through muddy roads, dust and rain, were not the affairs of beauty and elegance you see nowadays, but the tinsel and glitter, the elephant and eagle, the music and monkeys, camels and clowns were enough to fill our souls with delight and wonder.

How our hearts bounded with awe and admiration as the procession came into town! Nothing has ever looked so grand and beautiful to me since, not even the great World's Fair of 1893.

They tried to make the entrance at ten o'clock, though there was often a delay of an hour or two on account of muddy roads or swollen streams. But ten o'clock was too long for a boy to wait for a show, so immediately after breakfast, sometimes before, a party of us would push out in the direction of the coming glory to escort the elephant in.

On one of these occasions eight or ten of us, including Phil, had gone quite early about four miles from home and took up a good position from which to see the parade. Trees and sheds were occupied. With a keen eye for a place of excellent observation, Sheridan selected an overhanging apple tree which was very desirable. Not only was it high enough, but it had the additional advantage of looking down on the

elephant's back as he passed. Soon we were reinforced by another group of boys of larger size, one of whom, seeing the desirable place Sheridan occupied, took it into his head to dislodge him and take possession himself. This, of course, was resisted with all the energy in Phil's power. As the intruder's head came up to Sheridan's feet, there was a constant and most vigorous kicking. The attacking party was thus held at bay until the dust of the approaching show could be seen not far away and was loudly announced by the other boys. This caused a suspension of hostilities, Phil holding the coveted position.

Near the Sheridan home, in the alley, stood a large tobacco house. After that plant had ceased to be a product of our county the house was converted into a barn in which horses were gathered and kept until a sufficient number had been purchased for shipment to Eastern cities. When not in use for horses, we found it a convenient and commodious place in which to hold shows, as after the departure of a circus or menagerie there always followed a season of shows among the boys. The enthusiasm would remain with us in gradually decreasing measure until the advent of the next circus revived the spirit.

When about eight years old we held the best show we had ever had, and as such it was widely advertised. It took a week to collect old carpets, sheets and quilts, ropes, boards and other property for the first performance. The company was to be select, none but the best talent. One of the most attractive features was the orchestra. Two mouth organs and a tenor drum which a boy had purloined from his uncle were the principal instruments. A playmate by the name of Hugh Cull was manager and organizer; he had the reputation of being a success in that line. He was two or three years

older than the other members—a strange mixture of nervousness, tyranny, cruelty and kindness; arbitrary and exacting during rehearsals and entertainments, but that over, if all had gone right, he was a model of goodness and generosity. His freckled face and blazing red curly hair could be seen everywhere during the show; nothing escaped him, especially a failure or blunder before the audience. When such a misfortune occurred we were treated to a severe reprimand, composed largely of curses, sometimes a slap, or, what was regarded as far more severe, a discharge from the company, as he termed it, “turning us off.” But, with all his severe discipline, we were attached to him, and never did any of us murmur or revolt. In spite of his severity, we knew by experience that he would fight for us and divide his last apple or stick of candy with his company.

In Cull’s show Phil generally had the trapeze part, which concluded with the “hanging act.” This was accomplished by tying a rope to an upper cross-beam, the other end of the rope being adjusted under the actor’s arm, and, concealed by his shirt, it passed thence to his neck, with the pressure all coming under the arms. In this adjustment he was pulled up by the assistants, who let him remain until he was pronounced dead by the manager, and carried out.

On one occasion Phil’s turn came after mine. I was the contortionist. As soon as my part was over, I was sent by Cull to relieve the doorkeeper, who was needed for some preparations, but before he left me, Phil’s mother came up and, speaking through the door, which was ajar, inquired if her boy was there, saying she needed him at home. I quickly sent for Cull, who demanded of her what she wanted. Her reply was, “To be admitted, so I can get Phil!” He told her, with spirit and determination, that she could not do this, as

Phil couldn't be spared from his part, which was then on. Mrs. Sheridan insisted, but Cull was immovable. I could see through the cracks, and from what I heard of her remarks, I knew that her patience had become exhausted. "I have been calling him for some time," she insisted. To this the independent manager replied that that made no difference; she could not have him. I am sure the request was, in his opinion, so unreasonable that, if made by the Governor of the State, it would have been flatly and firmly refused. Excited and indignant, he told her to go home; that she need not think she could break up the show in that manner. The mother returned to her home, which the manager could see through the open spaces, then, unbolting the door, he called out loudly and triumphantly to Mrs. Sheridan that he did not want her to come back and trouble him in that manner again. The distant clamor and applause of the audience made it impossible for the discussion to be heard in the arena, so Phil was not aware of his mother's presence, which was probably caused by a desire to get him from the profane example of our manager, whose loud talk could be easily heard from the Sheridan home.

About this time Van Amberg and Dresbach, the lion tamers, were attracting great attention, so the next show, on the following Saturday, was to be a circus and menagerie combined; we would then have a Dresbach. To have a menagerie without one would be a poor affair. As this addition would involve some extra labor and expense, the price was advanced to five pins, which caused some murmuring on the part of our patrons, but Cull was obdurate. The animals were a pet coon, a squirrel and a blacksnake, and "Herr Dresbach," who was Phil Sheridan, was to enter a den of other animals. A dry goods box had been secured and prepared

before the show. In place of the lid, slats were nailed on, close enough together to prevent a cat's escape; a board was removed from one side to give space enough for a small boy to enter, then, after he and the animals were inside, the board was replaced. Phil's little dog was first put in, much against his will; then a member of the company brought in a large cat, which, also, objected to entering, but with some struggling and scratching it was thrust inside and the board quickly replaced. Then Phil made his appearance in tights, in imitation of Dresbach; that is, his trousers were rolled up to his body and there secured, his sleeves the same, making his appearance so much like a showman that it brought applause. The situation within the box was this: The cat at one end, with arched back, glaring eyes, and tail as big as a muff, crowded herself as far from the dog as the space would allow; the little dog, at the other end, with fight in every feature of his face, was ready for combat. Then Phil, in his semi-nude state, was assisted to enter. So encouraged was the dog by the entrance of his master that the battle commenced. The cat, unable to escape, could do nothing but fight, which she proceeded to do in the most ferocious manner. As the dog-and-cat fight was not on the program, Phil, fearing the displeasure of the manager, attempted to separate the enraged animals, but only succeeded in getting his legs and arms badly scratched in the triangular conflict. There was no escape, unless by outside intervention, for which he loudly called, "Move the board! Move the board!" This was quickly done, and out rushed a boy with bloody arms and legs, closely followed by a cat, with a dog in full pursuit. This lively scene was so much more than had been announced that our patrons were delighted, as was evidenced by the loud and prolonged

applause. But that feature of the show was never attempted again.

A mutual friend, with A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York, called on General Sheridan. After the introduction, followed by a brief conversation, the friend broached the object of this call, which was if General Sheridan would retire from the army and become a salaried member of the Stewart store; his salary should be \$25,000 per year. The General did not at first comprehend the proposition, and replied that he knew nothing of the dry goods business now. He was told that nothing would be expected of him, no duties nor obligations would be required, excepting his presence in the office or wherever it would be congenial to him. The public to know that he was attached to the store would be all. Phil now conceived the purpose, stating that when he was a boy he was a clerk in a store, and younger he had been in the show business, and had a very unpleasant memory of that, adding he could not entertain the proposition, and dismissed the subject rather unceremoniously. I asked Phil's brother John how the General liked it. It made him half mad, but, in consideration of the mutual friend, treated the gentleman with ordinary politeness.

CHAPTER III.

BILLY JONES' EARLY DIPLOMACY—BOYS' FUN—PHIL'S KINDNESS TO MY DOG—THE ONLY TIME THAT PHIL EVER SUR-RENDERED.

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

BOYS, did you ever have much fun? I am prepared to believe that you did if the conditions were favorable. Human nature is the same in every clime.

The best field for fun, in my opinion, is a town not too large, or a village not too small; for if the place be too small it might not possess enough material to make fun—there may be no one there to aggravate. Of course that kind of fun is not the most commendable or conscientious, but it is very tempting, sometimes irresistibly so.

The boy should be from eight to twelve years old, and should not be a Little Lord Fauntleroy, whose mother, with a most cruel vanity, forces the long locks on the little fellow during the hottest weather. Long locks and fine clothing greatly interfere with fun. As a recent writer thus wisely expresses it:

"The idea of making men and women of little children before they have gained the age of true reason, not only deprives them of their pleasure, but makes them totally unprepared for the pleasures nature has provided for their special benefit, and they should be allowed occasionally to play in the dirt and mud."

I always pity the poor little fellows with long locks curled, and cramped with frills and laces. Fine clothes are a restriction to a boy in search of fun, and in warm weather he should by all means be allowed to go barefooted; let him enjoy the rough luxury, he will be happier and healthier. Nearly all of our Presidents were once barefooted boys. I am reminded that in '61 we started out in the First Company with two young men, who when boys were never allowed by their mothers to run barefooted and were always carefully dressed. We were not out long until they commenced drooping and pining away, and both were claimed by Death before we had been out a year.

When Phil Sheridan and I were at the age of which I speak, we had as a frequent visitor to our village a colored wanderer. Until he died he possessed an inexhaustible fund of fun for us. I recall this one incident because it was with this old darkey that I saw Phil show a diplomacy that was a credit to him or any other boy nine or ten years old.

The character I refer to was middle aged and slightly demented when we first became acquainted with him. His migratory habits brought him to Somerset about every sixty days. He wandered from Circleville, Pickaway County, west of us, to Dresden, Muskingum County, east, a total distance of about seventy-five miles. Our village was about midway between these points.

He always appeared in a suit of cast-off military clothing, of which he had an abundance to last for many years. Owing to the repeal of the State law encouraging uniformed military companies, "Billy" Jones, for that was his name, experienced no difficulty in keeping himself clad in a military outfit, a condition dear to his heart, for his dementia took a soldierly trend.

His arrival in the village, as he marched with cadenced step in the middle of the street, looking straight to the front, and carrying his cane much as an infantry officer carries his sword, seemed to become known as if by magic to every boy in town. In ten minutes everyone had heard, "Billy Jones is here!" His military march would be interrupted only when he came in front of the hotel, where he would file to the right, or left, as the case might be. Entering the office, he would salute in perfect form, and say:

"Massa Carroll, or McMahon, can I halt a few days at dese headqua'ters an' saw wood fo' my rations?"

Whether or not any wood was needed, Mr. Carroll was too generous to deprive the boys of their fun, so "Billy" always received an affirmative answer. Then he would say:

"Massa Carroll, please let me have one good drink of whisky, an' I'll go straight to de wood-pile."

There were two things besides a military outfit for which he had a weakness; indeed they were most dear to his heart. These were whisky and to be titled "Colonel." (He must have been born in Kentucky.)

As already remarked, it was amazing how soon the presence of our dusky visitor became known among the boys, both in and out of school, and it was doubtless an aggravating problem to the "masters" how the school should become so decimated in so short a time during school hours; but it did not take a shrewd observer to see that the number of youngsters in the streets and alleys 'round about the dark man wearing soldier clothes and sawing wood would make up for the vacancies in classes.

Soon a group of boys would form and hurl obnoxious names at him, most frequently "Billy Blacksnake," and "Billy Jones, a skin full of bones!" When he was in a very amiable

mood, and these and other offensive names did not have the desired effect, we would rain cobs, clods and chips around and about him. This always brought on a crisis. Soon the whites of his eyes could be seen, glaring with suppressed wrath beneath his soldier cap; not long after, his saw would be flung wildly to one side, he would seize his cane, and there would be a rush, with the direst imprecations upon his now flying tormentors. The race was usually up Main street and continued until every boy had disappeared to right and left, into doors and down alleys, and none were left. We would scatter, each one for himself, and literally disappear in the air, and "Billy," with loud threats and flourishing cane, would go back to his wood-pile. Then we would rally again, and every door would open to afford a recruit; every alley passed would swell our numbers, so that by the time "Billy" resumed his saw the same group would be about him provoking another charge. In this way the battle would rage for hours. Fortunately for the boys, "Billy's" legs were so stiffened from age, exposure or rheumatism that he was not a fleet runner, so there was not much danger of our being captured, unless one should fall, or be surprised by a flank attack from an alley.

In one of these long-continued battles with old "Billy," Phil Sheridan had the misfortune, while looking back at the approaching foe, to stumble and fall. Just as he was rising to continue the retreat, the heavy black hand of the infuriated man descended on the back of his neck, bringing both to a halt. Then there was a flourishing of the big stick and loud threats of death.

Looking back, we saw the condition of our comrade, and halted to take the offensive, hoping it might act as a diversion in favor of Phil by getting "Billy" started after the main body before the captive was quite dead. Having rallied within

hearing distance, we noticed that the angry voice had stilled and the uplifted cane was not threatening death. We could also hear the prisoner doing most of the talking. There seemed to be a reconciliation, which was followed by a separation, Phil coming toward us and "Billy" proudly and with true military step countermarching towards the hotel woodpile again. We waited anxiously for Phil's report, and this was the substance of it, as well as I can remember.

"Well, when he got me, I was sure I was gone up—that he'd kill me with his cane, but I thought that before I got killed I'd try to please him, and maybe he'd let me off. So I turned around, looked him in the face, and said: 'Captain Jones! Let me go, Major! If you will, I'll go right back to school and not call you any more names, Colonel!' Then he let go my neck, and said:

"'If you'll do dat, honey, I'll let you go; I sha'n't kill yo' dis time.'

"Then I said again, 'Yes, Colonel, I'll go right off to school,' and he laughed and said:

"'That's a good boy.'

"I tell you, boys, I was glad to get away."

When I remember this scene of our boyhood days, with others similar, I can see that Phil was by instinct a diplomat and strategist. He knew the old military tramp's weakness, and did not lose his presence of mind in the apparent danger. The emergency had to be faced, and he lavishly heaped military titles upon Billy, so that he became an easy prey to Phil's diplomacy. He was compelled to use blarney in this case, although that was foreign to his nature.

Old "Billy" Jones was a source of infinite fun for the boys on his line of travel, and the boys were an endless torment to "Billy" as long as he lived and wandered. When we heard

of his death, which occurred at the Dresden end of the route, we were profoundly sorry, but it is to the credit of the Dresden boys that they raised a fund sufficient to give him a decent burial with enough to purchase a cheap slab to mark his final "halt."

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO—PHIL SHERIDAN CHASED BY THE OLD MASTER—BLACKBOARD AND ANTI-BLACKBOARD.

COULD the teachers and pupils of today take a look at the "masters" and "scholars" of over fifty years ago in our part of Ohio, it would provoke mirth mingled with pity. The schoolmasters of our days have become obsolete; the title has passed away. We never knew a teacher otherwise than as "The Master," and that name was really the most comprehensive. The term "teacher" designates a distinct and improved class; the first of this class with whom we had any experience was Mr. Richard Spellman, of Connecticut.

General Sheridan, in the first volume of his memoirs, speaks of two of the old masters who taught and whipped us. In this connection he names two boys, Greiner and Binckley, who were, I am sorry to say, largely instrumental in getting him into trouble with these old masters. I well remember that I often proposed to Phil and Binckley that we go fishing or hunting on Mondays to avoid a prospective thrashing. In after years, when I more fully understood my sins of the past, I expressed regret to Phil for having brought these troubles upon us. He laughed and said, "We probably got about what we deserved." But I felt the more guilty, as I was about a year older than he, while Binckley was older than either of us.

Monday was always the day we selected to be absent from school, for the reason that the masters were never completely

sober on that day, as they always devoted Saturdays and Sundays to more or less drinking, the effects of which would leave them, on Monday, irritable and often cruel. Both were cranks. McNanly was Irish, Thorn was a Virginian (he would always say "Jeemes" for James). Thorn's weakness, on Mondays, ran to excessive dignity and stately manners that appeared ridiculous even to a child. He had a habit, before becoming entirely sober, of whipping every boy on the bench if one was detected doing amiss. We sat on long benches, and the last boy on the bench would often be whipped until there was nothing left of the rod.

Phil Sheridan came in late one morning and took the end of the bench. In the unsobered eyes of the master there was something wrong at the upper end, so the whipping commenced and was followed up until he came to Phil, who, being on the end, received the extraordinary dose.

Phil was not revengeful nor vicious, but the punishment this time was more severe than usual; so, not crying, but "mad all over," he conceived the idea of "getting even," as we called it. He made a confidant of "Bill" Jonas, who was eager to co-operate, because during the last term he attended he had been whipped every day on general principles, whether he deserved it or not.

Phil proposed to Bill that they enter the school room through the window and so poise the bucket of water over the door that whoever entered first (they knowing it would be McNanly) would receive the contents on his head. The plan worked well, and the master was drenched from head to foot. By the time he had mopped himself and the floor the "scholars" began to arrive, which, there being no special hour to commence school, generally took until about ten o'clock.

When all were in their places an investigation begun

which developed nothing substantial until a question was answered by a little girl who lived near the school. She said she had seen Bill Jonas and Phil Sheridan going in by the back window early that morning.

That was enough. McNanly started for his long switch and Phil started for the door. Fortunately, the master in his hurry fell over a boy. This gave Phil a good start. The race was up what is known in Somerset as the "stony alley" until Main street was reached.

"Catch that boy!" yelled the master to some workmen who were repairing the fence where the fugitives must pass.

Their sympathies were with the little fellow, so one of the men yelled back, "Catch him yourself," which McNanly was striving to do.

Along Main street they ran, and the day being pleasant and the doors all open, everyone ran out to see. With coat-tails flying and hair streaming, the master, shouting angry threats, was gaining on Phil. The chase was long, for the schoolhouse was in "Turkey Foot" and Phil's home just over the line in "Pig Foot."

Not half the distance had been covered when the boy's strength began to fail and escape seemed impossible. He glanced back once to size up the situation, then sped around the corner into Columbus street. Here stood Sam Cassall's tin shop with the door invitingly open. Panting and frightened, Phil darted in. Sam and the boy had always been friendly, for he had brought many buckets of cool water from the town pump for Cassall's shop.

He could just say "Hide me, Mr. Cassall, hide me; old McNanly is after me. Let me under that kettle."

There wasn't a moment to lose. The tinner was repair-

ing a large copper kettle, commonly used in those days by the farmers for boiling apple butter.

"Squat down, quick," said the tinner, and, quick as thought, clapped it over him. In a moment McNanly rushed in. The tinner was deliberately hammering a rivet almost against the prisoner's head.

"Where's that boy that came in here?" asked the puffing pursuer.

"I don't know; he went out the back door," kindly lied Cassall.

McNanly hurried through, for, the fence being high and made of smooth boards, he believed he had Phil cornered.

A thorough but fruitless search was made among the weeds in the little back yard. Muttering vengeance, the master wended his way back to school to bring some kind of order out of the pandemonium that you may be sure was reigning during his absence.

Phil knew the master would be sober next day and his anger cooled off, so he walked in the next morning as if nothing had occurred.

In after years, when he became distinguished for readiness of device in battle, I would think of the big copper kettle, and how quickly he had seen what a good place it was to deceive the enemy.

We had a playmate, George Bradley, a bound boy, living with one of the village physicians whose residence was near the schoolhouse. The doctor was tyrannical and cruel, we thought, to our playmate. The life of his bound boys (he always had one or two) excited our pity, but the crowning cruelty, in our boyish imagination, was the treatment Bradley received when he ate the pies.

On this occasion the doctor and his wife had gone to the

country to remain over night, leaving our friend and a bound girl to keep house. On their return they discovered that two or three blackberry pies had mysteriously disappeared. The girl said she had seen George making many visits to the cellar where the pies were kept.

On this testimony he was accused of eating them, which, of course, he stoutly denied. Then the doctor's Yankee ingenuity—he was a New Englander—did not forsake him. Taking George by the ear, he led him to his office, a few steps from the residence, and there compelled him to swallow an emetic. It had scarcely found its way down, when up it came, bringing the blackberry pies. The evidence was not only incontrovertible, but overwhelming in quantity and color, so George lost the pies but gained a flogging.

When he told us how his master had treated him, our dislike for the doctor was intensified, so we watched for an opportunity to do him an evil act. A day or two after, we, with much apparent friendliness and many blandishments, coaxed his favorite dog into a stable near the schoolhouse, and, after considerable effort, tied an old coffeepot to his tail. When the door was opened, he started home with uncommon speed and terrific howls, and, in his haste, seeing the doors of Mrs. Morrell's house open, he dashed through, upsetting a cradle containing twins and causing great excitement and consternation. When the mother found that her babies were not hurt, her fright changed to wrath and indignation towards the perpetrators of the cruel act.

A search was soon started for the boys, by the doctor on behalf of his dog, and by the parents of the twins on behalf of the babies, but the guilt was not definitely fixed upon any one, although there was a faint suspicion that we were responsible. On this occasion the master, in closing his lecture, did

so with a threat that he often used, which was, "I will whip you to death and ram you up the stove pipe."

I doubt if either of us would have inflicted the punishment upon the dog, as we were both fond of dogs, but this was the doctor's dog, and a mean one. We knew that he was mean; we were acquainted with the general characteristics of all the dogs in town.

When Phil Sheridan was about ten or twelve years old there was one occasion especially where he showed unusual strategic skill. Of all who participated in this episode, I am the only survivor. McDonald drifted South before the war, wore the gray under General Pat Cleburne, and was killed with him in one of those fearful charges at Franklin, Tenn.; the others are all gone.

It was in 1844 that there came to our village from the State of New York a young lawyer by the name of John Manley Palmer, who during the entire Presidential campaign of Polk and Clay abused the Whig party with venom and volubility. Physically, he was an able-bodied man, whose features would have been passable had it not been for his immense mouth, which expanded from ear to ear. This peculiarity earned him the name, among the Whigs, of "Catfish" Palmer.

By his untiring abuse of our party he made himself very obnoxious to every Whig boy in the village, and they often followed him on the street, keeping at a safe distance, and yelling "Catfish!"

This in time waxed so exasperating that he became desperate, seeking the aid of our village marshal, with threats of the law, whipping and shooting.

Nine miles north of our village there was a lake which abounded in fish, principally catfish, loads of which were

brought to us by wagon and sold on the street. The average small boy was attracted by these loads of fish, and some would clamber up the sides of the wagon for a closer inspection, as many of the wigglers would be still alive.

One day, when sales were particularly dull, a big load stopped in front of the building where Palmer's office was located on the second floor. The owner sat among his stock, somewhat discouraged for want of patronage. He was a strongly-built, athletic young fellow, well known in his locality as a fighter, and that he was an ardent Democrat was quite apparent, for he came from a solid Democratic township, and had the name of Polk and Dallas painted in huge red letters on his wagon.

A bright thought struck Phil Sheridan. Here was our chance for revenge! Pointing up to Palmer's window, he innocently remarked to the fisherman that a lawyer up in that office always bought catfish. He was very fond of them, and advised that he ask the lawyer to buy some.

Unsuspecting, and anxious to secure a customer, the fish merchant jumped off the wagon with alacrity, and, asking us to hold his horse, started up the stairs.

Well knowing what would soon follow, we left the ancient horse to take care of himself, and took a position at the foot of the stairs. It was but a moment after the entrance that we heard loud oaths intermingled with noises as of chairs, tables and other furniture being broken. These confused sounds continued for some time, when our friend the fisherman came down with a torn shirt and bleeding nose, wanting to know of us "What in the h—l is the matter with that feller up there? He must be crazy or drunk, for as soon as I asked him to buy catfish, he up and hit me on the nose. So I goes into him, and he's got a lickin' that he won't forget soon. You



LITTLE PHIL, CHASED BY SCHOOLMASTER

boys go for a doctor to sew up some bad cuts he's got on his face. I'll learn him how to hit a feller when he's tryin' to sell fish!"

Ordinarily, Phil Sheridan would not have enjoyed a fight bloody and rough as this was, but the fierce conflict raging that year between the Whig boys and Palmer seemed to justify any strategy which would bring about the defeat of their blatant enemy.

Colonel Thorn and Mr. McNanly remained with us for many years. Their strongest recommendation was that they could whip the boys into submission, and it was thought by the pioneers that they were just the men needed. Thorn was six feet three inches tall and heavy in proportion; McNanly was not so large, but an able-bodied man.

Often a mother would revolt at the treatment her boy received, and urge the father to take steps to prevent future cruelties or take the boy from school, but it was seldom in those days that a father would pay any attention to these appeals or in any way interfere. I left Thorn's school with bloody welts on my back. It was by accident that my mother became aware of it, through the kindly inquiry of a neighbor. On my return from school that day I underwent an examination which verified the neighbor's information. Then my mother resolved that I should not go back to school. The question arose as to how to secure my books without being detected, for I feared that if seen, another whipping would be my fate, so I concluded to wait until after school, then hoisted a window and secured my property. This was my last experience with Colonel Thorn as a master.

A few days after leaving the school I met him on the street. Stopping me, he asked why I had not been at school for several days. Upon being told what my mother had said,

he gave a grunt, remarking that he had "whipped Jeemes Smith harder than he did me and he didn't stop," and that my mother didn't know what was good for me.

It might be claimed that the policy of Thorn and McNanly made warriors, for it was Southeastern Ohio that produced Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Custer; when boys their homes were not far distant from each other. Like Cæsar, this might have been the "meat" that they did "feed," but there was too much of the Spartan in it for me.

The advent of the Connecticut teacher was a godsend to the boys of Somerset. He was kind and competent; firm in his methods, and uniformly pleasant, the opposite to every master we had ever had; so different from Shields, Shaw, Thorn and McNanly that its strangeness aroused our suspicions, and we doubted sometimes that we deserved such kind treatment. By degrees, however, we gained confidence in the new Yankee "master." For some time we adhered to the old title, but we began to see the end of the irrepressible conflict between master and scholar; we began to experience a feeling to which we had been strangers in all our previous school years.

This Yankee teacher was the first to introduce a blackboard. This innovation was opposed by many of our citizens as useless, and having a tendency to encourage the boys to waste their time at school making "picters." Quickly following the blackboard came the introduction of the studies of algebra and chemistry. Many were now openly indignant, for such studies were "useless" and "surely a waste of time." Soon the whole village was divided into two factions, "blackboard" and "anti-blackboard," and that usually quiet place was all agog. Members of both parties poured forth their partisan arguments to the saddler, shoemaker or tailor, or

wherever their place of nightly resort might be. Then the tailor or shoemaker in turn would report the words and abuse to the other faction, invariably making the language stronger and the allusions more bitter. Sometimes members of both factions met, then a heated discussion would result, causing the boys to fear that the anti-blackboard side would prevail, for they were invariably the loudest and angriest during the argument, elements which we youngsters thought of great weight in a debate.

But the spirit of progress was victorious. Mr. Spellman, with the blackboard, and the privilege of teaching the higher branches, was retained. And it is with the kindest feeling that I still think of the "Yankee Master," whose title we in a year or two changed to "teacher." After several years spent in teaching, he studied medicine, married, and moved to Indiana.

We lost sight of the Irish master, McNanly. I think he went West to seek wider fields for mental culture.

But Colonel Thorn's grave is located near the scenes I have attempted to describe, in the southwestern part of Perry County, among the rugged hills of the Hocking. We always titled him "Colonel" after his return from the Mexican war, where he served as a private in the 3rd Ohio Infantry. His commanding appearance, extreme dignity and military experience, our town wags thought, entitled him to this rank, and all knew he enjoyed the distinction.

But the old master is immortalized by General Sheridan in his memoirs, and will live in history when the little tombstone I discovered among the Hocking hills shall have crumbled to dust.

CHAPTER V.

PHIL SHERIDAN NOT A QUARRELSOME NOR A FIGHTING BOY—
THE VILLAGE STORE—PROMOTIONS AS CLERK—HOW PHIL
CAUGHT THE MARTIAL FEVER DURING THE MEXICAN
WAR—HIS APPOINTMENT TO WEST POINT.

THE impression seems general that Phil Sheridan was a fighting boy, and it is so written in Colonel Burr's history. I regret this, for it is not the truth. A denial of such inaccuracies is one of my principal objects in writing these memoirs.

In my estimate of him as a quarrelsome boy I take myself for comparison, as I was about the average in these questionable pastimes. As to good habits and proper deportment, he was above the average. I never heard him swear previous to the time he went to West Point; never heard him make an obscene remark, nor saw him have more than three or four fights, and in those he was not the aggressor. There was nothing effusive or gushing in his manner, but he was of dignified, pleasant demeanor.

Colonel Burr says, in his history of General Sheridan, that "when he left Somerset to go to West Point he could whip any boy there." This gives one the idea that he was a "bully." I am at a loss to understand how the author reached that conclusion, for when he visited our village gathering material for his history, he came to me for information concerning Phil. I am sure if anything was said of his youthful and boyish fighting, I conveyed the opposite impression. I could not truthfully have done otherwise.

When we were boys I often wished that I was as well behaved as he was. I must confess that I had probably five times more trouble in the fighting line than Phil, although striving to avoid all the fights possible, well knowing the paternal chastisement awaiting me should such adventures be discovered at home. My father, being a German, despised fist fighting, and held that it was less brutal to fight with sword or pistol than to engage in fist fights.

Here are a few facts that disprove Coloner Burr's opinion:

The fact that Phil was sought after by the merchants of our village from the age of fourteen until he went to West Point is conclusive that he was not a quarrelsome boy. If he had a fault, it was his fondness for fun, if such can be called a fault in a boy. His deportment after leaving school was genteel and dignified. I have no doubt he would have preferred remaining at school longer, but a contract assumed by his father having proved a financial failure, he was ready and willing to in part relieve the burden of a large family, trifling as the amount might be that he was able to earn. In this he showed a sympathy and solicitude far beyond his years. His sense of duty was always acute.

I sometimes thought he would have preferred remaining at school for still another reason. I imagined he and the pretty blonde, Amanda Davis, who was in our class, were partial to each other; but this might have been only the jealous surmises of an oversensitive rival, for no one could ever tell just whom the blonde preferred, as she was too modest and shy to show a decided preference.

When Phil left school he could not be called the brightest in our class, he was not fluent as a speaker in our debating societies, nor had he any talent for declaiming. His features were pleasing, but not handsome, excepting his eyes, a fine

expressive brown, or hazel, of medium size, which were pleasing to look at except in anger, when they had a bad flash. The head was of a peculiar shape, having prominent posterior development. This was a cause of some trouble and inconvenience to him, I remember, as while playing his hat or cap would often blow off, owing, probably, to some of the big posterior bumps. He was also a little undersized for his age, as it afterward proved when conditions once developed him. The great sculptor, Nature, had used superior clay, but had taken no pains in the modeling, and was sparing as to quantity.

We both left school at the age of fourteen to enter village stores, Phil going to John Talbot's grocery and hardware store, I to my uncle's dry goods and grocery. During our first year in the stores an incident occurred which corroborates my statement as to his standing in the community as a well-behaved and pleasant boy, my mother, on this occasion, having held him up as a model.

There was a Mrs. Laferty in Somerset who had the habit of coming into the store, ostensibly to make a purchase, and, after getting me to take down half of the stock, criticising the quality and price, would leave without buying anything. One day my uncle entered in time to hear the closing part of an argument I had with Mrs. Laferty in regard to this habit. On this occasion, when as usual I had failed to make a sale, I gave her a bit of my mind, which was answered by sarcasm as cutting as a razor, an accomplishment for which she was famous.

My back was toward the door, and unknown to me my uncle came in in time to hear me tell her I hoped she "would never come back again." After she left, there was a talk between my uncle and myself, which consisted mainly of a lec-

ture on his part on politeness and patience. Not being in a mood to hear it gracefully or meekly, another quarrel followed, and I left the store with no intention of returning.

I went to my mother and related the trouble, expecting her approval and sympathy, but in this I was disappointed, as she told me to return at once and apologize to my uncle and to apologize to Mrs. Laferty the first time I saw her. I agreed to go back to the store and apologize to my uncle, but as to Mrs. Laferty, never, never, never would I apologize to her, for she had aggravated me too often.

During this conversation my mother said: "I was down at Mr. Talbot's store yesterday and made some purchases from Phil Sheridan; I found him, as usual, so polite and pleasant; he is a thorough little man. Why can't you be as agreeable to your customers as he? He is always so attentive and considerate."

These words, coming under the circumstances, made an impression on my memory that is very distinct, and I knew that what she said was true.

Phil's first year's salary was twenty-four dollars. Mr. Talbot may have been a kind man, but was of stern countenance that was never brightened by a smile; he was cold and punctilious. I believe I should have quarreled with him inside of three months, but Phil staid his year out and probably would have remained longer, but that before his time had quite expired he was offered sixty dollars a year by Mr. Whitehead, who had a larger store. When that contract, which was for a year, expired, another mercantile house, Messrs. Finck & Dittoe, noticing the good qualities of the boy, offered him one hundred and twenty dollars per year. There he remained until he went to West Point in the winter

of '48-'49. The following winter I left Somerset for California.

While he was with Finck & Dittoe the Mexican war was raging. It is easy to believe that every boy was overflowing with martial ardor. Two full companies were raised in that county by Capt. Knowles and J. W. Filler, though the quota of the county, according to population, need not have been more than ten men. Both calls were promptly filled, and as promptly accepted by the government. In speaking of Capt. Knowles, I digress to relate an incident that will give the reader a faint idea of the rapid strides this great country is making and of the wonderful contrast between 1847, the Mexican War period, and the present time.

Capt. Knowles, hearing that I intended to accompany the volunteers to their first camp on the banks of the Muskingum, eighteen miles distant, secured passage with me in my buggy and I remember feeling quite elated with the honor of taking the first captain to the war. The remainder of the company was taken down in farmer wagons. Nearly all of these boys had never seen a boat or even heard of a steam whistle. The nearest railroad was several hundred miles distant, possibly in another state.

Toward noon we arrived on Putnam Hill, our camp, on the bank of the Muskingum, where we remained nearly a week waiting for a boat. The tents were pitched on the bluff, one hundred and fifty feet above the water and commanding a fine view of the beautiful river. About this time a citizen of Zanesville, opposite, brought up a wagonload of bread, meat and other subsistence. He informed the boys that a boat was due that afternoon about three o'clock, from above.

This aroused great interest, and as the time approached the whole company was out at the edge of the bank eagerly

watching up stream. In due time the boat came around the bend two miles distant, and a shout went up:

"There she comes! There she comes! The boat! The boat!"

At this moment the whistle blew a furious blast, warning the lock-keeper to prepare the locks. Immediately all was excitement. On every hand one could hear all manner of expressions regarding the boat and "the feller on board who hollered so loud." The first exclamation I heard was from a rough-looking six-footer near me:

"God Almighty! Listen to that feller holler!"

In a few minutes another blast was heard, followed by more expressions of wonder and admiration at the loud voice. I was standing near Buck Gordon, who had heard that I had seen boats before. It must be confessed that at that time I had not the strictest regard for truth, nor a fear of the evil one, but, instead, a dominating spirit of mischief, so I told Buck in reply to his question:

"I know that feller with the big voice; he has a good job. He gets fifteen dollars a month with his board, washing and mending, just for hollering when the boat comes near a town and the locks." My statement was received without a question by all who heard it.

What a magical change since then! Those fields on which we camped, with not a house to be seen in any direction, now form a beautiful suburb of the city of Zanesville, with fine residences and well-paved streets. The valleys from which those rough, unsophisticated soldier boys came are now crossed and re-crossed by railroads, bringing out millions of tons of Hocking coal, and the steam whistle is heard every minute of the day.

It was during this Mexican war that young MacGinnis of

our village failed in his examination at West Point. On MacGinnis' return Phil wrote to our Congressman at Washington, General Ritchie, whose home was near our village. Congressman Ritchie was very fond of boys; he would seldom pass one on the streets of our village without stopping to talk to him. The first bushels of apples that ripened on his farm he would always bring in to be divided among us. In this way and many others he became acquainted with our traits and characteristics. A prompt reply came, inclosing the appointment. I think the haste in filling the vacancy was partially to avoid the embarrassment of choosing among many candidates that he knew would be heard from soon, or it may have been that when he received the application from Phil, Gen. Ritchie was reminded of a scene he had witnessed when the applicant was a little boy of seven or eight years. This, too, may have had an influence towards obtaining a favorable reply from the Congressman, as the boy had shown remarkable nerve and presence of mind for one so young.

Phil's father had a contract for grading the Zanesville and Maysville turnpike, and the right of way lay through the farm of General Ritchie, three miles east of our village. The Sheridan family moved to that locality temporarily for the greater convenience of Mr. Sheridan.

In those days all this work was done with horses and carts, the gang of laborers digging up and throwing the dirt into the carts to be hauled away. Phil was always about, trying to make himself useful to his father, especially riding the horses to and from the work. A new animal had been purchased; he was spirited, which made the boy very anxious to ride him to the barn. When noon came he asked his father's permission to ride the new horse. The assent was given with a strict admonition not to ride faster than a walk; he must be

very cautious. He was lifted on, but had not gone far before something frightened the horse into a run. The loose harness thrashed him about the legs until he became completely beyond control, dashing toward the barn at a furious pace, the rider vainly pulling and sawing with all his strength.

General Ritchie, in an adjoining field, saw the race and believed, as did the others, that certain death awaited the boy on entering the barn, because the entrance was so low that if he rode erect his head would come in contact with the upper frame. Just in time Phil threw himself forward and sideways, closely hugging the horse's neck, and passed safely in, but there was not an inch to spare. The hugging position also saved his life after entering, for the sudden halt would have dashed him forward with sufficient force to have broken his head or neck.

Those who witnessed the runaway hastened to the barn, expecting to find a dead boy, but were met by the future cavalryman hurrying out smilingly to meet his father and assure him of his safety.

So the failure of MacGinnis was the "pebble that changed the river," the turning point in Sheridan's life, and had much to do with the most eventful period of our nation's history.

After the receipt of the appointment you can imagine there was a commotion in the cottage on the back street, with earnest work on the part of the boy to prepare himself for the examination. The New England teacher, Mr. Spellman, had moved to Indiana. Thorn was still in Somerset, but could not teach algebra, nor did he desire that attainment. So there was no one excepting Mr. Clark, the county surveyor, who lived two miles west of us, who was competent as a tutor. I have no doubt that during this period of preparation Phil experienced more fear and apprehension as to the result

of the examination on his arrival at West Point than he ever felt when going into his greatest battles. He had not the strongest faith that he could surpass MacGinnis.

Many contradictory stories have been given publicity from time to time as to the manner of Phil's appointment to West Point. This is the true narrative; all others are imaginary. There is a romantic tale of a George Binckley, who, when he saw the grief and disappointment of his boyhood friend, Phil Sheridan, at not receiving the appointment, which was given to Binckley, gave up his cherished prospects and turned the appointment over to Sheridan. Another claim, with as much truth as the above, is the story of Rear Admiral Parker, late counsel for Admiral Schley, who says that he failed to secure the appointment by reason of his youth. That his father looked about Somerset for a suitable boy to take his place, and finally, after two years coaxing, prevailed upon a young Irish lad of humble parentage to go. That lad was Phil Sheridan. No one was in any way instrumental in the appointment of Sheridan to West Point but MacGinnis, who failed, Phil himself, who applied, and our Congressman, Gen. Tom Ritchie.

Capt. Henry E. Filler, now of Columbus, Ohio, was Phil Sheridan's first commander. He belonged to the Kosciusko Braves, Filler being captain. The boys were from ten to fourteen years old. Green uniforms, carrying a lance instead of a gun, Phil was the youngest and smallest. This was the boy of whom Gen. Grant afterward said, "The world never saw a greater soldier than General Sheridan." I was not living in Somerset when Phil started for West Point, therefore I quote from "Filler's Reminiscences of Somerset." "He entered the institution measuring about five feet six inches, with a long trunk and short extremities, standing erect on small feet; widening out toward the shoulders, on which

poised a well-shaped head not unlike the little Corsican corporal, and filled with much the same quality of grey matter; brown eyes, straight nose, beneath which was a handsome mouth and well-developed chin and jaw, both indicating will and determination. His voice was not musical, rather metallic, yet remarkably pleasing. Address warm and cordial to those he knew well, the very personification of one free from deceit and treachery, the soul of honor."

THE STORY OF "OLD BINK."

The Man Who Gave Sheridan to the World—A Mining Camp Romance—Sad Life of the Schoolboy Who Surrendered His Cadetship to "Little Phil"—The Touching Meeting of the General and the Tramp—Life Is a Lottery, Indeed.

In an unmarked grave at the base of a great lone rock, within vision's range of Pike's Peak, lie buried the remains of the man who gave General Phil Sheridan to America and to history.

The facts contained in this narrative may sound like a romance. They have never until now appeared in print, although known to hundreds of persons both in Ohio and in Colorado. The peculiar circumstances by which I became possessed of the strange story and my connection with it, have rendered my task a delicate one, although for several years I have been constantly solicited to make them public. Death having removed the two leading figures of the drama, I have at last consented to relate the various details of a pathetic history as they came within my personal knowledge during a period of fifteen years. The facts contained in the story can be verified by hundreds of citizens of Colorado. They reveal a strange blending of drama and tragedy, and cast no discredit upon the memory of one of the great military figures of the Civil War.

I first met George Binckley in 1874, in an embryo mining camp perched high upon the precipitous slopes of the Sierras San Juan, in Southwestern Colorado. How he got into camp

no one knew, and no one inquired. The search for gold was then too keen to permit of idle curiosity concerning your neighbor. He must have climbed the long, toilsome and zigzag burro trail leading from Del Norte to Summitville on foot, for he was wan and weak from hunger and fatigue when he appeared at our campfire one night and begged for something to eat. He presented an uncanny picture set in uncanny surroundings. Tall and gaunt, he stood before us as a ghost, while an unkempt mass of whitened hair fell down over his stooping shoulders, mingling with a beard that fell almost to his waist, leaving visible only a little circle of his face. From underneath his shaggy eyebrows his eyes gleamed like two great embers of a once living and consuming fire. His clothes were in tatters, and his limbs trembled with nervousness and fatigue, but his voice had a deep, mellow ring that despite an undercurrent of pain and weariness bespoke the training of its once masterful owner.

HE WAS "OLD BINK."

"I'm old Bink, and I'm hungry," was his laconic salutation as he drew up before the campfire and calmly surveyed the half dozen rough miners who sat about the blaze smoking their pipes. It was uttered in the voice of one who had been worsted in an encounter with fate and was indifferent as to the result.

With the proverbial hospitality of frontiersmen and miners we placed before the stranger an abundance of the rough but substantial food, found in the camp kettles, and he ate ravenously. When he had satisfied his hunger a pair of blankets was given him, and rolling up in them beneath the drooping branches of a mighty pine our strange and taciturn visitor soon fell asleep. We resumed our pipes and after a brief discussion of our guest agreed that he was a broken-down prospector and that he was welcome. Then we crept beneath our blankets and dreamed under the stars of fabulous veins of gold, while our ears heard not the thunder of the mountain torrents leaping down the seams and sides of Del Norte peak to join the foaming current of the Rio Alamosa.

And that was how "Old Bink" came to our camp, perched like a speck between a rim of pines and the eternal snow. We

knew not whence he came, neither did we care. We had the broken-down pilgrim in our care and would shelter and feed him. In a day or two he was a fixture, and little by little dropped his impenetrable reserve. During the day he would wander along the mountain sides and up deep gulches looking for indications of minerals. He made himself useful in cooking our rude meals. He was conversant not only with geology and metallurgy, but knew every mountain plant and flower by name. It was "Old Bink" who, when one of the boys was stricken down with mountain fever, sought out in the darkest gulches the mountain sage and gave relief to our comrade. He found a bed of tender wild onions and added them to our limited menu of bacon and flapjacks. He staked a claim, and, while it was worthless, we would have defended it for him against jumpers at the risk of our lives. "Old Bink" was our mascot. We wouldn't have taken the richest lode on South Mountain for him, wretched as he had made himself by a life of wandering and dissipation.

And then one night he told to us the story of his life. We didn't believe it then, but it had served to while away a weary hour between supper and blankets, and we forgave him. A pack train from Del Norte had brought up to camp a fresh lot of supplies, including a keg of whisky. The latter article was the key which unlocked "Old Bink's" lips. While talking his eyes took on a far-away look, as if they were resting on green pastures, but his voice became vibrant with manhood as he talked about himself and Phil Sheridan. I could not attempt to give you the story in his own language, because between me now and that summer night episode, high up on the slopes of the Sierras San Juan, nearly eighteen years have intervened.

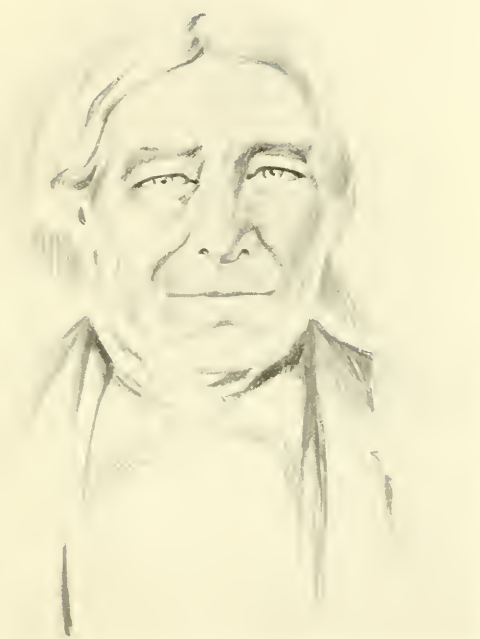
"OLD BINK'S" STORY.

His name, he said, was George Binkley, and he was born in Ohio, his family being an influential and wealthy one. Phil Sheridan was his schoolmate, and although Phil's mother was very poor, the two boys were inseparable friends and companions. They had grown up together, and their affection for each other was as that of David and Jonathan. Then one day young Binkley's uncle, who was then in Congress, secured for him an appointment to the West Point Military Academy. Wild with delight, he rushed across the way to Mrs. Sheridan's humble home to tell Phil the news. The sturdy young Irish lad burst into tears.

"I'm glad of it, George," he at last found voice to say. "But, oh, don't I wish I could go, too! I've always set my heart on being a soldier, but now"—and the youthful Phil again gave vent to his emotions. "Old Bink" hurried over this part of his narrative. He talked to Phil for a time and tried to comfort him, with what effect the sequel disclosed. He astonished his parents and almost paralyzed his uncle by declining the appointment. He didn't want to be a soldier and Phil Sheridan did. On this rock he stood immovable. The world already knows part of the result. The Irish lad, the friend of George Binckley, went to West Point. His history is a part of that of the nation. The hero of Winchester and a hundred other battlefields was made possible by a friend's magnanimity and self-abnegation.

And Binckley, what of him? Oh, there wasn't much to tell, he declared. He had gone through college with honors; had been admitted to the bar, had tried journalism and had printed several newspapers in Iowa and Nebraska; had drank whisky and indulged in the use of opium until worn out; he had quit fighting and was now drifting with the tide toward sunset and night and silence. He had drifted with other debris of wretched humanity into the mountains, and that was all. He was still loyal to Phil. Did Phil remember his old boyhood friend and benefactor? Oh, yes. General Sheridan, he said, had repeatedly offered to provide for him, but he was too far gone to go back. That was all. "Phil was all right, and 'Old Bink' was all right, and so what's the difference?" Having delivered himself of this oracular bit of optimism, our mascot took another drink of whisky and fell asleep in his blankets. After deciding that "Old Bink" was an entertaining liar, the camp followed his example and retired to rest. When bantered next day about his Phil Sheridan "romance" "Old Bink" reiterated his statement, and, finally growing angry, relapsed into sullen silence, and the subject was dropped.

The summer waned, and lower and lower crept the dazzling rim of snow down the mountainside. Already the moaning pines gave notice in their dumb way of approaching winter. The camp, high up on the spur of the mountain, was abandoned. "Old Bink" went with the rest of us to Del Norte, and there we lost sight of him.



JOHN SHERIDAN
Father of the General



THREE YEARS AFTER.

Three years later I stood on Sixteenth street in the city of Denver. It was a gala day in the capital city of the young centennial State. The streets were crowded by a restless, shouting, pushing mass of humanity, and flags and banners streamed from every window and every housetop. General Sheridan, then in command of the Missouri Division of the army, was in the city, and Colorado was also there to honor one of Grant's greatest Lieutenants. Denver was wild with enthusiasm, and it was with difficulty that I could maintain a position on the curb which commanded a view of the approaching parade. Everybody was determined to see Phil Sheridan. The presence of President Grant himself could not have evoked a more spontaneous ovation. Sheridan was the idol of those irrepressible frontiersmen and mountaineers, many of whom had followed his fortunes from '61 to '65, and had fought under his banner in all his campaigns until peace came with Appomattox.

There was a blare of bugles, a cavalcade of mounted policemen, a brass band and then the carriage containing the little military chieftain, turned the corner and came down the street toward the spot where I was standing. Then a fierce, wild outburst from 10,000 throats tore the atmosphere into tatters. Once more and once again the ear-splitting yell drowned the brazen notes of the band and then died away. The crowd was too anxious to see Sheridan to waste any more time in splitting its lungs into fibers.

The carriage was within twenty-five feet of me when I was startled by hearing a strangely familiar voice on my right cry out:

"Phil! oh, Phil!"

I turned and recognized "Old Bink." A little more haggard and bent, a little longer and grayer locked, with his great gleaming eyes shining like twin stars. The mascot of Del Norte stood leaning forward in the crowd, among which he towered like an aged giant, waving his long, gaunt arms wildly at the passing carriage. There was a hungry appeal in the voice that bordered upon supplication and caused hundreds of eyes to turn from the carriage and its distinguished occupant to the strange-looking speaker.

"Phil! oh, Phil!"

General Sheridan heard the cry this time, and looking quickly around began to scan the massed faces, as if searching for some one.

"Phil, Phil! it's me; it's Bink!" and again the arms of the old tramp went up into the air like the sails of a windmill. He had caught Sheridan's eye.

And then the Denver populace witnessed something it did not understand, and about which it talked for weeks. It saw General Sheridan stop the carriage, leap quickly to the street, force his way through the crowd, place his arms around the neck of our unkempt old tramp and kiss him fair in the face. Then he led that miserable-looking tramp to the carriage, placed him beside himself, and the parade was resumed. Everybody who witnessed the scene accepted as an explanation the statement that it was one of Sheridan's old soldiers. But I, who had listened to and laughed to scorn "Old Bink's" story at the camp fire in the Sierras San Juan, knew better. I knew that Binkley was the man who had given Sheridan to history. George and Phil had met again. What passed between them must be written by other pens than mine. I know only what I know.

Several days afterward I again met "Old Bink." Sheridan and his staff had returned to Chicago. Bink wore a new suit of clothes, but looked as if he was just recovering from a protracted debauch. In answer to my look of surprise and inquiry, he explained:

"No, I wouldn't go back East with him. He gave me a stake, and I've blowed most of it in already. I ain't fit to associate with Phil any more nohow, and I ain't going to disgrace him. He wanted me to go home with him, but I couldn't live there. I'm off for the mines tomorrow. Phil's all right and 'Old Bink's' all right, and so what's the difference?"

He turned his eyes in a wistful way toward a purple bank of clouds resting on the far-off peaks of the Rockies, and I noticed that he had aged rapidly since I had known him in the San Juan region. To further questions he gave evasive answers, and we parted. I never saw "Old Bink" again.

A GRAVE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A year and a half ago I was again in Colorado, after an

absence of fourteen years. I had been engaged in investigating the stability of a large dam being erected on the headwaters of Cherry Creek, about thirty miles south of Denver, near the summit of the divide, and was returning to Castle Rock Station late in the evening, accompanied by a citizen of the latter place. Our route lay over a high "hog back" or divide between Cherry and Willow Creeks, and our ponies made slow progress. We had reached the top of the descent leading down a mile or more to the little mountain village. The sun was just setting behind Gray's Peak to the south, and forty miles distant Pike's Peak stood lonely in its grandeur, thrusting an icy finger far upward into the regions of eternal frost. Directly opposite the outer slopes of the Mosquito range lay concealed in mist and shadow, while a thousand feet below ran the waters of Willow Creek. To the right of our trail and directly overhanging the narrow valley Castle rock rose, naked and grim, like a giant anvil five hundred feet in the air. It overlooked the foothills for miles around, and had given its name to the railroad hamlet nestled at its base. The grandeur of the scene had made us both silent for a time, but just as we rounded an escarpment of the huge rock my guide and companion broke the spell:

"Do you see that grave over there just under the rock?"

"Yes; what of it?" I was in no mood for talking.

"Queer duck planted over there. Buried by the town as a pauper. Tramped into Castle Rock one day last summer and just took down and died. Queer old duck. Whisky and morphine did him up."

"Lots of fellows go that way. Nothing queer about that," I replied.

"Yes; but he was no fool, and sometimes he'd talk like a scholar. And then he'd keep insistin' that he had rich chummies. Guess he was weak in his upper story. Morphine had clean et his brains up. I set up with him one night—jist before he passed in his chips, and he all at onct set up in bed and hollers out: 'Phil, oh, Phil!' so pitiful like that I felt sorry for the old tramp. 'Spect it was some brother or pard or something. He died next day, and we found a foty-graph of a military-lookin' cuss in his pocket. It was so greasy and dirty we couldn't tell who it was."

"Did the tramp give his name?" I excitedly inquired.

"He said it was 'Old Bink' and that's all. Did you know him?"

"Yes," I replied, as I dismounted from my pony and stood beside the unmarked grave. "The man whose body lies here made General Sheridan."—*Tom H. Cannon, in Washington Star.*

CHAPTER VI.

PHIL HOME FROM WEST POINT—KINDNESS TO A DOG—ON
THE FRONTIER—FIGHTING INDIANS—COMPLIMENTED BY
GENERAL SCOTT.

THREE years with all their attendant changes had sped rapidly by ere I drifted back to the little village on the hill. Phil had graduated, and I found him there making a visit while on his way to Texas to join his regiment, the 1st Infantry.

An incident that occurred at our first meeting may appear trifling in the history of any man, but in my opinion it serves more truthfully to show the promptings of the heart than acts of a more public character. Sheridan is believed by many, who have never known the other side of his nature, as the "rough rider," cruel, and lacking in the finer instincts, and this induces me to narrate the circumstance.

A few days after my return he called to see me. I was convalescing from a spell of fever contracted when crossing the Isthmus. After a long talk concerning California, which was then a wonderland and a returned "forty-niner" an object of great interest, he proposed that we take a walk to where the projected steam mill was to be built at the foot of the hill. The establishing of this mill was an enterprise of much moment and great interest.

My favorite dog started with us, and Sheridan was attracted by the exuberance of his joy in being allowed to go, or it might have been the dog's handsome, intelligent face that attracted him. He made overtures of friendship, calling

the dog by name and extending his hand to caress him; but, as with every stranger, this was resented with a growl and a show of teeth which prevented further advances on Phil's part. We started for the millsite, and the dog becoming the subject of our conversation, I related what had occurred a few days before on my return to Somerset.

I had left Jack with my father more than three years before, and when he discovered that I could not be found about the house or in the street, he became inconsolable, refusing to eat, and pining away until he was but a skeleton. At the end of a month, however, he commenced to eat sparingly, and in two months was himself again in form, though wanting in former life and spirits. The recognition on my return was one of the most remarkable cases of dog memory I had ever seen. My father, having heard of my arrival in New York, could approximate my return home, so he walked out to the Pike a few miles to meet me. I recognized him, preceded by Jack, some distance ahead. When the dog came to the buggy I requested the driver to stop, as I wished to test his memory. I succeeded in attracting his attention, and when within reach attempted to put my hand on him, a familiarity he never allowed a stranger. He resented it with a growl. I said, "Jack, don't you know me?" His ears at once became erect, and he looked me steadily in the face. I repeated the words again, and with a leap he was in my arms, whining and licking my face and hands, beside himself with joy. When my father came up Jack appeared jealous of our affectionate meeting and insisted on being between us and being taken up in my arms. This being denied, he placed his paws against my heart, whining and moaning in the most eloquent dog language.

By the time my dog story was finished we had arrived at

the excavation made for the engine room. We found it filled with muddy water from a recent rain, and on the surface were floating chips and other debris. While living on the Muskingum I had taught Jack to bring objects from the stream, and now he saw an opportunity to remind me that he had not forgotten his early training. Voluntarily plunging in, he would bring something out and lay it at our feet. This, I discovered, was dangerous to the white duck trousers which we were both wearing, the danger arising through his shaking the water from his shaggy coat on coming to land. Being obliged to watch constantly was interfering with our conversation, so I told the dog to lie down and not enter the pond again. He promptly obeyed. As Phil related his experiences at West Point, giving me full particulars of a very serious altercation he had had with another cadet, for which he had been suspended for a year, I became deeply interested. My father had written me something of the trouble and suspension, but not the full particulars. We were absorbed in this conversation when the dog entered the water again, and coming out unobserved, stood near us and gave the accustomed shake, laying down a stick at my feet. That shake changed our white duck trousers from spotless to spotted ones. No magician could have transformed them more quickly or completely.

For Sheridan's sake I was mortified beyond expression. As soon as I could speak, I apologized for the accident. To my relief, he had the politeness and forbearance to laugh at it and say it was nothing, as he could get home unseen through the fields and change the garment, and that it would involve only a few moments' time. Upon concluding my regrets, I commenced looking around for a suitable switch with which to punish the disobedient dog. When called, he came up,

evidently aware, from his downcast look, that he had done wrong. Poor Jack! When he came to my feet he rolled over with a look of abject humility and sorrow. This melted Phil's heart, for when he saw what was about to occur, he said: "What are you going to do? I hope you will not whip him!"

At this Jack stood up and watched me pitifully until I had finished stating as my reason for punishing him that he had been indulged by my father and mother during my absence and that a slight whipping would be of benefit to him. Sheridan's reply was:

"Don't do that; I could not think of your whipping him for the oversight. You should remember how devoted he is to you; how he loves you; how he remembered you when you returned."

During this appeal the dog looked steadfastly at Phil, then he turned to watch me as I gave additional reasons why he should be punished. Then followed a stronger plea to save the dog, Phil saying that "man or brute is liable to oversight and forgetfulness which sometimes seem disobedience."

While these arguments were being made, Jack, with a sad face, would look at us in turn as each one spoke. To spare Sheridan's feelings I said I would not whip the dog, and threw the stick away; then, with every feature, the dog expressed joy and gratitude. He walked over to Phil and licked his hand. He well knew the import of the switch being cast away, and I am sure understood the substance of what had been said for and against him, and to whom he should be grateful, for, before or after, I never saw him lick a stranger's hand.

As mentioned before, the above incident is related not that it is of special interest, but to throw a side light on the hu-

mane instincts of Phil Sheridan. He may have been relentless in war, but his nature had another side as gentle as a girl's.

Not many days after this dog episode came the Fourth of July, 1853. This was the last time Phil celebrated that anniversary at his home village. It was unusually gay and festive that year in the quiet old place, for the survey was being made for a railroad through that part of the country, and this brought a corps of civil engineers and their assistants who made our hotels their headquarters for several months. Rides, parties and excursions were the social order of the day, and girls were in great demand, for the railroad men made inroads on our claims.

A carriage drive to Lydy's rocks, a wild, romantic glen about five miles away, was arranged for the Fourth of July. Phil had his conveyance secured, but when he looked around for a girl he found them all engaged. A day or two before the event we met, and he narrated his gloomy prospect, which was the greater disappointment by reason of its being in all probability the last time he would ever see the wild gorge.

I happened to be so situated just then that I could relieve him, and said:

"So far as I am concerned, you can have my girl, that bright, pretty one I introduced you to a few days ago."

He remembered her, but could not quite understand the sacrifice I was making for him, so asked the cause of my uncommon generosity.

"The situation is this, Phil," I said. "We had a little fuss a few days ago; the quarrel is still on and a coolness exists that is embarrassing to us both. I doubt if she would consent to go with me, and even if she did I would not go. I am sure she would love to go, and I hope she can, but I can-

not propose it under the circumstances. I hope you will take her, and should you find it necessary to mention my name, you may say that I do not intend to go."

Thanking me, he hurried away. The next day I saw him with his new girl, happy and lively.

While he was on this visit to our village there occurred an accident that nearly deprived this country of the greatest cavalry general the world has ever known.

Sheridan heard considerable about a very fiery racehorse quartered at the livery stable. He was told few could ride him; that he had been the death of one, and had thrown a score of others. When he heard this, a desire seized him to ride that horse.

This was the story I heard. I did not see the ride.

With some difficulty the consent of the owner was obtained—for prudential reasons he hesitated to be accessory to another death. It was noised about that Phil Sheridan was going to ride John Dean's "quarter" horse (so-called because his racing distance was usually a quarter-mile.) This attracted more than the usual number of loafers that always can be found about a village hotel. The groom brought the horse out and assisted Phil to mount. A half-drunken farmer drove past just as Phil was entering the saddle and, not understanding the situation, gave the impatient horse a touch with his whip. This caused him to plunge as if shot from a cannon, freed him from the groom, and started him up the street like a thunderbolt. By this time Sheridan had almost lost his insecure seat, but tightly clinging, he gradually resealed himself, and the spectators concluded the worst was over, as victory seemed to be with the rider. But he was not yet securely seated when the maddened animal commenced leaping high in the air and coming down on stiff legs, known in the West as

“bucking.” After a few leaps of this kind, horse and rider were seen to separate, Phil flying forward over the horse’s head, striking with his head and breast upon the limestone road and there remaining.

There was a wild rush by the hotel loafers to learn the result and assist the young man who was lying so quietly on the bed of stone. He was found limp and lifeless, and in this condition was carried to the nearest house, that of Mrs. Dennison. A messenger was sent for a surgeon, but the general impression was that a physician’s services would be useless, as his neck was supposed to be broken. The surgeon arrived and, making an examination, said the neck was not broken nor were any bones that he could discover. The most that he feared from the looks of the breast and abdomen were internal injuries, but time alone could determine that.

After remaining unconscious for some time, Phil opened his eyes and faintly asked the person nearest him, “Where is he?”

The person spoken to supposed Phil delirious, and asked him, “Whom do you mean, Phil?”

“Why, the quarter-horse!”

The man said, “Oh, he was heard of last about five miles from here, and was still running.”

This brought a smile to the pale face of the would-be rider, and he closed his eyes again. Toward evening he had improved so much that he was taken home. With a mother’s careful nursing he was able to be out some days after, but with a very sore breast and abdomen.

When the limit of his leave of absence drew near he was still unfit to travel, but insisted on starting.

When heard from afterward he had joined his regiment in Texas. His breast and abdomen were covered with boils, and

to this external eruption he attributed his life and restored health.

I did not see the young soldier who failed to ride John Dean's quarter-horse for several years. When we met again we were both soldiers. From Texas his regiment was ordered to California, and for some time was stationed at Fort Reading. I was familiar with that locality, having lived there for two years. When I heard of him and of what he was doing, or had done, I experienced feelings which I am ashamed to confess. I was filled with fiendish gratification, and read the news with malicious glee. On the opposite side of the Sacramento River from where we had lived were the homes and haunts of the worst type of Indians in this country, excepting the Apaches. It is impossible for me to describe the degraded, treacherous, daring, blood-thirsty Pitt river Indians of 1852 and 1853. They robbed our camp, often killed our horses and mules, and finally killed my partner. You may imagine it was joyful news to me when I read that Phil Sheridan's command had a fight with them and gave them a complete thrashing. The report said it was a severe blow to the tribe, but I did not hear how many he sent to their happy hunting-ground. It is strange that Sheridan's first fight should be with an enemy who had killed and robbed citizens from his home county.

We next heard of his whipping the Spokane and Klamath Indians. For his gallantry and skill in these battles he was complimented in general orders by General Scott.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAR CLOUDS DARKEN—VOLUNTEERING—GENERAL SHERIDAN'S RETURN—VOLUNTEERS' GOODBYE—CAMP CHASE—CINCINNATI—KENTUCKY—CAMP DICK ROBINSON—GENERAL SHERMAN—EAST TENNESSEANS.

WHEN the threats and growlings of war came in 1860 Phil Sheridan was a second lieutenant in the 4th Infantry, stationed in Oregon. Far away it was then, it taking a summer's travel to reach it, so only by slow mail could he trace the war cloud as it gathered and threatened in the East. I have no recollection of hearing him express any opinion as to its duration or result after he heard of the actual conflict. In Ohio, few if any predicted a war so protracted or bloody.

I can see now that both the North and South were disappointed and mistaken. The North seemed to close its eyes to existing conditions the first year. It took that year to fully arouse it, although volunteering was prompt and spirited from the beginning. The masses of the South and many of its leaders were ignorant as to our resources and patriotism; they had been taught to despise the institutions of the North, especially our regard for manual labor.

The general opinion in the South was that with us the striving for money overshadowed every other impulse; that we would not allow the dissolution of the Union to interfere with our money getting. It was asserted of the North that it would sacrifice its health, happiness and soul for wealth. Southerners believed that if patriotism and money were balanced in the Northern heart, money would outweigh.

I am sure both sides were surprised when they beheld the rush from farm and factory, school and store at the first call to-arms. The South thought if the conflict did come it would be short, sharp and successful, and would soon end in the recognition of the Confederacy. Southerners argued this because of the fact that the South at that time had the most distinguished officers, and a majority of the regular army was stationed in Southern forts; also, they were better prepared for war, as they had been expecting it.

These impressions I gathered from conversations with their citizen-prisoners, and from letters left in abandoned houses on our march to the Gulf States. While talking on this subject I asked a Southern officer if they thought we had lost all patriotism and would tamely submit to let the Union go. He replied, "Oh, no; but we thought you had become a commercial people while we remained military."

When the mails arrived in Oregon we can easily believe that they found Lieutenant Sheridan in a fever of excitement and anxiety. One of these mails brought him news of the unfortunate battles of Bull Run. We can imagine the burnings of his heart and the yearnings of his soul to fly to those scenes. Had he had the black horse then he might have been tempted to make the ride, but the soldier must wait until he is ordered. To him weeks must have appeared as months, and months as years, until the welcome order came; it had been traveling on leaden wings, but it came and he was happy. It ordered him to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. By this time so many whose sympathies were with the South had resigned from the army that he held the rank of Captain. At this point I desire to call the attention of the reader to the fact that when Sheridan was only a captain without aid or influence there were not less than one hundred and fifty generals in the

Union army, but from the time he had his first opportunity to display his genius and value at Booneville, Miss., his career was meteoric, one brilliant victory after another, when he was in command.

On his way from New York to Jefferson Barracks he stopped to see his parents. He had not been in Somerset since his attempt to ride the wild racehorse, to which I have previously referred. Henry Zortman, a farmer, who knew Phil when a boy, told me after the war that he called to see Phil during that visit. His principal object was to get the opinion of a soldier as to the result of the war and as to what duty he thought he would be assigned. To the first question Phil answered:

"This government is too great and good to be destroyed."

To the second question he said:

"I do not know what I shall be assigned to do, nor where they will send me, but if you ever hear from me, I want you to hear that I am doing my duty to the best of my ability."

At the time Phil made his visit many of his friends and playmates, I among the number, had already gone to the front.

During that summer of 1861, the maelstrom of war was daily extending the circle of its influence. The North was now ablaze with the realization of actual war. In the Spring it had drawn mainly from the ranks of restless young men who were seeking adventure—those were the "three months' " men—but during the summer and fall men of more mature years and settled habits were volunteering. I felt myself drifting into the current, but could not see my way clear to go, having a mother almost blind and a father very old and feeble living with me. Besides, how could I leave my young and pretty wife? There seemed many obstacles in my way. Then, again, my business was satisfactory; indeed, I was comfort-

able and happy until I found myself unceasingly thinking of the war and the condition of the country. Again and again did I banish these thoughts from my mind, for I believed I could not leave the responsibilities and attractions of home. For a week I was torn by efforts to down war-thoughts, but, like Banquo's ghost, they "would not down." I found myself becoming dissatisfied and unhappy, and unfit for business.

Captain Jackson had just returned with his company from the "three months'" service, the first call for volunteers, and immediately began recruiting a company for three years or during the war. J. W. Martin, a bright, energetic young Irishman, had received an order from Governor Tod authorizing him to raise a company, but as recruits came in slowly, each only partially succeeded. Just then a proposition came from someone to consolidate, which made one company almost full.

At this stage I joined and felt great mental relief, but now new troubles confronted me as soon as I had signed my name. How was I to go home and tell my wife and parents and dispose of my business without too much sacrifice? These were my greatest troubles. The first should be done within an hour, the latter within two weeks, as the company, being nearly full, would soon be completed and ordered away.

With a heavy heart I went home to discharge the first embarrassing duty. With preliminary remarks on the duties of an American citizen, etc., I finally found courage to tell her what I had done. When she found that I was serious and had enlisted, I shall never forget the expression of her fine gray eyes, for they spoke the emotions of her heart though her sensitive lips seemed stricken dumb. Looking at me with pale, reproachful face, when she had somewhat recovered, she asked me why I desired to leave her, and why the unmarried men



MARY SHERIDAN
Mother of the General

should not go first. Those questions were difficult to answer to a wife. I could only say that I had no rest, that the war would not last long, and that in a year, we should all be at home with each other again. Whether or not to appeal to her love of the Union, I did not know, for, her parents having been Southerners, she might feel indulgent toward the Confederacy; besides, she was a model housewife and home-loving woman, and never became enthusiastic over any public question.

I then spoke of the additional care and responsibility my aged parents would be, but she did not shrink, and bravely told me she would do everything possible for their comfort. Until this crisis came I had never had occasion to realize how brave and patriotic she was, nor did I fully realize her self-denial and courage until some years later, when adversity and sickness almost overwhelmed us.

My mother appeared to dread my going much more than did my wife, for my parents still had vivid recollections of the first Napoleonic wars, when they were children in Germany—of a great battle that was fought near their home and the devastation and destruction that followed. However, they finally agreed that it was but my duty to go.

The company was full at last, and now came the organization. Captain Jackson had the greater number of names, and had had three months' actual experience in war. This entitled him to the captaincy. The company was recruited under an order from the Governor to J. W. Martin, who had done much to recruit it, so Martin was entitled to the first lieutenantcy. I purposed being a candidate for second lieutenant. When Martin heard this he came to me, waiving all rights to the first lieutenantcy in my favor, saying he would take the second lieutenantcy, and delicately assigning as a reason that

I had seen some Indian service, which, in truth, was so insignificant that in justice it was no claim. The service Lieut. Martin alluded to was a little Indian war with the Pitt river Indians in the early days of California, which only lasted a few months, and I think only thirty-seven were killed on both sides; one of these, a squaw, by mistake, who had fought with the males. The truth was, I think, that as I had a family to support, he thought I needed the difference in pay more than he, but was too considerate to assign any other reason than that I should have it for the service I had seen in the West. A few days before we started there was an election of officers resulting in my election as first and his as second lieutenant, there being no opposition to either of us.

War, like politics, makes strange bed-fellows. Patriotism is an equalizer of persons—all men are equally under its banner. The rich man's son, fashionably dressed, was in the same file with the day laborer, coarsely and poorly clad. The blue blood of New England was represented in the company by Gerald Stowe, a relative of Harriet Beecher Stowe, educated, refined, and modest, who touched elbows with the ignorant ex-criminal; the innocent country boy, clean and conscientious, marched with him of bloated features, soiled garments and unkempt hair, possibly on the verge of delirium tremens, for there were a number of black sheep with us. It could not be expected that they all should be models of excellence, all kinds were jumbled together.

The last day of August, 1861, was the day for our departure. The little square in front of the Court House where Phil Sheridan played when a boy was packed with men, women, children, horses and wagons. Ten wagons were engaged to take those who had no other means of transportation to the nearest railroad station nine miles away. I shall never for-

get the many scenes, pathetic and amusing, that impressed themselves on my memory that day; the sorrowful incidents greatly outnumbered those that were entertaining. I saw the fifer of our company kiss his sweetheart for the last time; he was buried in Tennessee. I think the girl did not survive him many years. I saw many others give their last lover's kiss. As an officer, I had much walking about to do that day in order to get things in readiness. Here and there in a quiet nook I could see a boy walking for the last time with the girl he loved; I could hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal affection as they parted, sometimes forever. I saw others bending over cradles kissing the sleeping babes. Some were receiving the blessings of old men; others parting with mothers. This, in every case, was the most affecting, for the old mother would press her boy to her heart again and again. Some were speaking brave words in bold tones to drive away the awful fears of the young wife. I saw a wife standing in the door with her babe in her arms. As the wagon her husband was in passed her, a hand waved, and she answered by holding up in tender embrace their only child. A few minutes and he is gone, and forever.

Busy as I was with preparations, it was during these scenes that I for the first time realized that women had the hardest part to bear during the war. She had no voice in the making of it, yet she saw her lover, son or husband leave her, sometimes to gain a name, it is true, but more often to find death in all its horror, while she remained to watch and pray, lonely, often unprotected, and in want. The novelty and excitement of soldier life banished loneliness and homesickness in nearly every case, but those left in the monotony of the home often waited, anxiously, throughout long years, uncertain as to whether they would ever see their loved ones again.

"The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where or when?
In the history of the world you find it not—
It was fought by the mothers of men."

The small boy was there in full force, noisy and busy, assisting the teamsters and thereby claiming a right to ride to the station with the volunteers. The officers had their hands full to see that all were seated in the wagons, especially those who had been invited too often to take a parting drink. When all was ready the train commenced pulling out amidst a long, and, I thought, a sad cheer that died away in a wail.

Something comical often occurs, even amid the gravest and saddest scenes. Pathos, humor and tragedy seem about equally divided in war. We had not gone more than fifty yards, were not yet out of the village in fact, when there was a halt. I could not see what was wrong ahead. My first impression was that the kind-hearted old farmer who drove the head team was giving us a moment longer for a final look at home and kindred, as we could still see the crowd in the square. Among the volunteers was Sam B——, a drinking man of soiled reputation—one of those whose walk through life so nearly approached the criminal line that he often overstepped it, and now and then we heard of his being under arrest. (I am not afraid of offending Sam by this description of his peculiarities for he never came back; I cannot remember where we lost him, but it was either in Mississippi or Alabama.) Well, when the halt came it brought the wagon in which Sam was directly in front of the residence of a Mrs. MacGinnis, who, with her family, was out on the veranda, waving the boys good-bye. All was still; the cheer had died away; everyone was feeling sad. Sam recognized Mrs. MacGinnis, stood up unsteadily in the wagon, and in a voice loud enough to be heard the full length of the train, called out as he waved his

hat, "Good-bye, Mrs. MacGinnis! You and your chickens, good-bye! You will never see Sam again." Everyone in hearing knew the import of the chicken farewell, it having reference to a well-founded report that he had been too free with her chicken roost. The speech had the effect of turning the boys' thoughts from sadness to merriment, and when we finally left the little town we were all laughing.

Two days later we were in Columbus on our way to Camp Chase, which was located five miles from the city. We arrived in town about dark. Our initiation into soldiering was not a joyful experience. The weather was cold and cloudy and the hour too late to go out to camp. On our way up to the State House to report to the Governor we were met by one of his staff, who conducted us to the State House rotunda. Here we were left, with the promise that he would return with a wagon load of blankets, but neither he nor the blankets ever came. After waiting until about ten o'clock the boys began abusing him unmercifully, one of them saying that if he ever saw that "staff" again he would "break it to flinders." One by one we stretched ourselves out on the cold marble floor to get what sleep we could. It was not a bed of roses. A few left, to seek hotels and lodging houses, but this the officers discouraged, fearing the delay and trouble of getting the company together in the morning. It was a miserable night for those who remained. In after years I often passed the spot we occupied that night, and always with a shudder; though it was, indeed a "bed of down" compared with what we endured many other nights before the war was over. However, our suffering was lessened as we became hardened—at the State House we had been soft and unseasoned.

Daylight never received a warmer welcome. Getting our breakfast at the nearest eating houses, we got into line and

started for camp. The two-hour march proved toilsome after the night's unrest, and, besides, our tight boots and shoes were little suited for tramping. We were glad to sit down at the gate of the camp and rest until an orderly came out to conduct us to our quarters, which we found to consist of two rows of board shanties, called a "street"—the camp being laid out on the plan of a town. At noon we drew our first rations of bread, meat and coffee, with camp kettles, tin plates, tin cups, knives and forks. This was a novel experience for the boys, and some queer and awkward cooking followed.

We found that Camp Chase had a line of guards surrounding it. This had two objects—one as a school for guard duty, the other to prevent visits to Columbus without a pass. We had been there three or four days before Government clothing was issued to us. Two days before we received ours I saw one of the company, Pat Fagan, a man forty years old and with an immense brogue, strutting up and down the company street wearing a full suit of blue. I asked that he give me an explanation.

"There is nothing aisier than to do thot," replied he. "I was a-walkin' up and through th' ind o' the camp yesterday whin I saw a crowd of min around some boxes, an' I crowded in, too, an' found iv'ry divil of 'em a-takin' a shute o' close. Thinks I, 'Pat Fagan is a soldier now an' has as good a roit to a shute as ony of 'em,' so I picked me out this shute an' brought 'em down an' thried 'em on, an' a divil of a better fit did I iver have."

Now I understood. A company was drawing and distributing clothing—a matter that was attended the first time with more or less confusion, carelessness and excitement. Doubtless many in that company were strangers to each other, so, during the confusion and hurry, Pat had no trouble in selecting

a suit and leaving without interference; he was of the opinion that it was a "free pitch in."

The "joke" was on the captain of that company, who was out that amount, being responsible for all company property, while Pat was the gainer; I explained to him that the captains were charged with all clothing distributed, and if the suit was not returned the captain must pay for it. I advised him to take it off and return it, which he promised to do, saying that he did not want to "chate the mon." But the next day he was still wearing them, and, when I reminded him of his promise, he was ready with the good excuse: "I wint up there to foind th' place, an' divil a bit could I foind it at all, at all." So, as long as he lived, Pat was ahead of that captain the price of that suit of blue.

In a day or two we were all on an equal footing with him. We had on the blue. The frock coat had scales on the shoulders. A cheap brass epaulette was much disliked, so when it became dark and the officers could not detect it, the scales were cut off and thrown away. The Western soldiers did not like a cap—we would have preferred a hat. The cap of the infantry soldier had a small brass bugle in front; this also was thrown away as a piece of toggerie. We never drew the frock or uniform coat a second time; it was unsuitable. The blouse, from its ease and adaptability, was preferred by all. Next came the arms, with the many leather straps of scabbard, cartridge and cap box. It took an expert to properly adjust this set of harness the first time, and it was not strange that the farmer volunteer was reminded of harnessing and breaking a colt; nor was it to be wondered at that while this operation was going on we could hear them kicking and hear them neighing and squealing in imitation of colts all over the camp.

After being in Camp Chase about two weeks, we could

hear mutterings of discontent and dissatisfaction. The first rosy flush of illusion was passing away and sombre reality taking its place. The men now realized that soldiering was not one continued picnic; the persistent drills, strict discipline and poor fare to which the once well-fed volunteer had become accustomed began to arouse endless complaint. The good times anticipated without restraint did not materialize; the glamour was gone. Many members of that company had been accustomed from childhood to come and go when and where they pleased. This freedom was now over. Instead was rough food, restraint, obedience and bitter disappointment—the poetry of war was gone. It was only human that there should be some scapegoat selected on whom to saddle responsibility for all these misfortunes; there must be someone to blame for their mistreatment. They found the victim.

It was General Hill who commanded the camp, and, as if by common understanding, they all abused him. Not one poor fellow ever dreamed that he was then spending the honeymoon of soldier life; not one knew anything of the pitiless hardships of real war; they had only tasted a little of its restraints. It was true, Hill was a strict disciplinarian, but not unreasonably so. He was an excellent drill officer, a fine, soldierly-looking man.

One of the first charges against General Hill was that he put on too many airs for this democratic age and republican country and that there was no occasion to be so strict by half. But, worst of all, he was the author of our short allowances and inferior bill of fare; in fact, all the supposedly gross wrongs were charged to him. This bad feeling was greatly intensified when a rumor gained credence that he had not acted with bravery at the battle of Garrek's Ford, in which his regi-

ment had participated, in the Spring. Following this report, the boys felt for him the utmost contempt.

We had with us a wayward young man, who from his childhood had been beyond the control of his parents. He was intensely disgusted that he must obey. The picture he had drawn did not fit the facts as he found them. He had exhausted the ordinary channels of abuse when speaking of General Hill, and had resorted to poetry. He had a "poem," as he called it, which abused the General from first to last. From the number of times I saw and heard him reading it to admiring comrades who approved and applauded every line, I am confident he thought himself a poet of marked ability. Of this the reader can form his own opinion from the specimen that I can yet remember; I am sure this will be sufficient. Billy's poem began :

"Between Hill and h—I there is but one letter;
If Hill were in h—I, we'd be the better."

Some may claim that he was not a poet of high order, but this is a matter of opinion. If the question had been submitted to the boys of that camp the verdict would have been almost unanimous in his favor, but if the reader should dissent from the opinion I am sure he will be charitable enough to forgive Billy, even as I think the Lord has, when I tell him that after arriving at the front there was no better or braver soldier up to the time of his death at Chickamauga, where he was left with the other dead of the Army of the Cumberland—the first and only time this splendid army ever left its dead or turned its back to the enemy as it fought its way slowly and sullenly to Chattanooga.

A comrade who was with the wayward poet as he unslung his knapsack and adjusted his cap and cartridge box preparatory to the fight told me after the war that Billy had said,

smilingly, "Joe, I feel it in my bones that we are going to catch it here for the first time, and I feel that it will be my last fight; if that turns out true, and you get home, tell father and mother that I've been a better boy since I've been out; and as to dying, that's all right; this is as good a place as any."

In September our regiment was fully organized, equipped, and numbered 31st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, M. B. Walker commanding. Our company letter was G. After three weeks more of company and batallion drill it was thought we were ready for the front. Many, fearing the war might be over before their arrival, were most anxious to get there.

About the 1st of October, 1861, we bid Camp Chase farewell, first being reviewed by Governor Todd and staff; the boys of Company G keeping a sharp lookout for that staff officer who had disappointed them so cruelly in failing to bring the blankets to the rotunda; however, he was either not there or a gaudy uniform disguised him beyond recognition.

We left behind us in process of organization the 20th, 40th and 42nd, Colonel Garfield's (afterward President) 1st Ohio Cavalry, with other fractional regiments, the numbers of which I cannot remember.

It was rumored that Cincinnati was our destination, but as we were to travel by freight cars, the time of our arrival was uncertain. An order was issued to take two days' cooked rations in haversacks. The import and importance of this order was not fully appreciated by the new soldier and was not strictly obeyed. The result was, before we arrived in Cincinnati the boys were ravenously hungry. The Colonel, ascertaining our condition, took the precaution to telegraph to the Soldiers' Relief Committee that we were coming hungry. (Whoever heard of a soldier that wasn't?) We were kindly met by that

patriotic body who, acting on the Colonel's hint, was ready to conduct us to its rooms. Gladly getting out of our cramped places, we formed in line, when bright little boys and girls went up and down the lines with well-filled baskets of good things, until the hungriest could cry, "Hold! Enough!"

In addition to that, the populace, male and female, gathered around us offering apples, peaches and oranges until our haversacks would hold no more. This being early in the war, we attracted attention; the novelty was not yet over. A fine carriage drove up in front of and not far from my Company; the driver beckoned me to come to him. As I approached, the door opened and a handsome lady looked out and, apologizing, introduced herself, then asked if I was the Captain of the Company (pointing to several boy soldiers I had on the left of the Company, whose size and youth seemed to attract her attention). I told her I was not the Captain, but was in command; the Captain was absent, sick. She handed me a pocketbook, making excuses for the small amount it contained. She hoped I would accept it to be distributed among the most needy. "They may want to buy some little necessities before you cross the river." In my surprise I hesitated a moment to accept it, but she so earnestly and gracefully insisted that I could not do otherwise, so I blundered by thanks. In my surprise and embarrassment I forgot to obtain her address, in which event I could have made to the pretty patriot more suitable acknowledgment under calmer conditions. Just then I heard a command issued, and, looking back, saw the battalion wheeling into platoon, preparatory to a march. I was needed with my Company. Another look at her fine features, a hasty good-bye, and "thank you," and I ran to catch up with the marching column. After getting settled in our new camp I counted the money, which was over twenty dollars.

Our destination was the old Orphan Asylum grounds, where stands the new opera house. After remaining here for several days an order came to march at 4 o'clock P. M. the next day, with two days' cooked rations in haversacks and ten rounds of cartridges. The latter part of the order looked like business for the boys. It was rumored that we would be sent to Camp Dick Robinson, the central camp of instruction for the Kentucky loyal troops, that was then threatened by a force said to be marching toward that point from Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, under the Confederate General Zollicoffer.

After much delay, which we learned so well to avoid in after years, we started, our brass band headed towards the river. Arriving at the Burnett House we were halted in the midst of a great crowd to hear a speech by General Mitchell, the distinguished astronomer, who also became a distinguished General. By the time we got started again it was just dark. The first year of the war there were many speeches made; after that there was neither time nor occasion to make them.

The sidewalks along our line of march were crowded with men, women and children, white, black, of all ages and conditions. Flags and handkerchiefs waved from every building. The most hearty demonstrations met us on every side. Reaching the river, we found large bonfires illuminating the streets and buildings of the district, reflecting the light almost across the "dark and bloody ground."

As the two large ferry boats that held our regiment glided out into the stream, the shore we were leaving swarmed with huzzahing patriots waving hats and handkerchiefs. We were so densely packed in those boats that it was a wonder some did not fall overboard, as it could be plainly seen that all were not prohibitionists. However, we reached the dock without accident.

From the landing we marched to the K. C. R. R. station and were there put in freight cars. In the morning we found ourselves in Cynthiana, and that afternoon at Nicholasville, the terminus of the road. Here was our first camp in the field.

At seven o'clock next morning "assembly" was called and we knew we were in for it—heavy knapsacks and solid business. We left the town with banners flying and bands playing, following the Pike southward. It is a wearisome day's march, for we were heavily laden, as all soldiers are on their first march, foolishly carrying too much when not accustomed to it. In the evening we found ourselves in the vicinity of the Kentucky River, at that point a lovely sheet of water about fifty feet wide.

We were the first northern troops to cross this stream. The scenery was wild and romantic in the extreme. The narrow Pike we marched on wound around the sides of hills which might almost claim the title of mountains, while away down the precipice the brink of which was at one's feet, little brooks rushed over their rocky beds, leaping and babbling from cliff to cliff until they would strike the canon below.

This locality was the haunt of the celebrated Daniel Boone, and many were the thrilling traditions handed down through generations of Kentuckians as to how the intrepid hunter succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the savages of those rocky wilds. Within fifty feet of the bridge we crossed, rising from the river to the height of over two hundred feet, stood, alone in its grandeur, a cone-shaped hill known as "Boone's Knob." Here we afterwards camped for two weeks.

A march of six miles from Boone's Knob brought us to camp Dick Robinson, near which we were met by the Third Kentucky Infantry, who, with due honors, conducted us to our new camp. Here we found Carter's brigade, 1st and 2d E.

Tennessee, 1st and 2nd Kentucky Infantry, also Wolford's Kentucky Cavalry. The camp was in command of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas—old "Pap" Thomas, as the boys affectionately learned to speak of him. A regular soldier from his boyhood, and comparatively an old man at this time, yet there was no wide gulf between him and the young volunteer private. He was always kind and forbearing, and the boys learned to love him.

A few days after our arrival the 14th, 17th and 38th Ohio Infantry came to us, also the 33rd Indiana. When it was known to the surrounding country—the famous blue-grass region and the nearby towns of Danville and Lancaster—that Yankee regiments could be seen at Camp Dick Robinson, scores of people in fine carriages, with high-stepping horses, would be in the vicinity of the parade ground every pleasant afternoon to see the Northern soldiers at dress parade and battalion drill, for the afternoons were devoted to those evolutions. They invariably brought well-filled lunch baskets of the best this rich country afforded, which was an inducement for us to extend every courtesy in our power, in return for which we were often invited to share those delicacies. This was often a double feast for us—not only for the appetite, but for the eye, as well. We could see the beauty of the women, for which this section is justly noted. Sometimes one could scarcely enjoy the luxuries they invited us to for looking at the beauties who offered them. I thought the blue-grass women were the loveliest in manner and the sweetest in face of any I had ever seen. I remember two fine specimens who came to our camp, a Miss Shelby and Miss Leatcher. Female beauty seemed to disappear to a great extent after we left Kentucky.

At the end of the first week we were visited by Governor Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, afterwards President; Horace

Maynard and Leslie Cooms, each making us a short speech. A few days later came General Sherman, then comparatively unknown; he was sent by the President on a tour of inspection. He stopped at Dick Robinson Hotel, adjacent to the camp, which was named for the proprietor, a zealous Union man.

Sherman, being from our own state, it was thought to be the proper thing on the first evening of his arrival for us to take the band down and serenade him; so the commissioned officers, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Jones and preceded by the music, started. The musicians were instructed to play their best tunes, and then the General would be called out for a speech. We had not quite grasped the idea that we were out of politics and in war, therefore we must have a speech.

Arriving, the band did its best, which was not much. To tell you the naked truth, they could not play with such exquisite unison and enthusiastic military spirit that it seemed to enter the very blood and rest with strange thrill in the brain for hours afterward. When they ceased playing we felt glad, but they had done the very best they could. When about out of wind and tunes there was a silence, and then we expected the highly complimented Ohio General to appear and make an appreciative speech. But he came not. We commenced calling him—yet no Sherman. We called louder. When this did not bring him, some of the boys became noisy. All this time he was getting madder and madder, but we did not know it. Then he appeared on the upper veranda, and all was still. We expected the speech—and he made it. He asked us what we wanted and some one said, "A speech!" We learned then that he was excited and angry.

"I have no speech for you excepting to say you had better return to your quarters, and if you are commissioned officers,

as I am told you are, keep your men from stealing Dick Robinson's chickens and burning his rails, which I am informed they are guilty of. If you belong to an Ohio regiment, I am ashamed of you. It is unmilitary, to say the least, to come here and call me out to make a speech. The best thing you can do is to take your band and yourselves back to your regiment, and do it quickly." We thought he would feel so highly honored that we would be invited to walk up to Dick Robinson's bar and drink his best Kentucky peach and apple brandy.

Before the speech was finished there was a stampede to the rear. We had all taken the hint at par value and when the last words of the lecture had died away the crowd had disappeared and there was not one officer left to hear it. And ever after that not one could be found to admit that he was one of the party that had gone to serenade General Sherman.

We knew better after that than to call a General out to make a speech. We were about as verdant and knew as little of the proprieties of war or the etiquette of military life as the Missourian did when he was approached by General Hardee, the strict Confederate disciplinarian. One day while commanding in the Southwest the General rode out on the picket line, and, much to his surprise, found a sentry sitting on a rail fence munching a piece of bacon. General Hardee appeared not to see him until he got abreast of him, and then drew his horse up, expecting to find the sentry at "present." He was nothing of the kind, however, but sat munching away as unconcernedly as though he were in his native mountains.

"Do you know who I am?" demanded General Hardee, in his severest tones.

"Stranger, I 'low I don't."

"I am General Hardee, and——"

Without stopping to hear the remainder of his sentence

the raw recruit slowly climbed down from the fence, and, shambling into the road, extended his hand as he said, "How air ye, General? I'm mighty glad to see yer lookin' so peart!"

On General Sherman's return to Washington from this tour of inspection he reported to the government that the preparations for the defense of this department were totally inadequate; that it would require at least three times the number of men to meet an emergency.

Some of the leaders of the Northern press, Murat Halsted among the number, pronounced Sherman insane, a verdict in which the officers who serenaded him that night fully coincided. But time and events proved that the General was correct in his judgment as to the inadequacy of our preparations in Kentucky.

During a visit to Oakwoods Cemetery, this city, last summer, sad memories were aroused by the sight of a cenotaph erected not far from the Confederate monument, its quiet simplicity in strange contrast with the imposing column that marks the Confederate resting place.

One of the saddest unwritten pages of American history is the story of the unhappy loyal refugee of the South. Next to us, in the same field, lay the first and second East Tennessee Infantry, and not far away the First and Second East Tennessee Cavalry. These men were all refugees from the Cumberland Mountains. In addition to their other sufferings, disease attacked them with remarkable fatality. Being mountaineers, they had always been accustomed to the purest water and air. When they came down from the heights—"The Switzerland of America"—to the lowlands of Kentucky, all manner of ailments beset them, measles being especially prevalent and fatal. What added to the number of deaths was their abhorrence of a hospital. Every day one or more of these brave

mountaineers would be carried from his tent to the slope above our camp, where reveille would awake them no more. As soldiers they were splendid fighters, but lacking in discipline and training, those elements that make effective soldiers. Driven from their homes by the secession element, they became the most bitter and desperate men of the war, restless, but silent, alert, and always eager to fight. Life appeared to have lost its charms to them in their fugitive condition. To the Northerner they were a strange study.

I often went through their camp, for it was quite unlike ours; they would sit around moodily, thinking, no doubt, of their homes; some would be playing cards. There was no literature in evidence except the Bible, for there was a strong religious element with them—some disciples of Parson Brownlow. I learned that nothing would arouse them except a call of "boots and saddles," for the two regiments of cavalry. This signal meant a reconnaissance, and that insured a fight, as they always insisted on being led against the cavalry out-posts of the enemy. When this call was sounded there was the greatest activity and hilarity in the camp—laughing, joking and hurrying to and fro. They were only happy when there was a prospect of fighting. These men, fugitives from their homes, seemed devoid of fear, and apparently knew no pleasure but revenge upon those who had torn them from their dear ones and caused their forlorn condition.

We witnessed many pathetic scenes among these unsophisticated people who knew so little of the world that many middle-aged men in that camp had never seen a Northerner. Our regiment was their nearest neighbor, and was an object of curiosity and deep interest to them. An officer said to me one day, "You'uns are a slick looken' set of fellers!" We were compelled by strict orders to keep our hair closely cut, were care-

ful of our clothing, and had round, plump forms. This was in striking contrast to the mountaineers, who wore their hair long, were generally lean and lank, and were utterly indifferent as to the fit of their uniforms.

One morning soon after our arrival, while sitting near a tent which overlooked the field between our camp and Dick Robinson's hotel, I saw a man, woman and little boy running towards the Tennessee camp, the little fellow struggling along manfully under the double handicap of short legs and high grass. He often fell, but I could hear no cry, and he would jump right up and start after the woman again. I afterwards learned that the man was the messenger. The morning was frosty, but as the woman came up I noticed that she was thinly and poorly clad, and appeared pathetic in her poverty. She entered a Tennessee tent. In a moment I heard broken words and pitiful lamentations. The scene was so unusual in a war camp that I went over to inquire the cause, hoping to be able to render some service. The tent flaps were turned back; the woman knelt by the side of a soldier who seemed to be dying. It took but a glance to see that the loyal Tennessean would never in battle again face the stars and bars of the Confederacy, for the Destroyer was already glazing his hollow eyes in meek surrender.

"George, why didn't you send for me sooner? Oh, why did I go 'way and let you die! Why didn't you let me stay with you?"

With the greatest effort he said, "Mary, you couldn't stay here in camp so well with our little boy. It was not a good place for you or Ben."

He attempted to say more, but his voice was drowned by a gurgling sound in his throat. I could see his lips moving

in an effort to speak, but no sound came. He was dying—yes, dead.

She repeatedly kissed his pale lips and did not seem to realize that he was dead, for she would call him to look at her, and then say, "Look at our little Ben!" But his dead eyes gave back only a vacant stare.

The chaplain of the regiment hurried in with the messenger who had brought the poor wife. The two assisted her to her feet, speaking words of sympathy and consolation. She stood there reproaching herself for not remaining in camp to nurse him. Other friends or relatives came in and persuaded her to go back to the hotel. Again she kissed his face and bathed his hands in tears, calling him back to life—to look at her once more. The little boy stood near his mother, gazing in wonder first at her and then at his father's body. I afterward learned something of the history of this family, which was about as follows:

He was always an out-and-out Union man and they tried to press him into the rebel service. This caused a fight, in which he killed one of the party sent to get him. His cabin was near the bushes and he got away, but they fired his home, his wife saving only a few articles before it burned down. That night the woman and little boy found him, and with some cooking traps and blankets they walked all the way to camp. He joined the First E. Tennessee Cavalry and got employment for his wife at the hotel, thinking it would be more comfortable for her and the child. A few days after she left him he was taken with measles, but wouldn't go to the hospital; none of them liked to go there. He wasn't so very sick, but grew tired staying in camp and hungry for something he could get at the sutler's, so he went down, and coming back was caught in a rain storm; then he grew worse than

ever. That had been only three days before, and the relapse proved fatal.

Before leaving, I took another look at the dead soldier. His thin features were set in the smile which lit up his face when he gazed at his little Ben and closed his eyes on this world, with the arms of his loving wife enfolding him. I saw the poor woman again on the following day. She and a few others were slowly accompanying her George up to the knoll where so many of his countrymen had preceded him.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTMAS RECOLLECTIONS—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM—A BRAVE
UNION WOMAN—EVIL EFFECTS OF MERRITT'S PEACH
BRANDY.

WHILE in Camp Dick Robinson an incident occurred that has always been pleasant to review.

It occurred the day Governor Johnson (afterwards President) and other distinguished gentlemen spoke to us, as mentioned elsewhere. My duty that day was as "officer of the guard," with authority to pass visitors through the lines, an unusual number being there to hear the speeches.

I noticed two ladies in a conveyance near the entrance who appeared desirous of entering. I inquired, and was told by one that they were anxious to hear the speeches and more thoroughly see the camp. I passed them through and saw to it that they had a desirable place within hearing of the speakers, a favor for which they appeared grateful. When about to leave, they asked my name, company and regiment, and introduced themselves, my questioner being a Mrs. Reid, of Lancaster, nine miles west of our camp, who extended an invitation to call and see them should I ever be in Lancaster.

The following November we left Camp Dick Robinson on our way South. Our first halt was at or near Lancaster, where we arrived after dark. Before entering the town I heard my name called by the officer of the Company in front of mine, and then saw a citizen standing by the roadside calling my name. Leaving the ranks, I approached him and introduced myself, when he replied that he was the husband of the

lady to whom I had been kind at Camp Dick Robinson on the occasion of Governor Johnson's speech.

"We heard your regiment was coming, and I am here to invite you, with seven or eight others whom you may select, to take supper with us," he said.

"Mr. Reid, I cannot refuse, but to bring a houseful seems an imposition; that number on possibly a short notice might be inconvenient, so let me select four with myself."

"No, we insist on seven or eight; we are prepared for that number; it will not be inconvenient."

After he had given me information directing us to the residence, we parted. I followed the regiment and overtook them just as they were filing off into a field at the entrance of the town to go into camp.

When we got our tents up I selected the other lucky boys. Obtaining liberty to leave the camp, we started to find the Reid residence, which we reached without any delay. We did not wait long until Mrs. Reid, looking very pretty, came in and was introduced to the boys. Soon after, a colored girl made the welcome announcement, "supper."

Following our friends, we found ourselves about a table loaded with all for which a hungry squad could wish. We had seen nothing to compare with it since leaving home. We remained to the last minute of our leave, and bade them good-bye, as we supposed, forever. Of course I felt happy over the result of the courtesy I had shown Mrs. Reid and her friend. It was a most bountiful return.

On Christmas day following we were camped near Somerset, Kentucky. It was not a very productive country. The ten thousands troops there eagerly snapped up everything eatable that was brought in by the citizens for sale. We were, therefore, confined almost exclusively to army rations.

If there ever was a time when we would "hanker" after something extra it would be at the holidays. It was natural that the mind should retrospect, and take us back to Ohio, to the good things upon which our friends were feasting. Visions of roast turkey, sausage, ham and eggs, with good fruit, passed in review. How we would have enjoyed picking the bones and eating the scraps that would be thrown to the dogs or emptied into the swill pail!

I can see the boys yet, as they squatted or stood about their poor fires (for the rails had been burned long ago) thinking of Christmas at home. The day was an empty mockery to them as they munched their fat meat and dry, hard bread. The only thing I saw that was a substantial reminder was the squad of the Third relief, bringing with them two rabbits they had caught at their outposts; they, at least, would have a good dinner.

As I sat indulging in these epicurean dreams, trying to warm myself by the scrap of fire that was left after supper, one of my men came up with a strange soldier, carrying a box that, from its weight, caused the soldier to blow a little after setting it down.

"This is the place," my soldier said, before the box was deposited by its weary bearer, "and this is the Captain you are looking for."

I noticed the box was addressed to me. When his breath had sufficiently returned, the man said:

"I am a teamster in the 12th Kentucky. As our train was coming through Lancaster, Mrs. Reid, whom I have known for many years (I used to live in Lancaster), came out and asked me where our train was going. I told her. Then she asked me if the 31st Ohio was still in our brigade, and I told her it was camped right nigh us. Then she said

she would pay me well if I would take a box to the captain of Company G. I told her I wouldn't charge her anything, for she is a Union woman, as good as she is pretty. So I went over and got it and put it in my wagon that stood in front of her house, and here it is."

I more than compensated the faithful Kentuckian for the service, reluctant as he was to take anything, and lost no time in placing the box in my tent and opening it. I shall refrain from attempting to describe my feelings, or saying how my eyes bulged when I saw its contents. Roast turkey, chicken, beef, cake, canned fruit and other luxuries filled it from top to bottom, with a pretty note from Mrs. Reid, conveying Mr. and Mrs. Reid's compliments, with wishes for a merry Christmas. When I invoiced the whole stock I could not, with certainty, realize my good fortune, nor my identity, and I said to Hoover, my cook, an old Swiss ex-soldier, "Am I dreaming, or are we back in Ohio again? Tell me quickly." He shook his head and said: "Naw! You ish not dreamin' and you ish not in Ohio. We ish down in dish Kentucky, yit."

As I said, when the box arrived we had just partaken of our meager meal, but the tempting sight developed a new hunger. No one was in the tent but the Swiss and I. With pardonable excitement I asked him to make haste and rebuild the fire, make plenty of coffee, hunt up the lieutenants and Sergeant Leydey, and say to them to come to this tent in thirty minutes—that there would be a Delmonico supper, a feast, a banquet, and—HURRY!

He was not long in obeying, for he loved good things as well as any of us; notwithstanding he spoke broken English, that did not seem to affect his appetite in the least.

By the time the coffee was done and the feast tastefully spread the invited guests had arrived. Of course, the first

thing I did was to explain the origin of the godsend; then, animated with the most exalted motives and a persistent zeal, worthy of the best cause, we reduced the contents of that box wonderfully. You who have never been soldiers and probably have never known hunger in its true sense, know nothing of the enjoyment and intoxication of a supper such as we had after a comparative fast of many months.

Lieutenant Martin said the feast would have been the best in America if we had had some of Merritt's peach brandy, of which the reader will hear later. We went to our blankets that night with abnormally distended and surprised stomachs, the surprise coming not only from the quantity but also from the quality, especially the quality. With me it was a night of constant dreams, both pleasant and unpleasant. One I remember was that I saw Mrs. Reid, as an angel, looking over a battle-field, ministering to the wants of the wounded and dying. The last and most pleasant was that I was at home again, the war over, the Union restored, and I was sitting down to a Christmas dinner with my wife and my aged father and mother. It was a rude, cruel awakening when they shattered that dream by rattling drum and shrieking fife at reveille; this told me that I was not at home, that war still held sway. Then I began to doubt the reality of having received the box. I rubbed my eyes and, looking about, plainly saw it quite near me. Our tent lived and felt like "bloated bondholders" until the luxuries were gone, and while the pleasant surprise was still upon me I wrote to the fair giver, telling her how we had enjoyed her generosity; that not only was my tent made happy, but that I had four sick boys in the field hospital who would ever remember the treat as an oasis in the desert of hospital life.

I must digress to narrate an example of the Reids' kindness to us while we were still at Camp Dick Robinson.

I must repeat how abundantly I was repaid for that simple act of civility extended to the patriotic lady at Camp Dick Robinson. We met again. The shifting of war brought us together after the battle of Perryville. Our men had followed Bragg closely, thinking he would be compelled to turn and fight again. This was in October, 1862, nearly a year after I had received the valuable box at Somerset. The enemy was rapidly retreating through Harrodsburg, Danville and Lancaster. The day we entered the latter place our regiment had the advance. We were pressing the Confederate rear closely. My company and another were deployed. A slight skirmish occurred with the rear guard of the enemy's cavalry just as we were entering the town. Our course took us through the public square and just as we filed in I recognized our adjutant, James Hayden, now of Oak Park, Chicago, another mounted officer who had bravely preceded us. We passed in sight of the residence of my friends, the Reids. You may be sure I was thinking of them, but as it was still unhealthy to appear on the streets owing to the occasional random firing, I could not hope to see any of them. Upon reaching the point where our route lay nearest to their home, I found myself irresistibly drawn to look in that direction, and saw a lady coming towards me carrying a little flag. I could see no other person except the soldiers who were watching for the enemy. As the lady approached, I recognized Mrs. Reid; she was smiling graciously and carrying the Stars and Stripes in a manner that betrayed no fear of stray bullets. She said: "I heard your regiment was in advance, so I thought I would come out and hear if you were living yet."

I expressed some surprise at the risk she was taking and

begged her to seek safety in her home. She assured me the enemy had nearly all gone and there was no danger now, but with this I could not quite agree. She was tastefully dressed, and looked charming, and the contrast to my own grimy face and hands and dusty clothing was embarrassing to me; but her frank, cheery manner somewhat dispelled my embarrassment. As it was late in the afternoon, she insisted on my taking supper with them. Being still painfully conscious of my appearance—for we had marched two days with little water to drink and none to wash with—I declined the invitation, though not because I was not hungry. However, when she insisted, I agreed that if the colonel would allow me to, I would be at her home at six o'clock. As the enemy did not make another stand near the town, the colonel gave me leave for an hour.

So I was with my friends once more. The courage of man is lauded; the courage of woman is very often ignored, unappreciated. The cool bravery of Mrs. Reid in coming out from her safe retreat and carrying the American flag in open defiance of danger led to no remark, that I heard, but the idle question of one of my corporals: "Who was that lady you were talking to?"

The proximity of the enemy for several days made it possible that a fight might occur at any time, so our wagons could not come up; and the country had been stripped of nearly all that was eatable by the hungry host that had just preceded us, therefore I was in a condition to appreciate the excellent fare I found at the Reid house. I left these kind people when my hour was up, refreshed by the splendid bath I had had, and strong and happy after the feast. As I needed strength, they filled my haversack with all the canned fruit it would hold.

After remaining nearly a month at this camp our company was ordered to the river at a point known as Boone's Knob.

This being the only line of communication to our base of supplies, the bridge there had to be guarded. We relieved a company of the 2nd Kentucky Infantry. After pitching the tents and placing the men as guards and pickets, the commissioned officers went to the hotel to make the acquaintance of the landlord. We found that he was postmaster, and had the post-office and his grocery all in one building with the hotel. He also owned the mill. Mr. Merritt was glad to see us, and we found him a typical Kentuckian, frank, hospitable and cordial; so hospitable was he that in less than five minutes after we introduced ourselves he invited us to a back room to drink his best "peach brandy;" so cordial was he that in fifteen minutes we were warm friends.

The grocery store referred to consisted mainly of barrels and kegs of whiskey and brandy, of which there were many. There was also some salt, tobacco, coffee and flour, but the main stock was "licker," as he called it. The peach brandy, our friend told us after he had finished two or three glasses, was fifteen years old, and could not be beat in the state, which we did not doubt from its fine flavor.

We found him a zealous Union man, loyal all over, which of course made it more pleasant for us; a man of excellent common sense, but probably more taste for peach brandy than literature. His learning was not impressive, except on the subject of horses; on that subject he was at home. He knew the history of every racer in the state and could trace their pedigrees back indefinitely; he also knew the individual characteristics of each of them.

After a pleasant hour, we returned to camp, only a few hundred yards away at the foot of the Knob, carrying with us an invitation to dine with him the next day. Before we left he desired to know if we were fond of roast pig, and when we

pleaded guilty, he said he would have his boy kill one that afternoon. We begged him to go to no trouble for us, as we would be glad of any change from army rations. That afternoon I heard a great commotion, with loud squealing, coming from a hog pen near the road, between the hotel and our camp, and I walked up, fearing that some of our boys were making themselves too free with our friend's livestock. To my relief I found a colored man, probably fifty years old, killing a pig. This man was the "boy" of whom Mr. Merritt had spoken. I learned that all male slaves, regardless of age, were called "boys" in Kentucky.

Jackson and I spent the next forenoon in exploring Boone's Knob. We were amply repaid for the fatigue experienced in making the ascent, for on reaching the summit we enjoyed a delightful view and returned with surprising appetites, in time to partake of the roast pig.

Soon we were all seated at a spread of great abundance and variety. The pig the "boy" had butchered was roasted whole, "done brown" to perfection. In addition, the ancient peach brandy to which we had been introduced the previous day must be tried to compare it with some apple brandy that our host said was twelve years old. He insisted that we give this apple brandy a critical trial in order to determine which we preferred, as he intended presenting us with as much as we could use while at the Bridge. This, of course, we declined, saying we did not drink, a remark to which he made no reply; I am sure he did not comprehend its meaning.

During the conversation, which did not lag, he said to me as I sat near him: "You've got the writenest set of men I've ever seen!" I did not get his meaning, and asked for an explanation. "Why, I mean that the Kentucky Company that was here before you fellers came stayed two weeks, and in all

that time they only writ ten letters; you fellers that haven't been here two days writ about twenty that's in the office now to go."

I now understood him. He had coined a word to suit the case (Mr. Merritt had as good a right to do that as did Webster or Worcester), so I told him the number was so large owing to a desire on the part of the boys to let their friends know we had changed our camp; that tomorrow there would probably not be half so many.

"That may all be; may be not any will write, but still you are certainly the writenest men I ever saw. Twenty in one day! Kin all write?"

"Yes," I replied, "all but that little black-whiskered Virginian that I cautioned you yesterday not to sell any liquor to. We have four men in the company who have taught school."

This information that the company contained so much learning astonished him. Before dinner was over a friend of our host came in and was introduced as Doctor Evans, but, owing to the urgency of a professional call, he could not remain long enough to dine with us. He remained long enough, however, to take several drinks. He was a gentleman of modest, pleasant address, middle aged, rather handsome, and seemed to be an intimate friend of the family of Mine Host. When preparing to remount his horse he declared his regret that, from the nature of his call, he could not eat with us and drain a few more glasses, so, bidding us good-bye, he rode rapidly up the pike.

As we watched his thoroughbred disappearing in the distance, Mr. Merritt remarked: "There goes a good man, every inch of him. He is the last of the Evanses."

"Who are the Evanses?" I asked.

"Don't you mind that big fight between the Hills and the Evanses down here? It was in the papers."

One of us thought he did, but the recollection was faint.

Were there any killed, Mr. Merritt?"

"Were there any killed?" he echoed in reply. "I should think so; all the Hills and relations, about twelve, I reckon, and all the Evanses and their relations, about ten. This was the only one left, and he was hit in the shoulder. They thought it would kill him, but he is all right now, and the fight is over 'cause they're all dead but him. They kept it up for about seven years. I am glad they did not kill this one, he's a friend of mine, and as good a man as there is in Garrard county."

We spent two weeks at the Bridge, listening almost daily to Merritt's stories of Daniel Boone, as they were handed down to him by his wife, who was a lineal descendent of the great hunter. Surrounded by the romantic scenery which has become so prominent in history, the spot where the first historic tragedies of Kentucky were enacted, in an atmosphere that echoed with old traditions and incidents of the bravest pioneers that ever dared hardships or hostile foes, it was a genuine picnic for us. We were "lords of all we surveyed." We drilled when and where we desired; we roamed the fine forests and explored the wonderful caves. All was real happiness, and if we could have banished the sight of our guns and blue coats, we would have forgotten that there was bloody strife in the land.

When the order came for us to march, it was with the keenest regret that we contemplated leaving our pleasant location, for these two weeks had passed as a beautiful dream. We were seated on the hotel veranda one afternoon when a cavalryman rode up and inquired for the officer in command. We pointed to Jackson, and the soldier handed him a sealed



GENERAL SHERIDAN'S BOYHOOD HOME
Somerset, Ohio

envelope. He opened and read the message, and said: "Boys, we must go."

Merritt had been sitting with us telling a Daniel Boone story—he was by nature a good story teller. When Jackson told him we must move, he expressed the keenest regret. Calling the officers into the store, out of hearing of some of the company, he said in sad tones, and with sorrowful face: "How many empty canteens can you bring me, or anything that will hold 'licker'? I want to make you a little present to take with you to remember me."

We told him we could not accept any presents; we needed nothing additional to have always the kindest remembrance of him, and refused to bring the canteens for peach brandy, although Martin, the Irish lieutenant, was eager to go for them, had he received any encouragement. We bade him good-bye and hurried down to the company, and soon the drums sounded the "long roll" to call in possible strollers. Within an hour we were filing out of the field to the pike, our wagon loaded and following. As we passed the hotel everyone was out on the veranda, whites and blacks, and when opposite we gave them three cheers.

We arrived at camp about dusk, and as the teamster unloaded a keg that seemed very heavy, I inquired about it. He then confessed that it was peach brandy for our tent and that he had agreed with Mr. Merritt to bring it surreptitiously, he receiving a canteen full before he started for his share in the plot.

It soon became known among the officers of the regiment that we had brought with us from the Bridge a keg of "medical stores," and this induced so many calls on their part, ostensibly to welcome us back, that it was soon gone. Of this I was heartily glad, for, owing to its quality and age, it was

a very seductive drink; it was as thick as oil and as sweet as honey. I often thought it had much to do with developing a taste for strong drink in Lieutenant Martin, a comrade bright and brave, and full of warm and generous impulses. Ever after that, when opportunity offered, the desire for drink seemed to be irresistible, finally causing his ruin morally and physically, though his final end was wrapped in mystery.

We saw Merritt once more. After he heard that Thomas' Division, to which we belonged, was coming North from Mississippi after Bragg in that hurried race to Louisville, he knew our route would take us through Danville, which was nine miles from the Bridge. He stood upon the street corner from morning till night for two days watching the ceaseless tread of soldiers and hearing the heavy rumble of artillery and army wagons until, as he was about to give up the watch, he heard that Thomas' men were coming. He took heart again and watched closely, but, being covered with dust, we would have passed without being recognized had not one of our men seen him and called to me, pointing to him by the roadside. All of our company officers dropped out to see their friend. He was delighted to see us once more, and had much to tell us, but it was a sorrowful story. The death of his invalid wife was the saddest feature. He told us she had been frightened into convulsions by the threat of Bragg's men, who had held that country for several weeks, to hang him. Thus he told his tale:

"When I found them trying to break into my store I interfered and tried to reason with them; several drew up to shoot me; then one proposed to hang me, and started after the rope. In the midst of the fuss my wife attempted to leave her room, to intercede for me, something she had done on but few occasions for several years. Either through this effort or

the fright, she fainted, and from that went into convulsions. She never rallied. She was dead in four hours after the threat to hang me. While I was doing all I could for her, they broke into my store and gutted it from stem to stern; there wasn't a drop of 'licker' left, nor a pound of anything to eat, and I lost every horse, cow and steer on the place."

We had been paid off before leaving Mississippi, and were in a position to offer our unfortunate friend a little money, so we asked him to accept a few dollars as a credit on what we owed him for his past kindness and generosity, but he refused to take a cent, saying he had plenty of money, that the Confederates did not get that. "I buried it when I heard they were coming; they searched my pockets and opened every drawer about the place, but found no money."

So we once more bade our friend good-bye. We could only sympathize with him. It was all he would accept. It was but a year since we had left him, but he looked five years older. His loss and bereavement had almost broken his heart.

CHAPTER IX.

YANKEE TRICKS—POLITE SERGEANT OCCUPYING CHURCHES—
SOMERSET, KENTUCKY—OUR SCOUT AND SPY—HUDSON'S
FORD—MILL SPRINGS.

THE incidents of volunteer life which you will find narrated in this chapter are but minor occurrences in the tragedy and comedy we were playing, first one then the other, at this particular period. I mention these only for reason that they are considered unimportant by historians in general and are seldom mentioned by them.

We remained at Camp Dick Robinson until late in the Fall of 1861, and many were the tricks that the Northerners perpetrated upon the natives of that section as well as on our unsuspecting Southern comrades in arms, for we found on our arrival none but Kentucky and Tennessee regiments in camp.

At ten o'clock one night, as some of the boys were returning to camp, they passed an old blacksmith shop on the outskirts of the city of tents and noticed a light shining through the cracks of the old board building. Noiselessly approaching, they looked in and discovered that a number of men who belonged to Hewitt's Kentucky Battery had stolen and killed one of Robinson's pigs. The defunct squealer was dressed and hanging from a crossbeam while the men quarreled over the division of the spoils.

The boys that made the valuable discovery made a rapid and silent retreat to their quarters to concoct a plan for taking that porker. Six of them quickly put on their accoutrements and shouldered their guns, while the seventh acted as sergeant

in command. When they arrived at the blacksmith shop with measured tread, the command "Halt!" was given in a loud, determined voice. Then a demand was made that the door should be opened or they would break it open. It was promptly unbolted. They entered and found the Kentuckians trembling with guilt and fear of arrest. The sergeant, with a very serious countenance and in commanding tone, asked who had committed the outrage. Then commenced criminations and recriminations, each one accusing his neighbor. The sergeant then informed them that his orders were to take the pig to the General's headquarters and place them under arrest. Two of the guards were ordered to advance and carry the pig off. The door was then closed, with guard outside. Presently the guard shoved two or three boxes against it and noiselessly left. The pig-stealers, supposing the guard was still outside, remained in the shop over an hour, but hearing nothing for a long time they thought something was wrong. With considerable pushing they removed the boxes and barrels, when, seeing no sentinels, it gradually dawned upon them that it was a "Yankee trick" to get the pig. Seven men in that company not only had fresh pork for many days but had some to sell.

It is wonderful how acute men will become under necessity; amazing are the ways and means devised to gain a point, or to get out of camp to furnish themselves with a good dinner, not having the means of paying for it. How sharp they were to obtain "firewater" when in an exhausted financial condition! Three men in the next company to mine thought they must have a change of diet. They concluded to patronize the hotel kept by a strong Confederate sympathizer at Bryantville, two miles east of camp. They had no money. Ordinarily this would have been an obstacle. They were no vulgar dead-beats, who would get their dinner and then defy their

host; they were also too sensitive to eat and then plead poverty, as this would have been too humiliating. They then decided on a plan that would secure them a good dinner without paying for it and the landlord should part with them gratified and happy. Two of these men got guns and put on their accoutrements; the third had by some means secured a butternut-colored coat, such as were worn by the Confederate soldiers, and a citizen's hat.

They approached the hotel from the opposite side of our camp with bayonets fixed and between them the suspicious-looking citizen in butternut clothing. They entered the hotel and ordered the best dinner for three that they could prepare; while waiting, they closely guarded their prisoner. In due time they were escorted by the landlord to the dining room. About the time the three hungry men had finished their meal, the prisoner, sitting a little behind the other two, suddenly pushed his chair back and made a desperate break for the door and liberty. It was, of course, the duty of the guards to seize their guns and dash in pursuit. Under such circumstances, how could they stop long enough to hand the landlord his money? They couldn't! They ran after the prisoner, calling loudly, "Halt! Halt!" As he did not stop, one of the guards paused, took aim, pulled the trigger, but the cap only snapped; then the other stopped, took aim, fired, but missed the rebel. The guards lost distance by stopping to fire, and the fugitive was far ahead, which caused a broad smile on the hotel-keeper's face. But the faithful guards continued their chase until all were out of sight. The host was only too glad the rebel prisoner escaped from the Yankee soldiers.

An order was issued that no liquor should be sold to soldiers by citizens, but the avaricious barkeeper soon forgot to fear the order, and the boys had no difficulty in getting it, pro-

vided they had the money, which they did not always have. In such case they must again resort to ways and means. The following is one of their ways: A soldier in a hurried and excited manner would enter one of these institutions (they were numerous in the first years of the war) and would present his canteen to be filled as quickly as possible. When three pints were measured in and carefully stowed away under his overcoat, which had large pockets sewed in for emergencies of this kind, the soldier would feel for his pocket-book and commence investigating for money, but just about this time a corporal and two men would rush in, curse the man for selling the whiskey, and threaten to arrest the soldier after finding the article under his coat, then march the soldier off under arrest. When a safe distance away, there would be a fair division.

A very common trick practiced by three or four of my men who seemed to have been born with an unquenchable thirst for strong drink, was to color water with a little scorched sugar, which would give it a whiskey tint. Filling a canteen with this colored water, they would stow it away under their overcoats, in the capacious pockets where there would be always an empty canteen. Thus equipped, they would enter a bar-room, present the empty canteen to be filled, and then put it away in the large pocket. The soldier would then ask his friend the barkeeper to wait on him a few days for the pay, or would offer him a Confederate bill, well knowing that both propositions would be refused. Upon getting the refusal, he would assume an injured expression and say that it was hard that a man out fighting for his country on small pay should be refused trust for a little whiskey. This appeal would, of course, have no effect on the stony heart of the barkeeper, who would demand the canteen back, to pour the whiskey into the barrel

again. But the soldier would not make any mistake—he always produced the canteen containing the colored water.

From the Bluegrass region, the land of plenty and charming women, we were marched South until we arrived at Somerset, Kentucky, not far from the Cumberland river. It was comparatively a poorer and much rougher country than where we had previously camped. We passed through Lancaster (already alluded to), also through Stanford, where we arrived about six or seven o'clock Sunday evening.

This being the first year of the war, we were sometimes allowed, during severe weather, the luxury of sleeping in churches or public buildings, but this comfort soon ceased. At Stanford we were assigned to churches; two companies came to the Presbyterian church, which had been assigned to them, and found the congregation holding services. The situation was embarrassing. They wanted to enter without delay, as they were cold, hungry and tired. A consultation was held, each captain urging the other to enter and dismiss the meeting, but each refusing. At this point a sergeant proposed that he would discharge the unpleasant duty to the best of his ability. "I will, in a mild and polite manner, explain the situation to the minister and congregation, so that he can dismiss them without offense," he said. The proposition was accepted promptly, as it relieved both captains from the awkward duty. The captain to whose company the sergeant belonged knew that the man was not distinguished for elegant language, nor was he a Chesterfield in manners, but hoped that on this occasion he would be not only polite and discreet, but would speak appropriately to the occasion. As the sergeant was about to enter, he was again cautioned to be dignified and mildly explain the situation outside, and ask the minister to kindly let them have possession.

He promised to do that, and even more, and it is quite possible that he had a neat little speech formulated in his mind, but if he had it must have escaped him. All he did was to enter the pulpit, lay his hand familiarly on the minister's shoulder, look him in the face, and deliver this laconic speech:

"We want you to dry up, for the boys are out there cold and hungry, and want in. Git these people out on the double-quick."

The delicate hint was quickly taken by the minister, who acted promptly. In a few minutes the congregation was out and the boys in. Ever after that, his comrades said, the sergeant gave himself credit for ability in skillfully managing a delicate matter.

My company (for Jackson was not with us now) and Company B this night occupied a church together, and here an accident occurred that alarmed us, causing me great anxiety for several hours; it looked for a time as if it might be a tragedy. Unfortunately, as soon as the ranks were broken, several of those who were ever thirsty and who belonged to the "bad tent" went in search of stimulants. Evidently they did not search in vain, for in an hour or two they returned, noisy and quarrelsome. Those who caused the main trouble were Irish—good soldiers and well-behaved men when sober. One indulged in loud whooping and yelling in the anteroom, to the disturbance of those sleeping in the main room. It was especially mortifying to me, as all the disturbers belonged to my company. I always prided myself on having a well-disciplined company. I sent a sergeant out twice to preserve order, with only temporary results. After being awakened four or five times, I went out in the midst of much profanity and challenges to fight. I found one of the Irishmen, whom I shall not name on his children's account, seeking a fight with John

Kelly, with whom he had had a little misunderstanding a few days before. Kelly was the smaller of the two, but not averse to a fight. He was not noisy. He was desperate and reckless when in a fight, and I could see that he was now eager for a fray. Not many months before we left home he had served a sentence in the Ohio penitentiary for killing a man in a saloon fight. The term he served was short, for it was clearly shown in the evidence that he was not the aggressor. As soon as I came out I ordered that the disturbance cease. The order was obeyed for a few minutes, only long enough for me to get back to bed, when I could hear it as loud and angry as ever. Returning, with my patience exhausted, I gave the principal disturbers, naming them, three minutes to go to bed or be tied. All obeyed the order the moment it was given, excepting the chief aggressor. Kelly left the anteroom of the church, but quickly returned, bringing with him a rope. Whispering to me, he said:

“Cap, let me in to him; I will down him while the boys tie him.”

The noisy man was silent, but did not move. The three minutes were up, and I looked at Kelly who, in his eagerness to carry out his intention, reminded me of a terrier preparing to pounce upon a rat. I had only to nod my head, when he sprang forward like a tiger, delivering a blow as he sprang, on the soldier's temple, knocking him backwards, his head striking the corner of the steps leading to the gallery. I saw and heard the head strike, and almost instantly noticed a stream of blood gushing from the head to the floor. Kelly was on the prostrate form of his comrade, calling upon the boys to tie him quickly, but I knew from the fall that he needed no tying. Taking hold of Kelly to get his attention, I said:

"Let go of him—he needs no tying; do not struggle with him; I think you have killed him."

Instantly standing up, he looked at me with a frightened expression, the horrible thought coming to him, as he afterward told me, that now he had the blood of another human being on his hands and conscience.

"What can I do for him?" were his first words.

"Get some water as quickly as you can; wash his hands and bathe his face. Bradshaw, go for the surgeon as soon as you can."

I could see the tears falling from Kelly's eyes as he worked over his lifeless comrade. No mother could have shown more tender solicitude. We carried the form to the veranda for purer air, as by that time the anteroom was filled with soldiers. In a few minutes, much to our relief and joy, we could see signs of consciousness. Especially was Kelly happy. The surgeon arrived, and after cutting much of the hair away, made a careful examination. He found the skull not fractured, but concussion of the brain might follow; the soldier would not be fit for duty for several weeks; he must have careful watching for a number of nights, as delirium might appear at any time. To this Kelly promptly said:

"I will nurse him, and I thank God it is no worse."

The next day he was able to travel in ambulance with his careful nurse, and ever after that the two were the most devoted friends, until at Chickamauga the noisy soldier, who had given so much trouble at Stanford, was taken prisoner. He came back to our home village not long before the war ended, a mere skeleton, and did not survive his return very many years. On the same awful field poor Kelly was killed.

After a day's march we reached Somerset, Kentucky, find-

ing our old neighbors, the Tennessee and Kentucky regiments, who had preceded us by a few days.

After our arrival we lost our scout and spy, Fred Connor, who, we afterward learned, was taken prisoner about seven miles from camp, near the enemy's line. He was reconnoitering in citizen's clothes, when he unexpectedly came upon the Confederate cavalry scouts, who had started out to make a reconnoissance near our camp. He was taken to their entrenchments at Mill Springs, where he was held in close confinement to await his trial as a spy. The trial was held and he was condemned to death, but the day before the execution the battle of Mill Springs was fought and the enemy defeated. After the battle he was placed under guard of ten men and taken off with the retreating army to a point in Tennessee about fifty miles from the battlefield. The guard, tired of marching through the mud for several days, lost its vigilance; all went to sleep one night and Connor made his escape, getting back to our lines before we left Somerset. He had remarkable success in all his expeditions. He was daring, with great caution and coolness, rarely allowing his love for adventure to run away with his discretion. He was scout and spy from 1861 to 1865, and was a great favorite with General Thomas, who had implicit confidence in him. He is still living near the little town of Buchtel, in Southern Ohio, in poverty and indigence.

Thinking of our scout a few years ago, after one of our yearly reunions in Ohio, I wrote to him, expressing my disappointment that he did not meet with us and in that manner heard of his circumstances.

Two days after the battle of Mill Springs our regiment was ordered to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Hudson Ford, about seven miles from our camp and about

the same distance from the enemy's entrenchments. We remained at the Ford about twenty-four hours, in the mud, rain and snow, with but little fire and no tents, the fires being prohibited, that our presence might not be betrayed to the enemy.

Early on the evening of the day after our arrival we were ordered back to camp at Somerset. One of our boys, a delicate one by the name of Tracey, we found too sick with a high fever from the exposure he had undergone, to march. The Colonel had neglected sending an ambulance along, so we were compelled to leave Tracey at a farmhouse, the farmer promising to take good care of him for a few days if paid in advance.

We had not gone over a mile on our march until it became dark, the gloom and intensity being increased by a fog, for there had been rain and snow for several days. We found the low places in the road filled with mud and water over our shoes, but we were compelled to keep to the road or, in the extreme darkness, lose our direction. Before it became pitch dark I saw near me one of the youngest and weakest of my company stumble and fall in the mud and water, and from the way he staggered after rising, I could see that his heavy gun and saturated clothing were too much for him, so I hurried up and offered to carry his gun a few miles. I was sure this would be a great relief, for a Springfield rifle was a big, cumbersome piece. He handed it to me, with many thanks, telling me he would feel stronger soon; that I must call him and he would take it again; making no complaint of his wet, weak and cold condition. He was not of the complaining kind. I never regretted this little act of kindness to Bennie Cain (for that was his name). Not long after, he was wounded and died. In the midst of darkness and confusion

we became separated, and I carried the gun into camp for him.

Not long after dark the battalion lost its organization and we struggled along, not marching but wading through the mire. The stronger men got in about ten o'clock, the weaker ones about midnight.

Early in the morning I was awakened by the roar of artillery and volleys of small arms not far away. I jumped up, knowing we would soon be called into line, and hurried off in the direction of the battle. I first ran to the cook's tent and aroused him, telling him to boil coffee and slice the raw side meat, for I thought we would be allowed time to fry it. When I returned, my lieutenant and first sergeant were up and dressed. Saturated to the skin with mud and water, and utterly exhausted, many had staggered into camp, throwing themselves on their blankets to rest before undressing for a good, dry sleep; but with many, when once down, nature refused to give up even that miserable rest long enough to prepare for one less dangerous and much more comfortable. These poor fellows were compelled to remain in their chilling clothes, for they slept so soundly that we were compelled to shake them and call as if to arouse the dead; some we even had to drag from their blankets and push into line for roll-call and the distribution of extra ammunition. When these wet, muddy boys were sufficiently awake to hear the cannon's roar, they took the extra rounds of supplies without a question, not one pleading: "I am too tired to march, can't I be excused? I feel chilly and sick from last night." Only two were excused because of the bad condition of their shoes, and it was understood that they were to go back to where our sick comrade had been left on the previous day, to bring him in on a horse furnished by the quartermaster. On our return from the battlefield we found that the two soldiers had come

back without Tracey, he having been delirious with fever and too sick to ride. This was the last we ever saw or heard of him; we left the country a few days later.

By the time the boys had answered roll-call and put away their extra ammunition, the cook had several kettles of boiling coffee and the camp table was spread with the sliced bacon. We hurriedly attacked the hot coffee and meat and bread, for we expected every moment to hear the assembly sounded, which would put an end to the coffee drinking. A soldier cannot well carry and drink coffee while marching over frozen ground, but he can eat his meat and bread while doing so. Fortunately, however, we ate our breakfast without interruption, and then formed, awaiting the "assembly!"

I still remember how I pitied the men as we stood there, cold, wet and tired, awaiting the bugle call. I should have liked so much to have selected five or six of the weakest and said: "You can't stand this march after the exposure of last night." I had orders to excuse no one but the two who were going for Tracey.

"Assembly" called, and in a few minutes our battalion was ready for marching with five or six other regiments that were then in camp with us. The firing was still rapid, but rather on the decline; indeed, by the time we were half way to Fishing Creek the battle was over. This battle is known to history as "Mill Springs."

Now the scenes of yesterday and last night were repeated—slipping, sliding, and in some cases wading—the only difference being that now there was a crust of frozen ground on the surface, which broke through when stepped on. As we approached Fishing Creek, a stream midway between the hostile camps, I wondered how we would cross it in its icy, swollen condition, for I knew there was no bridge. We were

within a mile of the stream, and several four-mule teams loaded with heavy rope plunged past us, the drivers urging the mules to their utmost speed. After the wagons had passed we again took to the muddy road, following them up as closely as possible.

It did not take long after our brief rest for us to arrive in sight of the rushing stream, and now we knew what was intended with the heavy rope. We saw it already tied, one end to a tree on our side, the remainder in the wagon, which had entered the water. Each mule, to insure safety, had a rider, as the wagon made slow progress. The hawser was carefully uncoiled by the soldiers in the wagon and held up every ten or twelve feet by cavalrymen to keep it from the water. After many stops and repeated efforts the wagon got across, and the mules were detached and fastened to the end of the rope. They were then driven to a large tree, stretching the rope to its utmost tension, then making it fast to this tree. It required no extraordinary intellect to tell us that we must wade through the stream, holding by our right hands from being swept away, keeping the other hand free to carry our guns, with cartridge box on the end of the gun to keep it dry. Our regiment was the first to enter. I need hardly say that before we had gone ten steps into the melted snow and ice we were chilled to the marrow. Upon looking back I saw the water clear up to the shoulders of "Butt Cut," "Sun Fish" and the other little fellows in the company, but we did not lose a man by drowning. My impression now is that but two were lost out of the whole brigade.

How thankful we were when we reached the other side! But so cold! None of us could speak, our jaws rattled so. You will agree with me when I say that the 19th day of January is not a pleasant time of year to wade through a big



THE HOUSE THE GENERAL, BUILT FOR HIS MOTHER
Somerset, Ohio

stream. As soon as we were safe on the opposite bank, we formed into line and hurried up the hill, where we found a dense wood with much fallen dry timber and rails. Here we halted, stacked arms and broke ranks, and when the colonel gave the last order it was not necessary for him to tell us to build immense fires to dry ourselves by.

The sound of battle had now entirely ceased, and we enjoyed the luxury of being allowed to stop and dry our clothing. We were also told we could make coffee, and might possibly not move for several hours, as tidings had been received that the enemy had been defeated and Thomas was in pursuit.

We were only three miles from the battle-field. A cavalryman came up and gave us some of the details of the battle. He said that the enemy came out of their works to surprise and attack Thomas but failed, and were now being driven back to their fortifications; that in the morning these would be assaulted. He concluded by telling us: "Then's when the big fight'll be, for they're mighty well fixed for fightin' here. We will find 'em on a hill, with breastworks, and lots of cannons. A spy told me so a week ago." So we all wrapped ourselves in our blankets by the big, hot fires, and, being warm and dry, it required no rocking to put us to sleep. Night found us still there.

Some time during the night there came the rattle of drums and the scream of fifes. Bugles blew, telling us we must leave our warm fires and go. We must form and follow our conquering comrades. The full moon was now well up in the cloudless sky, spreading a soft radiance over the wild, tangled scene.

It did not take us an hour to reach the battle-field, or, rather, within sight of it. For some time before we reached the dead bodies we could see the stretcher-bearers, with lights,

flitting among the trees and brush, looking for the wounded. The lights were hovering and nodding in every direction as the bearers collected the wounded and helpless ones. The scene was impressive, but weird.

The first body we came to was of a girlish-faced boy who wore the blue; he lay but a few inches from our path, with eyes wide open, as if looking at the moon in its full splendor, and never did that moon appear more serene than it did that night when looking down on those white, drawn faces, upturned to its radiance. Soon we reached the spot where the battle had waged hottest, for here the blue and grey were thickly intermingled. Here they had fought at close quarters. It was on this spot that the 9th Ohio made its heroic charge, also the 10th Indiana.

We hurried through the rough, brushy woods and fields for a distance before halting. We were still among the dead, though nearly all here wore the grey, we having passed that part of the field where the blue ranks had stood. Soldiers hurrying out and in at a lighted tent by the roadside aroused my curiosity. I entered, and was surprised and shocked to find the nude body of a man with blood upon his breast; he had received a mortal wound. I could not but admire his large, symmetrical form. Nearby a soldier stood on duty with fixed bayonet. Answering my inquiry as to the identity of the dead man, and why he was stripped of his clothing, the soldier said: "This is General Zollicoffer, second in command of the fight we had today. He was stripped by the Tennessee refugee soldiers as soon as found; they hated him for invading Tennessee and desolating their homes in his effort to stamp out the Union sentiment there. The clothing was torn up to be sent back to the mountains as relics. They cast lots who should have it. I was put here on duty by Gen-

eral Thomas to prevent any further indignities." Before I left, another soldier came in with a blanket to cover the dead General.

The bugle now sounded the forward, and I hurried to my place in the moving column. It was light enough to see, scattered along the road, guns, blankets and knapsacks, thrown away by the enemy in their efforts to escape from Thomas' closely pursuing battalions.

It was nearly light when we reached Thomas' lines, drawn up in battle array, facing the works of the enemy, which were plainly visible, with their cannon frowning upon us. The line moved to the right and made space for our regiment and others that came up with us. We were getting ready to assault. The opposition appeared so strong on the eminence they occupied, and so many cannon poked out their black, threatening mouths from the embrasures, that I wished myself back again by the comfortable fire we had left an hour before. Then came the order to fix bayonets. When I repeated this order to my company I could distinctly feel a good sized lump in my throat. After the rattle of the fixing of bayonets had ceased, all was still as death. I thought I could hear my heart beating, and imagined it made as much noise as the fixing of bayonets had done, and wondered if my boys could hear it. I was losing my self-respect, and became ashamed. It was a poor time to joke, but I attempted it to divert attention.

Stepping in front of the company and facing it, I said: "I'll bet a dollar that Sun Fish and Butt Cut will be the last ones to reach the enemy's works."

These men were the smallest in the company, but of undisputed endurance and bravery. Soldiers are fond of pet names arising from personal appearance, characteristics, or some incident. Sun Fish would have looked very much like

a sunfish had his head been turned sidewise to conform with his flat, thin body. Butt Cut, a German, was his opposite in shape—short, thick, and rather fat. They always marched together. When I made the offer, Sun Fish promptly took me up, saying he was sure of that dollar if he didn't get killed while trying. The boys laughed at his prompt, brave reply.

While speaking of poor little Sun Fish I shall digress to tell the reader that his narrow, queer, sharp head was shot off by a solid shot in front of Atlanta. One of his comrades said that "it made a better looking boy of him but ruined a mighty good and brave soldier." Such are the grim jocularities of soldier life.

It was broad daylight now and we wondered why the enemy did not cannonade us, or why we did not move toward their works. Please do not infer that I had any uncontrollable desire to be led against those threatening guns and the thousands of brave fellows behind them. My valor could always be easily restrained under such circumstances, for one could see from their well-located batteries and the distance intervening between us that many must fall before we could make their personal acquaintance. This was trying to our nerves, for we had never before stood so long in the cold facing the enemy and waiting for the signal of battle, and yet it was not so trying as to sit in a dental chair and wait for the operator while he selects his instruments of torture and commences the horror of extracting teeth. Having tried both, I know whereof I speak.

Suddenly we noticed a column of smoke in the direction of the river, to our left, but, hills intervening, we could see nothing else; then a cannon shot was heard in the same direction. I felt sure this was the signal for battle, but all became still again. Soon we saw mounted men riding between our

lines and the fort. One came toward our regiment, our general riding out to meet him. Then we could hear loud cheering in the direction of the smoke. The mounted man rode farther on, to our right. Meantime, our general and colonel met in front and held a short interview, after which the colonel rode back to us and communicated the surprise that the enemy had evacuated their works by steamboat, going to the opposite side of the river. After taking the last load across, they blew up the boat, this being the report we had heard a few minutes before.

After the receipt of this news, it was surprising how soon the lump in my throat became reduced and the action of my heart returned to normal. For once I felt under deep obligation to the enemy. From line of battle we formed into column again and marched into their works, where we spent an hour or two looking about their snug winter quarters, eating their cooked food, and drinking coffee that was yet warm. We found everything admirably fitted for permanent winter homes. There were hundreds of the neatest log cabins, which were not only comfortable but had evidences of luxury and sometimes of refinement. Books were abundant, with violins, guitars, sheet music, etc. The cabins were so superior to anything I had seen in army life that I was tempted to inquire of a colored man we found in one of them, as to who was the author of so much comfort and taste, adding that I was surprised at the industry and skill of the southern soldier.

"God bless you, Massa, it wasn't de soldiers built de cabins; we colored people dat dey fotch along when dey come hyr done all de wo'k. Mighty nigh ebry soldier had his boy along. We'uns done de wo'k; de soldiers didn't do nuffin' but eat, sleep, fiddle, an' play cya'ds. I belonged to Massa

Strong, of Winchester, Tennessee. Dis was his cabin; me an' anodder colored boy built it."

"How does it come you did not go back with him?"

"In de big fuss o' gittin' away dis mawnin', across de ribber, he forgot some clo'es, an' befo' de boat start, he say, 'Sam, you run up an' git my clo'es an' dat fiddle dat's hangin' on de wall.'

"So I come back an' got de clo'es an' de fiddle, but I didn't go back to dat boat no mo'. I went an' hid back ob dat bluff, fo' I heah 'em say you'uns was soon comin'. So you'uns hyr now, an' I'm gwine to stay wif you."

Mill Springs was one of our first complete victories. It had all the fruits of a victory—driving the enemy out of that part of Kentucky, taking their cannon and camp, with thousands of dollars' worth of property in the shape of horses, mules, wagons and much camp and garrison equipage, they fleeing from the battle-field in wild disorder.

In two hours we were called back into line again to go back to our camp. When we arrived at the battle-field, they were burying the dead, our men in separate graves, the enemy in trenches that were long enough to hold fifty or sixty in each trench. When we came to that cold stream again we found the rope still stretched across and the water as cold as ever, but there was this difference, we could strip now, for we were in no hurry and after crossing we could have good, warm clothing. What a luxury that would be over the previous day! In addition to that, the conditions had changed—we were the victors now. There was a thrill of pleasure in that—it made us happy, even if not warm.

After crossing, it took us a long time to dress, longer than it takes a Beau Brummel to adjust his faultless attire, but for quite another reason. We trembled so we could not hold

our trousers, nor button them when on. At this place I sent one of my men, who had secured a horse and bridle at the enemy's camp, as a courier to our cook with instructions to have plenty of hot coffee, with everything else the camp afforded. After reaching camp and partaking of this supper, we were not long in undressing, a comfort we had not enjoyed for several days. We soon fell into the sweet sleep of absolute safety and confidence, for now there were none to alarm or disturb us. The enemy was defeated and driven back.

CHAPTER X.

CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND — GENERAL THOMAS — ON TO
NASHVILLE—DEATH BY DROWNING—TYING SOLDIERS—
SHILOH.

AFTER a few days' rest our brigade was ordered South, and we crossed the Cumberland in small detachments in an old scow-bottomed ferryboat. The spectacle would remind an onlooker of the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware. Owing to the rickety condition of the boat, it took the brigade nearly two days to cross.

After a two days' march southward, we camped for several days, then returned to the river, recrossing it in the dangerous old boat again. The object of this march I never learned, unless it might have been to threaten Nashville on the east as Buell was then doing from the north.

What our destination would be after recrossing, no one knew. Our field officers might have known, but we had learned by this time not to ask questions, as it was not supposed to be a soldier's business to know where he was going; his duty was to obey. Nothing annoyed our lieutenant-colonel, a soldier by profession, more than to ask him where we were going. He regarded it as highly impertinent and unsoldierly. We did know this, that we were going north again through the muddiest, stickiest, deepest roads that man ever traveled. Nearly half the time the men were pushing and pulling at the wagons to assist the poor, fagged-out mules and horses from one mudhole to another.

After many days of this kind of trying labor we reached

the vicinity of Lebanon, Kentucky. Here the pushing and pulling by soldiers and cursing by the teamsters ceased, for we had reached a good macadamized pike. The change was as complete as if we had suddenly reached the Promised Land.

It is a remarkable fact that when the head mule team saw the pike they commenced braying, which was understood and repeated by the next team, and so on, back for miles. Thus was the good news communicated in mule language clear to the end of the train. The head teamster said: "As soon as my mules saw the pike they commenced waggin' their ears and laughin'."

It was the general opinion of the soldiers that we were on our way to Louisville. Since our victory at Mill Springs, we noticed that the disloyal element in the State was not so bold nor outspoken. This appeared to indicate a change of heart. Indeed, while we were on this march much time was employed by the citizens along the route in the effort to convince us of their unfaltering devotion to the Union, and many were the amusing methods they used to make themselves solid with us.

When we arrived at Bardstown, we were camped for several days on the farm of a Mr. Wilson. At his urgent request several of our officers boarded with him. He was wealthy, owning over three thousand acres of land worth one hundred dollars per acre. The officers fared sumptuously every day. Decanters of the best liquors were always standing on the sideboard and visitors were sorely pressed from the time they came in until they left, to "take a little." The first day, the old gentleman, in a hiccougging state, fortified himself as a loyal citizen in this way:

"My son Bill is a d——d Secessionist and is in the Confederate army. My son John is a d——d Secessionist, but he is so

infernally drunk all the time that he couldn't do any harm. My son Sam is a d——d Secessionist, but sharp enough to keep his mouth shut. My old woman is a d——d Secessionist, but it is no use to mind a woman, and I am the only Unionist about the premises."

Mr. Wilson thought he was entitled to great credit for being loyal in the face of so much domestic opposition.

In a couple of days we left the Wilson farm, still heading north. The regiments following us began cheering, and the sound came nearer, until the troops directly behind us took it up. I looked back and recognized General Thomas and escort coming. As he passed us we gladly took up the cheer, which was long and hearty. We had been with this splendid soldier long enough to appreciate and love him. As he passed each regiment he modestly gave some recognition of the applause, with more or less embarrassment, for he always disliked to attract attention. I never saw his old division so tired or depressed that they did not salute him with cheers as they saw him on the march. His unselfish patriotism, remarkable humility of mind and manner, quiet, unobtrusive nature and unblemished character, we were beginning to understand, hence the reverence and affection in which this noble soldier was held by his division was not to be wondered at. History has accorded him the elements of not only a good, but a great man—not a man in the ranks was more humble than he; none was braver, and but few in our army were as able. He ignored rank, and refused to accept promotion. In this particular he was without a parallel.

As an instance of the kindness of his heart, at Murfreesboro the army lay for some time after the battle. The roads became almost impassable with very deep mud, yet hard-hearted cavalymen would urge their poorly fed and worn

horses to the top of their speed, which not only meant death to the horse but destruction to that arm of the service, the cavalry. Orders were issued to all cavalry regiments that no man should ride out of a walk unless his dispatches necessitated it. Notwithstanding this order they could occasionally be seen abusing their horses. At this juncture General Thomas ordered a man placed on every road to watch, arrest fast riders, and bring them to him for punishment. He had no mercy for the soldier who would abuse his horse, and he effectually put a stop to that kind of brutality in his command. We were impressed by his sweet gravity, his simplicity of manner and plainness of speech. May his noble character and many virtues be a guiding star for the young men of this country and may his fame continue to grow brighter.

Arriving at Louisville, we expected to take boats there. We found the river very high, its banks overflowed and fields submerged on both sides. Floating fences, hay stacks, trees, and occasionally a small building could be seen rushing down the broad sea of muddy water. The Water-god seemed to reign supreme.

Our division was marched to the landing. Above us we could see a fleet of boats with steam up. Already many regiments had gone aboard and dropped down the river. The boats would come up in pairs, lashed together, to get their loads. About two o'clock our turn came, the "Magnolia" and "Forest Queen" taking us and the 12th Kentucky with wagons, horses, mules, and a large amount of commissary stores. We occupied the "Magnolia." It was after three o'clock when we backed out and swung around in that seething, bubbling sea of troubled water. To my imagination, that river appeared as a true picture of the angry, troubled condition of the country.

About an hour before dark the boats approached the Indiana shore and tied up long enough to permit the men to go ashore and cook their supper. Some did not finish until after dark. Our boat was on the out, or river, side from the "Forest Queen" with a gang plank laid from one bow to the other to get ashore. After dark there was a rumor among the men on our boat that a man was seen stepping off the gang-plank as he was going from one boat to the other. By this time some of the men had gone to sleep, but the boat was so crowded that no satisfactory search could be made. About eight or nine o'clock Sergeant Nichols came to me and reported that he could not find Henry Rehm, who was detailed for duty that night; he had found his gun and traps but could hear nothing of him.

This startling information, added to the rumor of a man having been seen stepping off the gang plank, caused me evil forebodings. I directed every man of my company who had not gone to sleep to search for the missing soldier, even inspecting the boat the Kentuckians were on. At ten o'clock we gave up the search. In the morning the gun, blankets and accoutrements were still unclaimed, and he was absent at roll-call. Now there was no reasonable hope left. The theory was that the light from the boat had cast a shadow of the plank on the water, and Ream, in the dim light, had taken this for another plank and thus stepped into the river, the rapid current instantly carrying him between the boats, so that he had no time to give an alarm.

It was always a trying duty to me to report the death of a member of my company to friends at home, and especially was it so at this time. A pathetic picture presented itself to my mind's eye on this occasion. In that cozy farmhouse on the eastern hillslope a few miles west of our village, I could

see the quiet, patriotic father and affectionate mother, the little brothers and sisters, as they gathered about the bearer of the tidings. I knew Henry to be one of the kindest and most dutiful of sons and brothers; not only good and kind, but, being the eldest son, almost the mainstay of the family. Had he been killed in action and the field remained with us, as it always did in the Army of the Cumberland, with one exception, the body would have been sent home, but the angry waters denied even this meager comfort.

This company seemed ill-fated in this respect; three others were lost by drowning. In each of these cases we were in rapid pursuit of the enemy at the time of the accident. In losing Ream, we lost as good a man and soldier as there was in that division. He was intelligent, obedient, cheerful and brave.

The next night we landed at Nashville. The Confederate army had evacuated the day before. In the morning we found the stores and business houses all closed. The gray battalions were nowhere to be seen, but instead, blue lines marched with cadenced step through the city to their camping-grounds in the vicinity. All day the streets echoed with the tramp of the hated Northerner. The citizens did not meet us with garlands and cordial words of welcome, but looked moody and sullen; scorn and hatred were in their faces, but they were all compelled to treat us civilly, except the women, who sneered at us as we passed, expressing in many ways their bitterness. The Stars and Stripes waved from only one building in the city.

We remained there until afternoon, then marched out on the Charlottesville pike, probably four miles, and there camped, not far from the Cumberland river.

About the middle of March, five divisions besides ours

left Nashville, going South, taking the finely graded road to Columbia. We believed our destination to be either Alabama or Mississippi, where it was thought the enemy would concentrate to fight for the Mississippi valley. The road to Columbia took us through one of the most beautiful and wealthy portions of the State. It almost surpassed the famous bluegrass regions of Kentucky. The residences of the slave owners were palaces, indeed, with extensive, highly ornamented grounds surrounding them. Here and there a group of deer lent beauty and life to the scene. It being the first year of the war, all property was protected by our generals, therefore the boys could only feast their eyes and not their stomachs, as they did the year after. Artificial waterfalls and pretty lakes interspersed the views of these splendid groves. This was the natural home of the mockingbird, which poured forth its rich, plaintive airs from morn till night, each bird seemingly vieing with the others as to which could welcome the strange blue host with sweetest melody.

On the third day's march we passed through the delightful town of Franklin, near which, two years later, the bloody battle bearing that name was fought, with Generals Schofield and Thomas leading the Union forces. A march of twenty-three miles through this beautiful, fertile country brought us to Spring Hill, where we camped for several days. The brigade nearest to us, and belonging to our division, was commanded by Colonel Bob McCook of the 9th Ohio, an exclusively German regiment with the exception of the colonel, who, however, spoke the language fluently. They were from Cincinnati, and known in the army as the "Bully Dutch" on account of the splendid charge they made at Mill Springs, to which I refer on another page.

The 9th Ohio, 18th Regulars, and two other regiments con-

stituted the brigade. The officers of the regulars had been in the habit of cruelly punishing their men for trifling offenses. It was common to see a regular tied up by the thumbs or bucked and gagged. McCook, going through that regiment one day, found a poor fellow groaning with pain, suspended by the thumbs. Bob McCook's humane instincts revolted at such cruelty, and the man was quickly cut down and an order given that no more such outrages should be committed in his brigade again.

A few days later, during Colonel McCook's absence, the 18th tied up another man. The punished soldier could be seen from the camp of the 9th Ohio. This aroused the "Bully Dutch" and they ran through the 18th guard lines and cut him down. Several of the field officers of the 18th ran up to interfere, but were roughly handled. One of them was picked up and thrown among some mules. The other officers, fearing the same treatment, retreated and called out two companies under arms, and with fixed bayonets drove the Germans out, not, however, until they had secured the suffering soldier and taken him with them. Then the Germans commenced arming to drive the 18th Regulars from their lines, but the latter retreated before there was a conflict. For twenty minutes I momentarily expected to see a bloody fight between the two regiments. It was a surprise to all who witnessed the fracas that none was killed.

The 9th Ohio was the best drilled and best disciplined regiment I saw during the war. Their movements were rapid and perfect. I never knew them restricted by camp-guard lines; indeed, they enjoyed more privileges than any other regiment in our division and never to my knowledge did they abuse their privileges. The superior drill and other soldierly

qualities could probably be accounted for from the fact that nearly half of the men had served in the German army.

At this place Crittenden's and Wood's divisions left us, throwing us in the rear of Buell's army, the six divisions making nearly one hundred thousand men. Is it any wonder that the superannuated darkey standing by the roadside, when accosted by a facetious soldier with the inquiry as to whether he "had seed any soldiers go by," opened wide his eyes and extended his hands, replying, "Yes, Massa! Yes, indeed! Whole worlds of dem!"

At nearly all the plantations on our route darkies of all sizes, sexes and shades came out and watched with wondering eyes our ceaseless line, interspersed here and there with batteries of artillery, glittering grimly in the sunshine as it rolled across the dusty road. This was the first of the Yankee soldiers seen in middle Tennessee. Not far from here the beautiful, cultivated country rapidly changed to a poverty-stricken, densely wooded, swampy district, where every five or six miles a farm could be seen that the boys called a "burlesque," whose occupants invariably had more dogs than hogs and more tow-headed children than both. This class of people were peculiar to some parts of nearly every slave state; in Georgia they are known as "crackers"; in Tennessee as "the poor trash"; in Mississippi as "pikes."

Another day's march brought us to the banks of the Tennessee, to a place called Clifton. Here, early in the morning, we heard a continuous roar of artillery that proved to be the beginning of the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing. It continued until after midnight. The pickets on duty that night told us in the morning that the sound was more or less continuous until morning, and it seemed to steadily increase in energy the whole day following.

Boats were awaiting us at the landing, and we crowded in until apparently every space was taken excepting the cabin. For some reason there was a long delay; we did not start until late in the afternoon. Before we started, a fleet of hospital boats came down from the battle-field, crowded with wounded and dying soldiers. One of the boats stopped at our landing. From the officers of these transports we heard something of the desperate battle that was raging for nearly two days. When our boats finally started, the rain was coming down in torrents, and continued until we arrived at Shiloh. For some reason inexplicable to us, General Schoepf refused to let the men occupy the cabin, which compelled them to either go below among the horses and mules, or stand on the guards in the rain. Being energetically pressed by some of the officers, he allowed them to sleep in the cabin.

When we went ashore at Pittsburg Landing it was still raining, but by noon it had ceased and the sun began making an effort to peer down between the clouds on the bloody scene that presented itself for miles up and down the river. We left the boat as soon as we could, camping on the muddy, slushy ground.

It is my intention not to describe battle-fields, but only to write what I remember of General Phil Sheridan and incidents of minor importance that occurred in volunteer life and that are not written up in history as battles and battle-fields, but a description of Shiloh as I first saw it will, I hope, be pardoned.

As I remember this awful field, it was in many places swampy and cut up by ravines, generally timbered, but with an occasional cleared field. The timber was scrubby in some places and dense with underbrush which had all been cut off, looking as if it had been mowed with a giant scythe to the height of a man's breast. This was done by the artillery

and musketry. It was so evenly and completely cut that it conveyed the idea of having been done by the God of War, with his Scythe of Death. The large trees were nearly all shattered, some cut off by solid shot. The bodies of the slain were often lying so close together that one could step from one to the other. Their pale faces were washed clean of blood and smoke by two days' heavy rain; their bodies were stripped of all their valuables and in many cases their shoes were taken. Pockets were all turned out. Dead men and horses with dismounted artillery lay intermingled, one upon another. A few had been buried, but it had been done so hurriedly that the hands or feet were often exposed. We came to one grave that attracted our attention because of its more careful formation, with pickets several feet high driven around it. This was the grave of the general-in-chief who commanded the Confederate forces during the battle, Albert Sidney Johnston. The protection around his remains was put up at the instigation of General Buell. The body was taken up a few days later and conveyed by flag of truce to the Confederate line. When Buell's army had all arrived, a reorganization was effected with the Army of the Tennessee, making a force of over one hundred thousand under command of General Halleck. General Thomas had the right, General Buell the center and General Pope the left. Halleck's plan was to approach the enemy who were in a strong works at Corinth, twelve miles away, threaten and take his lines of communication and thus force him to come out or be cooped in to starve or surrender.

CHAPTER XI.

LEAVING COMPANY G—HOW THE DUTCH WERE FOOLED—MY
FIRST LOSS IN THE NEW COMPANY—LOUISVILLE LE-
GION—PANIC.

IT WAS probably ten days after our arrival at Shiloh, and the second advance we had made toward the enemy, when report became current that by reason of promotions and deaths there would be a change, or transfer, of the commissioned officers from one company to another—a new deal, so to speak.

I placed no credence in the rumor, probably from the fact that I thought it would be unpleasant for me to be forced from the company to which I was attached. I thought it would not be “for the good of the service,” reasoning that it would be a bitter pill for me to change from my lifelong friends and associates to a company of strangers, and felt the sting of jealousy toward the stranger who would succeed me in my old company. To separate us would be to break up a family, and disrupt the tenderest ties of long association.

In the midst of these thoughts, as I was sitting in my tent the day after first hearing the rumor, I cannot express my indignation and unhappiness on receiving an order to report to and take command of Company A the next day at eight o'clock a. m. After somewhat recovering from the shock, and viewing the situation from all its standpoints with more calmness, I found one consolation, but that was nothing substantial—it was only the fact that Company A was from

the same county. However, I did not know a man in it, except the lieutenant commanding; I knew him slightly. They were from the extreme southern part, while we were from the north end of the county, and the two sections had not been very friendly, by reason of a county-seat conflict.

In my gloom and sadness I went to the "funny tent," charitably called, but sometimes known as the "bad tent." I had never failed in being cured of the blues by spending a few minutes with these boys. They were a tonic. They were bright, hilarious and witty, not very conscientious, some of them far from it. I would be willing to make an affidavit that the "funny tent" was not the abode of innocents. It had its ex-criminals, whose individual records had not only been sensational but would have been sufficiently tragic to have suited the imagination of Rider Haggard, without much coloring. Keen wit, the quaintest humor and incessant sarcasm were the order of the day from morning until night. Of course, there was a fight now and then. This would mar the hilarity for a short time, but peace was always quickly restored and all was joyful again. Every week or so, in order to preserve lovely dispositions, promote amiability and encourage Christian docility, I was compelled to punish someone in the "bad tent" for fighting, especially during the first six months we were out. It was remarkable how this element drifted into each other's company. It was affinity, I suppose, on the principle of "birds of a feather flock together." There were about ten or twelve of them, enough to fill a Sibley tent. (We had this kind of tent the first year of the war, and they were palaces compared to the wedge or dog tent we were compelled to take later.)

On this big Sibley tent these boys had painted: "The Aristocrats," "Upper Crust," etc. The personnel of this ex-

clusive set consisted of four Irish, three Germans, a Swiss, and four Americans. I remember one of them, Hen. Jeffers, was fond of figurative speech—he abounded in that style; in other words, was a compound metaphorist. I will give you an instance: He would call a cow, a “milk depot”; a coffin, a “wooden overcoat”; a barkeeper, a “gin juggler,” and his gun his “hardware.”

The report of my transfer to Company A had preceded my visit to the “bad tent,” and I found those habitually happy and witty boys as gloomy as myself. Our relations had always been pleasant except when they had to be punished. They were all good soldiers; I never heard one of them complain. But it was possible my successor might be a disagreeable tyrant, therefore they were sad; besides, they knew how unpleasant it was for me to be sent away, so they sympathized with me. After a twenty minutes’ visit I left them, in no better spirits than when I went in. They could not be gay and lively, in view of the separation. When I left the boys next morning, I think they were all round me except those on duty, everyone expressing in looks and words their sorrow at my removal. The only happy feature to me as I bade them good-bye was the manifestation of esteem that was unanimous.

At eight o’clock I was in Company A’s quarters. I was welcomed by only one man, Lieutenant Sam Lyons, a very brave soldier, but one who disliked to command the company, he having no taste for tactics, the literary part of soldier life. My presence relieved him of this embarrassment, my late promotion making me outrank him. We soon became warm friends, and so continued until he met his sad end.

As I passed up the company street on my way to the captain’s tent, I could plainly see that the members looked on me as an intruder. I could see them scowl as they peered out

at me. After a short talk with the lieutenant, I asked the first sergeant to parade the company; I wanted to talk to them. In a few minutes they were in line. Now it was plain to be seen that they were in no good humor; they looked sullen. This was of different material from my old company. These were all Americans, farmers' sons. I afterward found many of them rude and rough, but honest, kind, brave and true. Their homes were in the roughest part of our county, the Hocking Hills. Many of them in manners were true representatives of the locality from which they came. I had them count off, so I could wheel the second platoon to make a V-shaped angle. Into this angle I stepped, thus getting near them all.

Speaking quietly, I told them I could plainly see that they were not pleased, and that it was no surprise to me to meet with that kind of reception; that my presence as their captain made it as awkward and embarrassing for me as it was unpleasant for them. I was forced to be an intruder; I had not sought the change or promotion. I could fully understand their dislike to be put under command of a stranger while they had lieutenants whom they liked and would naturally prefer to have command them. Had I been consulted, I should rather have remained a lieutenant in my own company than to be a captain in another; my attachments were stronger than my ambitions. While I appreciated the fact that Company A was the post of honor in a regiment, yet I did not want to intrude myself. "That I desire you to know this fact is the reason I have called you into line. As soldiers, you should not question the wisdom of an order; as soldiers it is not ours to reason why. We must do as we are ordered. Obedience first of all, come what may to him who obeys, even knowing it leads to death." I seemed to detect a more friendly look

when I had concluded. When the second platoon had taken its place and the company was dismissed, the unpleasant duty of introduction was over, and in an hour friendlier faces greeted me.

An hour later came an order for regimental inspection to assemble at ten o'clock. I noticed that the arms were not very bright, by reason of marching in rain within the last few days. Those that I examined were bright and clean on the inside, with locks well oiled, but, owing to all the companies except A and B having received new guns within a week, and the recent rains, ours would not look well in comparison. I did not insist on a general clean-up of the guns and accoutrements as it was the first hour I was with them, but expressed fears, while in line, as to the result of the inspection.

At precisely ten o'clock the general commenced examining the arms; almost every one was handled by him. When this was over our colonel took command again and dismissed the battalion. Before we had been in our quarters an hour came an order for Company A to report at the same place at one o'clock p. m. for additional inspection. We all knew what that meant—the morning inspection had not been satisfactory. Then every man went to work on his gun. When one o'clock came they were all as bright as silver, and of course readily passed inspection.

The next morning we drove the enemy back toward their works probably half a mile, but it required some fighting. Bob McCook's brigade joined us on our left, and with that an interesting incident occurred in this advance. We could plainly see it as it transpired. The "bone of contention" was several frame houses in which the enemy had taken shelter, and from which they had been firing in perfect safety at the 9th Ohio (Dutch regiment). The officers held a consultation

and determined the enemy should not hold this advantage if they could prevent it—that they would drive them from the premises. The Germans formed and advanced in splendid style, as they always did, across an open field intervening, having perfect confidence in their ability to take the position. There was not a shot fired, nor an enemy seen, until they came to close musket range of the buildings; then an entire brigade rose and greeted them with a volley. This was more than the gallant 9th had bargained for, and they went back much faster and in less order than they had advanced, followed by the enemy. Then there was running, panting and swearing in Dutch, but some were left on the field, dead and wounded.

McCook had already formed the balance of his brigade, and advanced at a double quick charge to meet the pursuers, who about faced hurriedly, and followed them through the woods and well on to their retrenchments. Returning, McCook formed his new line on the ground just taken. We were then advanced to conform to it.

The next day, my third in command, I had my first loss in Company A. Early in the morning, as he stood in the deployed line, Thomas Venning told me that he was very thirsty, remarking that he thought there was a stream not many steps in front, but that we could not see it by reason of the thick underbrush. He asked permission to seek it. I told him it was dangerous to advance ten steps, for the enemy was very near. This we could tell from the whiz of the balls, though we could see no one. They had kept up more or less firing since early dawn. Nothing more was said, but the man next to him, not long after, saw him leave his place and go to the front. As he was returning, and had almost reached his place, he was killed. It might have been a chance shot, but it is probable that, when getting the drink, he was observed

by a sharpshooter and followed until he came to a clear place, thus making a better mark.

The boy's father was also a member of the company. As soon as he fell he called "Company A; Company A; come quickly! Come here!" A near comrade ran to him. "Tell father to come as soon as he can; I am badly hurt in the breast." The father came in time to receive the dying boy's kiss. In an instant more he was dead.

That shot killed both. The father's grief was so intense, or the shock so great, that he appeared to lose all spirit; he sat or walked about in a dazed, abstracted manner, discharging his duty, despondent and spiritless, eating but little, and seldom speaking. In a few weeks he was too weak for duty, but always willing to make the effort. He was discharged thirty days after his son's death on the ground of general disability, and sent home. A few weeks later he died, a clear case of broken heart. Previous to the death of the boy, the father had more than ordinary strength and endurance, and was of bright, cheery disposition. During the short time I had been with the company, I had noticed, and heard from others, of the remarkable attachment that existed between father and son. The disparity in size did not permit them to march together in the ranks, but when the ranks were broken they sought each other and were inseparable; the affection between them was something beautiful, and in strong contrast with the many rough, unfeeling features of life during war time.

Next morning, while still on duty at this place, my company was deployed, making a long line from left to right. We were still in the dense woods, and the men on our left end found that we were not far from the enemy's pickets. One crawled up to see. The result was that conversation followed,

and there were kindly greetings, with interchanges of tobacco and coffee, and an agreement not to shoot that day. But, alas! Not more than two hours had passed until orders came to attack the enemy!

I had gone down this long line in the dense woods to where the end man had held converse with the enemy, and was returning to my place on the right when one of my men, looking to the rear, called my attention to a soldier who was approaching us very cautiously. He was slowly coming up a small ravine, stopping occasionally to observe us through his field glass, when, becoming convinced that we were friends, he walked faster and showed more confidence. When near enough I saw that it was an officer who, coming up, told me he was on General Rousseau's staff, that their brigade was resting half a mile back; that the general had sent him to find our lines and ascertain all he could of the location of the enemy. To account for his caution in coming up, he said he was guarding against unconsciously going through pickets in the dark woods and blundering into the enemy. He asked me what I knew of our front. When I told him how near my left was, and also of the conversation my men had had with the enemy, he said: "I am sorry I must break the contract your boys made without due notice to the other side, for I am ordered to feel the enemy here. I will bring up a company which I left a short distance back and make the attack. When you hear lively firing, collect your men and take them to the right, for if the 'rebs' should be in force here they might flank me from this side, as it looks the most accessible for them."

In a short time a company came up and deployed, passing through us into the thick woods. They could not have gone a hundred yards until the firing commenced and very soon

became brisk, with the reports heavier. The sounds appeared to recede, which indicated that the enemy was falling back. Soon wounded men were brought to us. The firing rapidly decreased, and in a short time there was none to be heard.

On a preceding page I spoke of the cruelty and inconsistency of war. I had in mind the promise of my boys to the enemy that they would not fire on them that day. How the Confederates must have accused us of treachery and bad faith when they were attacked a few hours later! Doubtless they thought we had agreed to the proposition on purpose to throw them off their guard and then attack them.

In the afternoon the company that had skirmished was relieved by another, which remained until night, when they, too, went back to their brigade. My men then resumed their places, as in the morning, and all was quiet until about ten o'clock, when a man on duty at the reserve where I slept awakened me, saying he thought they were fighting in our rear. I could hear strange, mixed-up sounds, such as commands, screaming, bugle calls, swearing, shooting and the clatter of horses' hoofs all so confused as to be alarming. I got the reserve in line and faced to the rear, awaiting developments. While standing there wondering and listening there came the sound of steps, words, and the breaking of brush; when these sounds were sufficiently near we commanded a halt, and called on one to advance and explain. The man who stepped forward was panting and breathless, and between gasps explained that he and his companions belonged to Company A, Louisville Legion; that their brigade was bivouaced some distance back. Their company had been detached from the brigade a short distance as outposts; a few minutes before, they had been attacked by at least a brigade of cavalry and

were nearly all killed or taken prisoners. In all probability they were the only survivors of Company A.

I went back with the spokesman to where he had left the ten or twelve comrades, and found them as panic-stricken as the speaker. When asked if they knew in which direction they had been running when halted, a number answered, "Toward our works." When told that they were about to enter the enemy's lines they could not believe it.

All the clamor and confusion had now ceased and not a sound was to be heard. Even before the frightened men had reached us all was silence. I called their attention to this, and told them to go back, that there had been no attack. The tumult was a mystery to me, but, plainly, there had been no fight. But our visitors were loath to move. The panic was still upon them. Then one made the excuse that in the darkness and dense brush it would be impossible to find their regiment; if I had no objection they would remain with us until morning. This, of course, I would not have objected to, but my curiosity had been so aroused as to the cause of the disturbance that I proposed to go back with them. I was confident the enemy had nothing to do with their fright, and was eager to solve the mystery. By this time they became calmer, and agreed to go with me.

After a fifteen minutes' walk through brush, briers, bogs and gutters, I receiving not less than five falls during the trip, we arrived at the bivouac of the Louisville Legion and 1st Ohio Infantry, which were detached from two other regiments not far away. The usual calm had followed the storm, so I had no difficulty in finding the cause of the alarm. The brigade had stacked its arms, loaded and capped. A battery had come out with them. Suddenly a number of the battery horses had become frightened in some way, and, breaking their

fastenings, had run through Company A's sleeping men, knocking down the stacked guns, discharging many, and killing and wounding several soldiers. In addition to the shooting and crashing of the falling arms, the horses had run through the improvised brush tents, trampling upon the sleeping occupants. The sight of the frantic horses, the noise of the guns and the cries of the wounded, convinced the half-sleeping soldiers in the demolished tents that the enemy's cavalry was upon them, and a general slaughter was going on. The shooting had been heard by the sentinels on duty in our works, who fired their guns to give a general alarm, so that everyone would fall into the entrenchments to resist the night attack. Seventy thousand men were in those trenches in a few minutes, peering into the darkness, with guns cocked ready to receive and return the attack. In this condition they waited in the trenches for over an hour, but, as no enemy came, they were allowed to go to their tents again.

I never saw a reference to this panic until 1887, when I read a communication in the Indianapolis Tribune headed "The History of a Regiment," by Doctor A. J. Smith. This detailed the history of the Louisville Legion, of which the author was a member.

He informed the reader that the first time they had met the enemy to sustain any loss was at the Siege of Corinth, two days before the evacuation, at which time they had a severe skirmish, driving the enemy almost into their works. The date, the regiment, and other particulars correspond so closely to what had occurred to us that I felt very sure this was the same incident that was associated with the panic which had given us so much anxiety for a time during the midnight alarm, but the writer did not mention the details of the startling tumult. The absence of these details excited my

curiosity, and I wrote him, stating my impression and asking for an explanation. Here is his interesting reply:

Indianapolis, Indiana, Dec. 1, 1889.

Mr. H. C. Greiner, Somerset, Ohio.

My Dear Sir and Comrade:

Yours of November 20th came duly to hand. I neglected to answer immediately on account of poor health.

Your supposition is correct. It was my 'Company F, of the Louisville Legion, that was on the skirmish line at the time spoken of. We were relieved late in the evening by Company A, an Irish company of our regiment, and it was they who were stampeded by the battery horses. After skirmishing all day I, with a number of others, was sent back to the landing to bring up a wagon containing ammunition, and did not reach the regiment until daylight the following morning, when we learned of the panic that had taken place in Company A, an Irish company of our regiment, and I did not mention the incident in my story for fear I might hurt the feelings of some of the survivors of Company A. It was ever afterward an eyesore to them; they felt greatly humiliated about it, and inasmuch as they were in reality brave men at all other times, our colonel, who was as good as he was brave, forbade us to chide them over it.

I remember your regiment, and remember deploying in rear of your picket line. I remember it from the fact that our captain asked what regiment the pickets belonged to, and was informed that they were the 31st O. V. I. It was our brigade and Terrell's 4th regular battery at the place spoken of by you. The 1st O. V. I., 6th Ind. Inf., and 15th, 16th and 19th regulars, with my regiment (Louisville Legion), constituted "Rousseau's Brigade."

I am glad to know the history of a regiment from the pen

of a "private soldier" pleases so many of my old comrades. I have received several hundred letters urging me to go on; but my health is so poor from old wounds that I shall have to take a rest for a month or two, when I hope to resume again.

With that same warmth of feeling towards you that I have to all who offered themselves to their country in her hour of peril, I am,

Affectionately yours,

A. J. SMITH.

I have filled up a long interval extending from the time Phil Sheridan went to West Point up to the second year of the war; for up to this time we had met but once. So I beg the reader's pardon for the lengthy digression in relating mere incidents of soldier life and minor scenes in the drama.

What I have hurriedly and roughly described will apply to the average volunteer regiment. Nearly every day the dark, and sometimes the terrible, threads would cross the light and joyous ones. The bits and fragments, as I can think of them and read them in my old diary, made up the inside of soldier life. They will not all be sensational, or even interesting, for it is impossible to give an accurate picture of war life without putting in many little things.

Up to the time of the Siege of Corinth, Phil Sheridan was only a captain. That was in the second year of the war. Before we left Nashville, in March, I had heard that he was in Missouri attending to the affairs of General Fremont, that were then in a somewhat mixed state. I had also heard that he was commissary of subsistence, or quartermaster, in the same state, under General Curtis, and that he had asked to be relieved from those duties as his efforts to correct great evils existing there met with no encouragement by his su-

perior officers. I heard no more of him until about the first of April, 1862, in front of Corinth, Mississippi.

While yet with my first company a detail returned from the landing where they had gone for a load of subsistence. One of the men told me he believed he had seen Phil Sheridan, and that he was bossing some repairs on the road. I asked, "Why did you not speak to him?" To this the man replied, "Oh, I didn't know him well at home; he was a good deal older than I. He wouldn't have known me, so I did not speak, but I think it was him."

In the month following we were still in front of Corinth. A friend told me that Sheridan had been appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. This news pleased me for various reasons: First, I thought he preferred cavalry; next, it would heal the disappointment he had experienced in being refused a colonelcy by the governor of Ohio when he had asked for that rank in an infantry regiment. The politicians had secured those places, having impressed upon the governor that volunteers disliked being commanded by regular army officers, as they were too strict and tyrannical; that to make the war popular he must appoint civilians. I was also pleased because I knew his worth, earnestness, patriotism, and general fitness, though I did not dream of his extraordinary ability. Then I remembered that in our boyhood days he had been very fond of riding—now he could get all the riding he desired. My mind dwelt on the old days when either of us would have walked two miles in order to secure a ride of one-half the distance. I thought of the switching he had received from his father for riding the spirited stage horses. Phil, having been young and small then, had been told that it was dangerous to ride those horses and that he must not do so again. Either the forbidden fruit was too tempting, or

Phil forgot the parental prohibition, but at any rate he was caught in the act and a switching followed.

When relating the above incident to some friends after the war, Phil's mother remarked that that had been the only time when corporal punishment was administered to him, but it seemed very effective, for he never rode the wild stage horses again.

It was several months later and we were on the march through Tennessee when I next heard of Sheridan. My company was on out-post duty. I was awakened by the man stationed by the road. He was challenging the advance of someone who, when tried, had the countersign and was told to pass, but, instead, dismounted and approached the fire. He lit his pipe, looked at his watch, and remarked that he was ahead of time and could rest for a half hour, explaining that he was a bearer of dispatches and belonged to the 2nd Michigan Cavalry. By his peculiar accent I discerned that he was a Canadian Frenchman. I inquired if Col. Sheridan was still with that regiment, and the man replied, "No, he is promoted to a brigadier." Seeing that I was interested and pleased to hear of the promotion he asked if I knew Sheridan, and I told him we had been boys together in the same village. Relighting his pipe, he said: "That little feller will make a great general some time, if he doesn't get killed. We call him our 'Fighting Colonel,' after de Boonville fight. Did you ever hear of dat fight?"

"I never did!"

"Well, sar; he iss a cunnin' demon in battle. I was with him dar."

Then, becoming more enthused he continued: "We were away off twenty or thirty miles from reinforcements, with only about seventeen hundred men, two regiments, when

Chalmers he came at us one morning with four or five thousand. The battle commenced. For a goot while we fought them square in front, but Col. Sheridan found that would not do; there were too many of dem; dey was gettin' around us, flanking us on both sides and rear, so we fell back three or four hundred yards to better grounds. Den dey came again, but now we had de best ground, and was better armed; we fought dem dis way almost hand to hand, until day fell back to rest a little and reform dere lines. Den was de time. Col. Sheridan knew he must do something, for he could not stand to fight one to four much longer, so he sent Captain Alger with two saber companies out of our regiments and told him to take all the buglers from both regiments and go 'round and come in on Chalmer's rear, and when dey say the rebels every bugler to sound de charge, yell all dey could, and go into dem with de saber. But de best ting he do was to send word to de engineer of the train by de station a half mile away to whistle as long and loud as he could. Dat was to make dem tink he was getting more men by de railroad.

"When Col. Sheridan tink dat Capt. Alger have time to get around and make his rear attack, he make a furious attack in front and den, my friend, if dere was not cutting and slashing, yelling and tooting, for about a half hour, I am a liar. Then they commenced breaking, and in a few minutes there was some of the best horse racing you ever saw. We licked 'em clear and clean and run dem over four miles. If it hadn't been for the way our colonel fooled 'em, sending Capt. Alger around wid de buglers and dey believing we were gettin' reinforcements by de whistle blowing so loud, we would eder be killed or be captured, every one of us. I tell you, sar, dat was de best managed fight of dis whole war. You believes me, sar, he can fight and plan and see everything 'hat's goin' on about

him in de battle. And he was goot to us; we like him. But avry man mus' fight when we follow him—avry man mus' do hees dooty is all he wants."

Knocking the ashes and fire from his stubby pipe he looked at his watch again and said: "I must go now." Mounting his horse, a touch of his spurs sent the cavalryman into darkness again.

The night after the panic described a few pages back there was almost incessant firing among the pickets. At daylight the whole army was aroused by dull, heavy explosions, some of which shook the earth. They seemed to come from Corinth, and every eye was strained in that direction. Following the loud reports dense columns of smoke arose and spread like a pall in the locality of the besieged place. "They have evacuated!" came from the lips of everyone. In a half hour from the time the explosions were heard our skirmishers were within their fortifications, and by nine o'clock the whole army was on the move following the enemy. General Halleck had almost completed the last coil that was to have crushed our prey, but meantime it had eluded our vigilance and made its escape. Of course, we felt that it was a victory for us to have driven them from their chosen ground and strong fortifications, but that it was an empty one none could deny. Our commander had been outwitted and beaten in generalship. Each point we had made had been one in a general plan to catch them, but Beauregard had succeeded in bandaging our eyes by feints, rushes and skirmishes, and had thus gained time to remove his troops, guns and nearly all of his stores to a position of safety. What he could not move was destroyed, with the exception of a few barrels of pork, some flour, sugar and molasses, found in an isolated commissary building which was strewn with charred bacon and broken guns.

The explosions we had heard in the morning had been occasioned by some shells left in a burning building. We succeeded in capturing a few of their rear guard, and in the woods several hundred were picked up, who, in the confusion of a hurried retreat, had not been relieved from duty on outposts. The highest estimate of the number so captured was four thousand. The direction taken by the enemy was not definitely known, but from information picked up it was thought the main body, under Bragg, had gone down the Mobile railroad. Our army was ordered to push as far as Boonesville, the place when Gen. Sheridan had given Gen. Chalmers such a thrashing a few weeks before. This was about thirty miles from Corinth.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the evacuation we were ordered to strike tents and pack immediately. Soon we were on the march to the left of the works in a southerly direction. We found the camps all depopulated, except the sick and wounded left in the surgeons' quarters. We passed through a small hamlet called Farmingham, containing nothing but log houses, all of which were deserted. Here the different roads converged, causing a complete blockade of wagons and artillery, and rendering further progress impossible. Our division entered a large field and prepared to bivouac for the night. On reaching an eminence in the field we stacked arms and then the most lively and attractive war picture presented itself. Over the broad plain extending as far as the eye could reach, regiments, brigades and divisions were moving. The setting sun reflected the glitter of thousands of bright guns, whose polished steel flashed and sparkled in unbroken lines miles and miles away. Nearer us, to the right, left and front, troops were pouring into the open space. The armies of the Ohio and Tennessee were in full view, over a hundred thousand

strong. Officers were galloping over the field on splendid horses, giving directions to the moving masses, while regiments of cavalry and batteries of artillery swept across the plain, the embodiment of beauty, power and destruction. Then darkness came on, and, as if by magic, thousands of campfires sprang into existence, the scene having the mystic appearance of so many reflections from Aladdin's lamps. Hundreds besides myself forgot their hunger and fatigue in viewing the enchanting panorama.

When we had feasted on our hard bread, pork and coffee, we laid down with happy confidence to enjoy a good, undisturbed night's sleep. We believed there was no foe near—that they were fleeing; besides, the wagon trains and artillery seemed to have been blockaded. We thought it would take all night to disentangle the trains, but, like every presumption in war, this over-confidence was an error. The unexpected nearly always happens. Within an hour after we had lain down an order came to march. The wagons ahead of us that belonged to another division moved slowly during the night, but this was not the worst—they stopped us on an average of every half mile or so, during which brief halt the sleepy men would drop down in the deep dust and go to sleep. Then the bugle would sound the "forward," which would get us to our feet again, half asleep, to move slowly until the next halt, when down we would go again into the soft dust, very soon to be up and pressing forward as before. This was kept up until about two o'clock in the morning, when the last halt was made in a bed of dust fully six inches deep, in which we slept until daylight.

What a leveler that night's march was! In the morning my men's features all looked alike. My servant, who was as black as coal when we started, was now as fair as the new

recruit who had joined us but a week before, and whose complexion had reminded me of a girl's. All were now the same shade, previous differences of hue having been obliterated by the night's application of dust and perspiration. The hair and clothing were as completely covered as were the faces, and it was impossible to recognize one's dearest friend except for his voice. Fortunately, there was a stream of water not far away, and we gladly embraced the opportunity to remove the soil.

By six o'clock the march was resumed, to be interrupted every few miles by a wagon blockade. In the afternoon we approached so near the rear guard of the enemy that the trains were sent back; so close were we that we often formed in line of battle, then quickly into column again. The next day was about the same—marching, then getting ready to fight. On the third day we halted. It was rumored that the wagons containing the picks and shovels were coming and that we would entrench this camp.

We found General Pope's men on the ground before us, they having arrived several hours earlier by another road. In the absence of tents they had erected beautiful booths and bowers which were a complete shelter from the heat of the sun and would be some protection in the case of the rain which was then threatening. Pope's division belonged to the army of the Tennessee. Determined not to be outdone by their comrades the men of the 10th Indiana, 14th and 31st Ohio, and 12th Kentucky, fell to work trying to eclipse the previous efforts in the way of building artistic shelters. When the rural villages were finished they were gems of beauty; nearly all were willow cottages with evergreen arbors for verandas; the doors were arched and windows latticed. Queen Anne style of architecture seemed to prevail. A stroll through the lanes

was like tripping among fairy bowers except that the presence of so many guns, cannon and swords made the illusion imperfect. We enjoyed these Arcadian scenes but a single day, when we were ordered to march, and moved to another poor little Mississippi village, Rienzi, on the Mobile & Ohio railroad. This was the place occupied by Gen. Sheridan soon after the Boonesville fight, and when he was presented with the historic war horse, Rienzi, by Col. Campbell of the 2nd Michigan Cavalry. This is the horse that was afterward named Winchester, in honor of the Cedar Creek ride immortalized in verse by Buchanan Reid.

After remaining in Rienzi two days there came another rumor that Gen. Thomas had been appointed military governor of Mississippi. If true, this would insure our remaining with him in that uninteresting country, and we were much disgusted, for it had been hoped that after the evacuation of Corinth we would be transferred to Western Virginia. We had looked forward to such a move with pleasure, for that country abounded with pure water and had a pleasant summer climate.

On the third day we were ordered back to Corinth, this strengthening the rumor that we were to remain in Mississippi. A two days' march brought us back to that desolate but historic place, and we went into camp a few hundred yards from the town limit. In times of peace the place might have contained a thousand people. On the day following our arrival fatigue parties were sent out to dig wells, clean quarters, and make other sanitary improvements, all of which suggested a permanent camp. Having a strong curiosity to see the place that had cost so much human life and anxiety, I took a walk through the main part of the town. Coming upon an unoccupied railroad house my attention was attracted by a

room full of large knives, or short, clumsy swords, with roughly made leather sheathes. Sitting nearby I found a wounded Confederate soldier, so I addressed the unhappy-looking fellow, saying: "Tell me about those knives; what are they for and to whom do they belong?"

"They were brought here by the Mississippians, I think, on the advice of some fool officer; a whole brigade was armed with them. They were soon found to be heavy and of no earthly good, so they were discarded. Anyone can see they would be of no account against a man who had a bayonet on the end of his gun. You see some of our people down here thought all they would have to do would be to run after the Yankees, and when they overtook them to cut them to pieces with those big knives; that is what the politicians told 'em when they asked 'em to enlist. Some of the people thought the killing would be all on one side. When we got back from that Shiloh fight they learned something and threw these things away."

I picked out one and brought it home. It is still in my possession.

Replying to my query why he did not go with his regiment he replied:

"I tried it. I walked from the hospital part way down to where they were loading the sick and wounded, but my legs gave out. I found I was going to faint, so I stopped at that old house there. When I felt strong enough to walk that night they were all gone."

Telling him to have no hesitancy about asking for medical aid or rations from our people, I wrote a line to Doctor Arter, our surgeon, and pointed out his tent, directing the soldier to present that paper and that he would be well treated. He seemed very grateful. He had been wounded over a month

before at the battle of Shiloh. His greasy, grey uniform, unkempt long hair and soiled, sad face, with downcast, discouraged look, made him a pitiful object. The next day I had the pleasure of seeing him with a clean, new shirt, and brighter face. He told me the doctor had given his leg good treatment, and that he felt like a new man. "I won't have to go browsing about now for something to eat any more."

We had barely completed the labor of cleaning camp when an order came to be ready to march at twelve o'clock, noon. This was in June, and the weather intensely hot. We heard that we were going to Alabama, where the enemy was said to be concentrating. An hour or two before starting I went over to see my old company and pay a social call. While there who should make his appearance but Barney McNamee, the Irish tailor of our village. He belonged to the 43rd Ohio, now stationed about seven miles below us. He had heard of our locality and secured a leave of absence for twenty-four hours so as to find us. When within about four miles of our camp he heard the rumor that our division had been ordered away. The remainder of the distance he covered in a "trot," arriving red-faced, hot and tired.

He had not seen anyone from home since his enlistment, and was, of course, happy to be among so many friends again. As soon as the hand-shaking and warm expressions of joy were at an end he proposed to take the whole company over to the sutler's and treat them to a parting drink, as he knew the hour of marching was near. He informed us that the 43rd had just been paid, therefore he had plenty of money. All declined to drink except five or six insatiate, ever thirsty boys, who were too glad to go with "Mac" on a mission of that nature, so they hurried to the sutler's—but just too late. Everything eatable and drinkable was already packed in the

wagons. While the thirsty, disconsolate squad was standing there lamenting their misfortunes the proprietor was noticed emptying something from a barrel, which they discovered to be sour ale. Arresting the waste of the fluid, Mac asked the sutler what he would take for it. The man explained that the stuff was worthless and unfit to drink, but if they desired it they could have it. What followed made it evident that the Irish tailor had not reformed from a habit he had when at home, which, on more than one occasion, had landed him in durance vile. Our little town jail knew him well. One of the men told me later that the six had disposed of about two gallons when they became hilarious; the visitor, however, continued to drink after the others had ceased, remarking as he drained the last that "it must do duty in place of something better. A poor substitute or a drafted man was better than no soldier." Mac became uproariously drunk and soon sank to helplessness and sleep. What to do with him in this condition none of them knew, and it troubled his more sober comrades. In the midst of their deliberations the bugle sounded "assembly," which meant to march. What could they do with their generous visitor? In a few minutes the camp for miles about there would be deserted. They could not put him in one of our wagons, for that would carry him miles from his own regiment and might unintentionally create a case of desertion. What could they do but carry him to one of the shadiest bowers, cover him with a piece of tent which would be some protection from the millions of flies that swarmed everywhere and the billions of mosquitoes that would promptly come on duty at night to relieve their daylight cousins! So they were compelled to leave Mac in that desolate camp at the mercy of the winged pests. We all doubted that he would ever get back to his regiment, but he did the next day, and not long

afterward participated in the fierce battles of Iuka and Corinth, returning to our village after the war minus part of one hand, which he lost at one of these fights.

These incidents returned to my mind a few months ago when I heard that he had died at the military home in Dayton, Ohio, and with the recollection came the consolation that the old veteran fought his last fight surrounded by the comforts of this life and within reach of the ministrations of kindly hands.

On the evening of our first day's march we arrived at Iuka, Mississippi, which was a fine camping place, for near where we pitched our tents we discovered the medical springs for which this place is famous. It had been a favorite watering place for many years. How we appreciated this pure, wholesome cold water, and compared it to the warm swamp-oozings we had been forced to drink for several months. Very pretty white cottages for the accommodation of invalids surrounded the fine spring, and these, with the large hotels, made up Iuka's principal claim to be called a town. The few remaining citizens had an air of refinement that we had not found in and about the marshes of Corinth.

Another day's march under a burning sun took us over the Mississippi line into Alabama. We almost immediately noticed a difference in the character of the country as well as its inhabitants. Instead of the blank, barren and marshy forests through which we had been camping and marching, we found most fertile and well cultivated plains spreading out before us. The plantations were extensive, frequently extending for miles, and the residences were elegant structures surrounded by neatly whitewashed slave quarters that formed a pleasing contrast. The vast fields, stretching as far as the eye could reach had, until this year, been strangers to corn,

this being one of the finest cotton producing sections in the South. But Jeff Davis had issued a proclamation that corn should be planted instead of cotton, and the Confederate congress had passed an act to that effect; also, in addition to that, the inhabitants' own fears of starvation had dictated the policy of such a movement. For days we marched by waving fields of corn. It seemed that the whole energy of the South had been devoted to this crop; the entire country was a flourishing corn field. But, alas for the mutability of human affairs, particularly during war; for this immense crop of corn, instead of feeding the subjects of the Confederacy satisfied the rapacious appetites of Northern men and mules.

After about four days of marching through uninterrupted corn fields we came to Tuscumbia, a city containing about five thousand inhabitants. It was a beautiful place. The streets were shaded with mulberries and magnolias. The town lay in a valley completely surrounded by high hills. On the side of one of these hills the batteries of our division took up their position, commanding the city and country beyond. At this place were two springs of marvelous power, from which gushed forth the purest and coldest water at the rate of a hundred barrels a minute. The water was so cold that an order was issued forbidding soldiers to bathe in it between the hours of seven A. M. and seven P. M.

At Tuscumbia we spent the glorious Fourth of July. In the morning the men were permitted to visit the surrounding hills in search of blackberries, which were very fine and abundant in that vicinity. At twelve o'clock a national flag was raised on a tall pole in front of our colonel's quarters, and he made a neat little speech. A national salute was fired by the batteries on the hill. In the evening the entire division was massed on two of the principal streets at their intersection.

Then we had a regular, old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration. The flags of the many regiments were formed in a circle around a stand from which Gen. Frey of the 4th Kentucky read the Declaration of Independence, making patriotic and appropriate remarks. He was followed by Colonels Stedman, Harlan, Connell, and Gen. Bob McCook in neat speeches, this being the last ever made by the gallant McCook, for he was killed a few days later, before he left that state. Hundreds of citizens were out witnessing the celebration; many of them apparently enjoyed it, while others looked sullen and morose.

The next day an amusing incident occurred. A Confederate lieutenant-colonel, on parole, was putting on airs promenading the streets dressed in full Confederate uniform, a servant following him carrying a basket in which he deposited the numerous bouquets which the rebel fair ones threw him from windows as he passed. Several of our soldiers were working out a punishment by cleaning the streets and, of course, were not in good humor. They concluded to stop that kind of swagger. They pitched into the darkey, upset and trampled the flowers, and concluded the performance by wallowing the handsome colonel in the dust for interfering with their innocent amusement. For this breach of military discipline they were reported to their colonel by the corporal in charge, and were ordered to the guard house for twenty-four hours, then their trial came. Their strongest defense was that they left home to fight rebels, not to see them put on vain, pompous airs; that if such honors as this Confederate was receiving were permitted within our lines it would have a demoralizing and discouraging effect on loyalty, etc. It was a strong defense, made by an intelligent, fluent talker, quite a young man who could, had he lived, have made his mark as a lawyer,

and probably the colonel felt as did Agrippa after Paul's defense: "Almost thou persuadest me." But a breach of discipline could not be justified, ably as it was defended, so the poor fellows received additional punishment.

On the night of July 6th at a small place called Russellville, south of us about twenty miles, two companies of the 1st Ohio cavalry, belonging to our division, were surprised by a superior force and badly cut to pieces, Captain Emery being killed and the remainder driven away. We being nearest to the unfortunate affair, our regiment, the 17th, and 14th Ohio, were ordered to start that night at one o'clock, avoiding the main road, and to kill, capture or drive out the guerrillas. Reveille aroused us at twelve o'clock and by one we were on our way south. A full moon gave us an opportunity of seeing the country, which for eight or ten miles was fertile and beautiful. Our route took us over the last spur, or hill, of the Appalachian range of mountains, whose summit we reached as the sun was making his brilliant appearance. After gaining the summit we were allowed to rest a few moments. Something in the mist receding from the summit as the first rays of the sun pierced it aslant made a most brilliant sight. When the mountain tops north of us and higher up caught the first flash of those variegated beams they changed the grayish purple to bright gold, throwing its indescribable tints to the valleys.

With the inspiration vivid in my memory of the grandeur of mountain scenery in California and the thrilling pictures I saw from many points of the Sierra Nevada range, also many not less entrancing on the coast range which were wilder and grander but not so beautiful in color and landscape, still none were more in accordance with my dreams of Paradise than the glorious panorama that encircled us at this moment. The best evidence that it was surpassingly lovely was the fact

that stolid, unsentimental Joe Myers, who happened to be standing near me, said as he watched the varying tints for miles about him, "See, Captain, see! Look at it! How purty it is!" A dim idea of the beauty of the scene had crept into even his matter-of-fact soul.

After leaving this elevation we came to a pine barren, destitute of water and any apparent signs of civilization. About noon we halted upon a ridge and there found a fine spring. Glad to rest, as we had now marched sixteen miles, some of the boys after eating their rations and drinking their coffee were not too tired to descend the steep, rocky declivity in search of blackberries. One of these ramblers, George Staley, had not been gone more than fifteen minutes when he came back in breathless haste to tell his comrades that he had discovered at the foot of the hill a portable saw mill made by Duval & Co., of Zanesville, Ohio, a town not far from their homes, where they had often gone to sell horses, wheat and other farm products. I had dropped into a sweet sleep and was aroused by an excited conversation between Staley, the discoverer, and Sam Hazelton, who was telling him that he couldn't be fooled into going down that long, steep hill on such a hot day by a lie of that kind. "Go away, I want to sleep," said Sam.

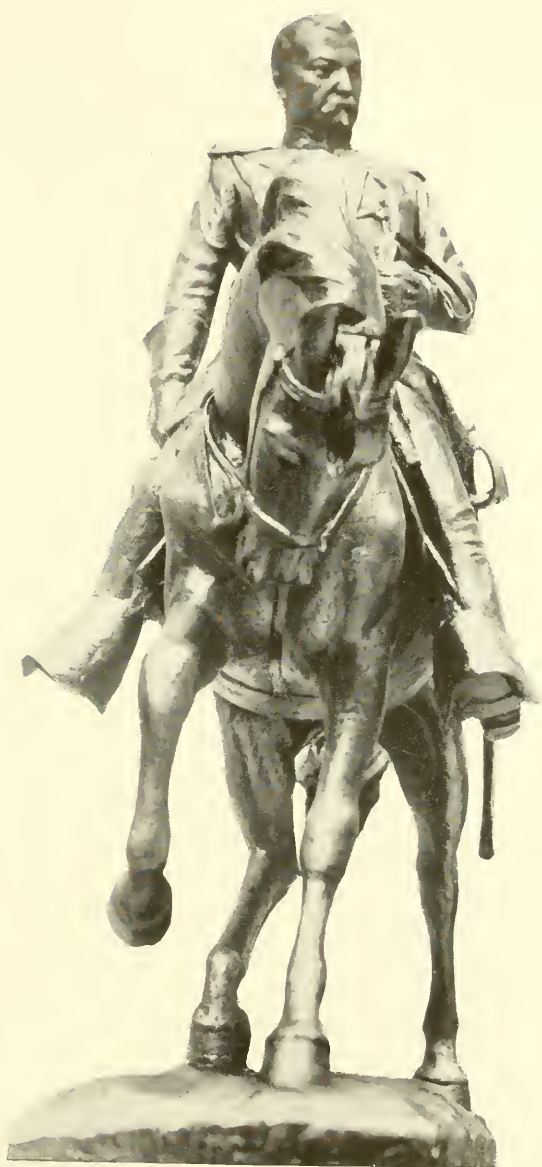
"I ain't lying! I read the name of the man and where it was made."

Now, Staley was a person who always economized with the truth, but what he lacked in veracity he more than made up in volubility, having a tongue the nearest approach to perpetual motion of anything on earth. Perry Case, a man who marched with him, said it was a physical impossibility for him to stop talking, and it was just as impossible for him to tell the truth. Had our regiment been a circus or menagerie, or had

it been a battalion of specialists or proprietors of some patent medicine, Staley should, by all means, have been its advance agent; but, as such was not the case, it needed no liar, so he was only, by common consent, its champion romancer, richly deserving a premium for that qualification. And here let me say that, if he is still living I beg his pardon, but the truth must be told.

Some others joined the discussion as to the truth of the discovery. By this time I was fully awake and inquired into the loud talking. Staley explained: "I went down the hill to hunt for blackberries; when I got there I saw an old portable saw mill. I used to run one before the war, so I went over close to it and found it was made in Zanesville, Ohio, where ours was. You bet, Captain, I was surprised and tickled to meet that old thing away down here that was made so near where we lived. When I came up and told the boys about it they said it was all a lie to fool them down the hill."

By this time several of the doubters had approached us, and I asked one of them, in order to settle the question, to go down with Staley and investigate, and if we found the report untrue Staley would be punished by making him carry the messenger's gun that afternoon. Both Staley and the messenger were delighted with the proposition and eagerly started down, with the understanding that the messenger was to return and report as to the truth or untruth of Staley's story. Everyone in the company was by this time on the *qui vive*, and when the report was brought up that he had told the truth they forgot their fatigue and rushed down that steep hill with childish glee. The first look was for the name of the maker and factory. When satisfied on this point they affectionately laid their hands on the old black mass of rusty iron and talked to it. I heard Bob Masters, who had been a portable saw mill



SHERIDAN STATUE BY MULLIGAN.
Designed for the Sheridan Monument Assn. of Chicago

man at home, say, as he rested his hand fondly on the boiler, "How have they treated you since you have been down in this d——d Confederacy?"

It was apparent from the remarks that the floodgates of memory had been loosed, bringing tender recollections of home and childhood joys. It was a sudden awakening of one of the dearest sentiments to which the heart of man is susceptible. Their expressions of sympathy and affection, as they crawled under and through the old rusty engine and fondled it, were as amusing and pathetic as they were sincere, for they came direct from the heart. Was it strange that a mass of old iron should vibrate a tender chord in the hearts of those thoughtless boys and bring them back to their hills and homes so unexpectedly? And yet they were patriotic and self-sacrificing enough to be willing when their country required it to never see those homes again. The ovation for the old saw mill was not a lengthy one, for the thirty minutes' rest soon expired, but it was one of which a hero might be proud.

That afternoon nearly all were thinking of home, for one or another in the ranks was unconsciously humming or whistling "Home Sweet Home" or "Do They Miss Me at Home?" No one felt prouder, however, than did Staley. Had he not vindicated himself as a truthful man? Besides, he had furnished the company with a rare treat. After we started he left his place and came to me, saying, "Captain, it all turned out true about that portable saw mill; that will prove to you that I ain't always lying, as Sam Hazelton said the other day I was. And Ike Jones told me the other day that I was the biggest liar in Company A. If he ever says that again I'll give him a black eye." This was said with an air of righteous indignation and innocence. I told Staley I wanted no fighting in the company and that Ike should not call him that again; that

I was certain there was at least one—possibly two—whose claims to that distinction were as good as his. He looked at me as if he doubted the fact of what I said being intended as a compliment, but he said nothing in reply.

Our objective point was the town of Moulton, supposed to be the rendezvous of the guerillas, who had attacked the boys from the First Ohio Cavalry. It was just six miles away, a slave told us. He also volunteered the information that "Moulton is de wussest place fur guerillas in Alabama!"

When we had covered about one-half the distance of the march the 17th Ohio left us in the woods to make a detour and approach the town from the opposite side. Allowing a reasonable time for them to make the half circle we deployed one company, then advanced. No enemy was there. We ascertained after entering the town that they had left about ten o'clock that morning. We remained at Moulton over night and started back to Tuscumbia on another and better road than that on which we came.

This day my company was the advance guard, keeping a distance of a mile ahead of the regiment. It was an intensely hot day. We had marched about five miles when we passed but a few steps from a cozy residence just off the road and almost hidden in trees and shrubbery. The general appearance of the place reminded me of a northern home; a pretty, white-washed well-box was in front of the house near the gate and main entrance inviting to a thirsty traveler. I put the command of my company into the hands of the lieutenant and entered the gate. Saluting a young lady who appeared on the veranda, I asked for a drink of water. She called a servant to bring a cup. As the slave was slow, or possibly intent on seeing the passing soldiers, I had time before the cup came to discover that the lady was not averse to talking. After the cool drink

and a short conversation she asked if I would not like a piece of the melon which was in the well-box cooling. She probably had noticed how wistfully I looked at it. In fact, I had been about to propose its purchase when she invited me to help myself to all I wanted. She was so generous, kind and friendly that I was inclined to think her in sympathy with us. Did it not look so? Had she not done even more than the woman of Samaria when asked for a drink? As discreetly as possible I intimated my impressions, but was quickly and frankly undeceived.

She almost indignantly said: "No, sir! I am not in sympathy with your cause; far from it." Then, in a sadder tone: "How could I be? This war is the cause of my husband's absence; he is in the Confederate army. You have invaded our country and killed our people. How could I be?"

Looking me in the face, her dark, dreamy eyes taking on a flash of fire, she continued: "My hope and prayer is that for all these sins not one of you may live to see your Northern homes again."

"But," I replied, "you were so kind to me a moment ago that it induced me to think you loyal."

"Yes, you looked tired and thirsty. If I can do your people an act of kindness or even minister to your sick, I would do so; I could not do otherwise. I could not resist those dictates of humanity; and yet—it may sound strange to you—I hope and pray for your destruction. Our people will yet drive you back; these successes you seem to be enjoying are but temporary. We have, my husband told me, been falling back to have you follow, the more completely to destroy you with disease and battle. It is true, you outnumber us, but we are braver than you, and inspired to fight for our independence."

Her speech was concluded, and I told her we were only

fighting to save this great and good country—the best on God's earth. "You must remember, you brought on this war by firing on the Stars and Stripes before there was a war. Your politicians and newspapers derided us as cowards and selfish money makers, too cowardly to cross the Ohio or Potomac to restore the government. As to your soldiers being braver than ours, let me say this: You saw that company pass when I stopped for the drink? There were eighty men there; they will average in discipline and bravery; they are a fair sample of the Union army. I am their captain, and will hardly average in bravery. But we have never yet seen the day when we could not attack a hundred of your men and not fear the result. There is no difference in our bravery; you are as brave as we. But I hope you will give us credit for making the war to restore the Union and save the country."

Then, looking down the road, I saw the head of the column appearing, and knowing our colonel would not approve of my being so far from my company I offered my hand to the fair, disloyal lady. I thanked her for her kindness to me, saying I hoped for her husband's safe return and the restoration of the Union to us all. The faintest smile as she extended her hand was all the reply she made, then I left the gate on the run.

It was one of those cases we sometimes meet during war, when instinctive sympathy for the suffering or needy oversteps the bitterness and hatred of it all. It was the pity that is born of woman.

On our return to Tuscumbia that night we were a tired and disappointed set. The next day a miniature cyclone or homeopathic tornado passed over our camp. The sun was furious, sending down its hottest rays, not a breeze ruffled the leaves on the few trees in our camp. I heard someone

call out, "Look over there!" Looking as he pointed I saw a whirlwind, funnel-shaped and spiral in its formation, composed of leaves, dust, grass, paper and shingles, apparently approaching our camp. As it came nearer, we could hear an indistinct roar from the swaying column. From the direction it was traveling it seemed to be seeking our regiment. Then a hundred voices called out, "Here she comes!" And it was upon us! It passed up a company street and, deflecting a little struck Capt. Putnam's tent, in which he sat writing. We could not see that it was struck until we beheld it transformed into a balloon, lifted up about twenty feet and carried away amidst the laughter and yells of the whole camp. The movement was so sudden that the tent had been carried some distance before the absorbed writer realized the situation. The boys ran after and secured the fugitive tent, which had lodged against a tree a half mile east of us.

On the following day we struck tents, continuing our march east through a rich and beautiful country. Our route was mainly in the direction of Huntsville, where we arrived after a two days' march. Before the war this had been the gem of Southern cities. It is situated at the base of the east spur of the Cumberland mountains. The streets are shaded and graded to perfection, and the private residences surpassed in beauty and elegance those of any other city of equal size we had seen in the South. North and west of it the most charming, fertile valleys greeted the eye, while to the south-east the Cumberlands loomed up in regal magnificence. On the apex of the nearest mountain several wealthy citizens erected their summer homes. We were told it was a delightful resort during the heated months. We encamped near the center of the city, on a large, open lot, probably intended for a future park, but at that time devoid of artistic embellish-

ments. Only a short distance from us was the wonderful spring which has given the city so much fame. It issues from the base of a lime rock sixty feet high.

Next day we started eastward again, still traversing a fine, rich country. It was on this day's march that I first heard of the 19th Illinois. I was again reminded of it last Memorial Day as I stood on the Lake Front and saw one familiar flag among the many that passed me. It was beautifully lettered on its silken stripes: "19th Illinois Inf't." It was followed by a few veterans who looked well and soldierly, considering their long battle with time and trouble. With the flitting view of that fine flag and its gray followers there came vividly back thoughts and memories that had slumbered for over forty years. One incident, especially, caused me to smile, for I recalled the earnest, frightened face of the woman who introduced me to that regiment.

My company had been detached from the main column on that occasion and I stopped at a large residence by the roadside to obtain some information. When about to leave the lady asked me to whom I belonged. I told her. "Do you think that dreadful 19th Illinois will ever return to this part of the country again?"

"Well," I replied, "it is impossible in time of war to tell where troops may be sent; but why do you call them 'dreadful?'"

"Oh, sir; those men are a terror, and their old commander, who is a Russian, I believe, is even worse. Those men were vandals of the purest type. What they could not carry away, or could not eat, or did not want, they destroyed. They have stripped this valley of all its watches, jewelry and silver plate."

"Why did you not bury your valuables?" This I asked with hypocritical innocence—as if I did not know.

"We did, sir; but it was utterly impossible to conceal anything from them. They invariably found all that was buried. I firmly believe those Yankees could smell a gold watch or a piece of silver plate three feet under ground, and as to their destructiveness—when they took possession of that plantation over there as an outpost, they did thar cooking in the parlor and cut thar pork up on the piano. And as to the poultry and pigs, of which we had an abundance before they came, not one could be found ten days after their arrival. Oh, I hope and pray they'll never come here again."

I had heard the substance of this tale of woe from an old man and woman a few days before, but not in such detail. The 19th Illinois had preceded us about two weeks. I told the lady she should not be too hasty in denouncing the 19th Illinois, nor entertain such a dislike for them, for it might possibly be their plan to bring the war to an early close in that way. I said: "Your soldiers will not stop long enough to determine this question in battle. We drove them from Kentucky to Tennessee, from there to Mississippi and now into Alabama. You see how they flee, so we must adopt some other method to restore the Union and bring the war to a close. No country can carry on a war if stripped of supplies. To my mind the 19th Illinois looked at it in that light, and are a blessing to you in disguise."

At this view of the situation I could see that her patience was exhausted. After a thoughtful observation of her jeweled hands, she slowly raised her head, looked at me with great earnestness, said: "May God preserve us from such blessings as the 19th Illinois," and she wouldn't resume that subject again. It may be that to this day the people of that fair, rich

region, who still survive the tempestuous times of the early sixties, remember the 19th Illinois, as the people of the Shenandoah Valley think of Phil Sheridan, or old citizens of Atlanta remember General Sherman.

That woman's description of this lively regiment aroused my interest in it, but, as far as I am aware, I never saw it until I beheld that hoary remnant—the shadow, clad in blue, as they passed me on Memorial Day. And, really, they looked so innocent on that occasion that I have since doubted the Alabama woman's story; indeed, I believe she slandered them.

Leaving Alabama we continued our march northward into Tennessee. By the time we arrived in this State the enemy had destroyed many bridges and railroads on the lines that transported our supplies. This caused such a scarcity of provisions that only half rations were issued to the men and our regimental commissaries were ordered to forage for enough to supply the deficiency. The day we entered Tennessee we passed a fine peach orchard, the branches bending with fruit. A comfortable looking residence with a number of children on the front steps seemed to be part of the farm property.

We went into camp about four miles farther on, and next morning I received an order to take my company with four wagons and bring those peaches to camp, together with such other subsistence as I could secure. Arriving at the house I found it occupied by a woman with five or six children. I told her the object of our visit. She protested earnestly, saying that if we took her peaches we would take her all; they had no other fruit, no products of any kind; her intention was to sell or exchange them for other supplies; if I took them she would almost starve. I explained that I could not do otherwise; that it was one of the cruel necessities of war; that I was sorry to rob her, but as starvation was also staring us in the

face I had to obey orders; nothing could come from the North now that the railroads were destroyed. I then proposed that if she would go with me or send her son, a lad of about twelve years who stood near, to select four rows, I would spare those. Finding these were the best terms she could get, she directed the boy to select them. After we had left the house I asked his name and where his father was. "The Yankees is got him," he replied. "How did they come to get him?" "They took him in a fight. We got a letter from him 'tother day but it was writ long ago; he was in Camp Chase, Ohio." "How does he like it?" "First rate; they treat him well and give him all he wants to eat."

When we had almost finished loading our wagons and were ready to call in the men who were on out-post duty to prevent a surprise, a squad of the 1st Ohio Cavalry who were also out foraging, reported that they had been north of us a few miles and had been fired on by guerillas when they were about to secure some hogs; if I would take the company and wagons I could secure them. I consented to go, piloted by the five cavalrymen. On arriving at the spot, which was a dilapidated farm house in a rough, wooded country, I found two old women. I inquired about the hogs and was assured there had not been one there for over two weeks; the last one was killed by a soldier. I could see nothing that these poor old women could spare, and was now looking for the cavalrymen to show me the hogs. They could not be seen, so I ordered a search for them. After some delay they were found in a little still-house at the foot of the hill in the woods nearly a mile from where they had said we would find the hogs, they, and three or four of my men having a hilarious time with the whiskey they had discovered. When they were brought over I asked what grounds they had had for saying we would find

hogs there. The answer was, "A nigger told us. He pointed to this house and started to come over to get them, then we were fired on by guerillas." The old woman told me there had been no guerillas there, neither had they heard any firing that day. It was evident to me the cavalrymen had lied, and it began to dawn upon me that their object had been to use us for a guard to insure security to them while they got the whiskey they had discovered, and we had been ensnared into answering their purpose. When I talked of taking them back under arrest they again solemnly repeated that a "nigger" had told them, and swore there had been firing not far away.

On our return to camp by another road we stopped at a farm house where some of the boys found a few chickens and vegetables. Not far from here we came to an old double-hewed log house which we found to be the home of an aged, tottering ex-soldier and his comparatively young wife—his second, she told me. He had served in the war of 1812, and was also with Gen. Jackson in the Creek Indian war. Here I was fortunate enough to witness actual proof that suffering creates a feeling of instinctive brotherliness in the human breast. When my boys found he had been a soldier they treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration. When they discovered the needy condition of the couple the sentiment turned to something substantial. Some gave coffee, others tobacco. George Evans, whom I had never suspected of being sentimental, gave the wife the chicken which he had appropriated at the other farm house; Sergeant Thomas appointed himself a committee to take up a collection, which, when counted, amounted to nearly two dollars. Two of the men who had been discovered with the cavalrymen at the little still-house, divided their whiskey with him, although, because of their intemperate cravings, it was as dear to them as life itself.

The dim eyes of the old man sparkled with joy when he saw and smelt the liquor that was being poured out for him from their canteens into the little bucket that stood on the rough old rickety table. His mind was comparatively bright on the events of his earlier years, but was almost a blank on the present.

I remember how he viewed with admiration our excellent equipment, and spoke of the brightness of our guns. Then he inquired where were our powder horns. When we told him we did not need any, that the powder and balls were in the cartridges which they showed him, he shook his head and said he wouldn't trust 'em—a powder horn was better. "Air the Injuns as well armed as you'uns?" When we told him there was no fight with Indians, he inquired if it was the British, and when we again answered in the negative he was anxious to know who was on the other side. Then one of the boys said he would come back some time and tell him all about it, as we had no time then. This satisfied him, and I was glad he did not comprehend that thousands of his people were attempting the destruction of the country he had on two occasions defended. By this incident between my boys and this poor old soldier I learned how the chastising rod of misfortune develops a sympathy with the suffering of others, and teaches us a lesson of mercy and charity that cannot be learned in other schools.

This was our last stop but one, which was on the main road. Here we found two women. I soon brought up the subject of our visit and asked if they had anything a soldier could eat. One of them said, and, from all appearances she spoke the truth, "Naw, sah! Not a thing, sah! A few days ago your men that ride critters tuck all we had, and the next day the foot fellers came along and tuck the balance."

After the war I witnessed another instance of fraternal instinct, this one concerning old Casper Krom, who had followed the great Napoleon in nearly all his campaigns as a sergeant in the Imperial Cuirassiers. Phil Sheridan and I often listened to his stories of Austerlitz, Leipsic, Waterloo, and the march to and from Moscow, told in his broken German-English. A few years after our return from the war, on a cold Christmas day, he was found dead in his cabin by Maria Stickle, who had gone there to take him a Christmas dinner. When I heard of his death I went over, expecting to find no one there, as he had no relatives; but to my surprise I had been preceded by four ex-soldiers who were busily engaged discharging the duties of fraternal brothers and undertaker, and funds were contributed from the same source to give him a respectable funeral. The old man left no money, having been an object of charity for several years.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HERMITAGE—"WHERE IS THE REGIMENT, DOCTOR?"—
THE CALL OF THE BUGLE A BENEDICTION AND AN INSPI-
RATION.

ON the night of the second or third day after our arrival at Nashville an incident occurred that occasioned me the greatest apprehension. By some good luck, as I thought at the time, I had succeeded in obtaining from our general a pass to the city. Passes were difficult to secure. I remained in town until about supper time, when, being the only commissioned officer with my company at the time I was obliged to return to camp to see that all was well. I found everything satisfactory.

While in the city I had noticed flaming posters announcing that a distinguished comedian, supported by a number of stars, would play that night. After returning to camp that poster and its attractive announcement was constantly in my mind. I had not attended a theater in over a year, and now a keen desire had awakened to witness another play.—I looked at my pass—the time limit was 12 P. M. Then I determined to attend the production. I notified the ranking sergeant of my proposed absence, and placed him in command of the company until my return. Then I hurried back to the city and to the theater.

The play proved to be a poor affair—a complete disappointment. Something seemed saying to me, "You should be with your company." Leaving the playhouse at the end of the first act I hurried toward camp, arriving about ten o'clock.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. Glancing up the row of tents on each side of the regimental street I could see no one; all was silent as the grave; it had a very deserted appearance for that hour. Not a solitary light was visible except at the surgeon's quarters. I hurried to the first tent, which was on the left of the battalion, and threw back the flaps, but found it empty. Into every tent did I look—all were deserted. An ominous silence pervaded the entire camp. Then I approached the dim light discernible in the surgeon's quarters and found the doctor about to retire.

"Where is the regiment, Doctor?"

"They have gone out on the Lebanon Pike, in the vicinity of the Hermitage, on the information of some scouts who brought in word that a regiment of rebel cavalry having gone into camp there, they believed we might 'gobble' them if we went in a hurry and exercised caution."

Now I was in trouble—especially when I recalled that I was the only commissioned officer in the company. My place must be filled by a commissioned officer from another company. This appointment would have to be made by the colonel and would expose my absence. It was true I had a pass, but upon investigation it would be found that I had returned to camp, therefore it might be argued that I had forfeited the remaining hours. A critical or illiberal colonel might so construe it. I walked from the camp to the Pike, feeling greatly troubled, and debating in my mind what to do.

I now decided to follow the regiment. I had taken but a few steps in that direction when I heard the hoof beats of a running horse far out in the direction I was going. Stopping and putting my ear to the ground I was convinced after listening for a minute that the sound was approaching. The animal was soon in sight, and passed me, turning to the right in

our camp. I ran after it, believing it to be a messenger from our regiment with important word. I was almost by the side of the rider when he dismounted and tied his panting horse.

"What's up? Who are you after?"

"The surgeon and ambulance, as quickly as I can get them. We have had a little fight out here about five miles and some of our boys are wounded, one of them badly—he may bleed to death."

"What company did he belong to?"

"I don't know. Please assist me in looking up the surgeon and ambulance driver."

The surgeon had overheard our conversation, and when I called for him he was already making preparations to start. The driver was soon found, his horse attached to the ambulance, and we started down the Pike at a rapid gait. This was the only time that a reckless driver did not drive fast enough to suit me, for I continued urging him to go faster. But the surgeon, who out-ranked me, ordered him to slacken his speed, fearing that a blunder on the part of the horse when descending the hills might lead to an accident, thereby delaying us.

The reader must not think that I was spoiling for a fight—my valor was never hard to curb. It was purely because of duty that I ever faced danger, but this time I had a feeling of guilt and shame that I had not been there when I should have been with the boys of Company A, sharing their fortune or misfortune, their risk and danger, even to the death.

It seemed a long time before the driver said, "Now we are approaching the Hermitage, the home of General Jackson, where he lived, died, and is buried." That we were so near the end of our destination were most welcome words to me, and under other circumstances I would have been much inter-

ested in seeing the home of the man of strong will and indomitable courage.

"There is the Hermitage," said our guide, pointing to a fine looking residence to the right of the road, "and near here the skirmish commenced."

I had a disagreeable presentment that the injured soldier belonged to my company. We drove off the Pike. The church stood back some distance. On leaving the noisy flint road I could hear the scattering shots of skirmishers firing further out. They were still engaged.

As soon as our horse slowed up I jumped out. The form of a man lay on the grass, and the light of the moon showed plainly the features of my company bugler, John Hemry, one of my best and most intelligent soldiers. It encouraged me to find that the wound was not necessarily mortal. When he recognized me he extended his hand as a sign of welcome.

"Are you badly hurt, John?" I inquired.

"I don't know; there is a big hole through both thighs, but I can move them, the bones are not broken. They stopped the bleeding, and I think I'll get along."

My services were needed a few minutes with the surgeon, after which I hurried toward the firing a half mile away. The wounded man had told me that our company and F were deployed, the remainder of the battalion following. My company being engaged increased the guilty fears that I had entertained at the beginning. Passing the battalion in line of battle, I soon came to the skirmishers. An officer informed me who had command of my company. I asked him if he had heard any remarks from any of the field officers in regard to my absence. He had not. He told me the lieutenant-colonel was in command of the skirmishers and was dismounted. He showed me where he thought the officer could be found. An-

anticipating a frosty reception I approached; indeed, it might be a hot reception. As I came up I made my presence known by some remark. Looking at me he said:

"Where in the devil have you been all day?"

I explained as briefly and quickly as I could.

"This may get you into trouble; the colonel is mad. You left your company without a commissioned officer. Are you sure you had a pass from the general?"

Fortunately I still retained it. After fumbling in my pocket for some time I found it. He read it by the bright moonlight, after which he said:

"I am glad you have it; it will save you trouble."

With my guilty conscience troubling me, and nervously fearing a refusal and possibly an order to be under arrest, I asked if he would allow me to take command of my company. He hesitated; it seemed an age before he finally said "Yes." I was delighted. Then, as a favor (he had always been friendly toward me) I asked him to show the pass to the colonel and explain the whole affair, which he agreed to do. Thanking him, I flew to my company and relieved the lieutenant in command.

How complete the change was from a weight of guilt and anxiety to the fulness of joy! With light heart I went up and down the line. We did not advance more than a hundred yards from where I joined them until we were ordered back. The firing in our front had entirely ceased; the enemy had disappeared. Returning, we found the battalion in column on the Pike waiting for us, and we started for camp.

As we repassed the historic home of General Jackson I viewed it in the light of that high, full moon with far greater interest and with changed feelings.

Henry lay in the hospital for several months, and at one

stage blood poisoning was feared, but, being young and of sound constitution and brave, generous heart, he triumphed over his dangerous wounds. When he came back to us he was thinner and paler, but he lived to serve his country until peace was restored.

It was a remarkable coincidence that both my buglers should be wounded in precisely the same spot—the ball piercing the thighs of both, and both recovering. One accident occurred in front of the Hermitage and the other quite near a home equally historic in the Shenandoah Valley. Now, let me repeat in the language of another what part the bugler played in the war; how his music thrilled and saddened us as he sounded the charge, the retreat, the halt, the advance, and all the calls they most loved and most despised, for the bugler is the principal voice of an army:

“Yes; I love the sound of a bugle today, but when I was in the army there was nothing I so much dreaded and hated. Not one of the calls now, though, but what is dear to me, bringing up many tender associations and recollections of those who long ago have answered the last call on earth, and who are waiting, under the sod and dew, for the summons of the Chief Trumpeter, whose blast is to awaken the world. There were but few of the calls that were welcome to the ear of the ever-tired soldier. One of them was the ‘recall from drill.’ Another the ‘dinner’ call; another retreat at sundown, if one was in camp and tired, but if one was out on a pass, expiring at sundown, this call was always answered with a sigh, or with under-breathed words that were not a benediction upon the trumpeter or his trumpet. There hardly seemed a minute in the day that the bugles were not sounding from somewhere for some purpose. The cavalry, artillery and infantry all had different calls for the same service. This was done to avoid confusion, as often the cavalry were required to mount and away when neither the infantry nor artillery was required, and vice versa. The call that the soldiers despised to hear above all others was that of ‘break camp,’ or ‘tear down.’ Imagine yourself comfortably quartered in a pretty grove, with your

tent nicely located, the scenery lovely, the water for drinking and bathing abundant and handy, the country surrounding the camp rich in forage, the weather lovely, the labors light and the boys exchanging courtesies on the picket line. Some fine morning, sounding from some far away headquarters, you catch the faint notes of a bugle. The call is an unusual one, never being sounded unless the troops have been in camp for some days. The soldier going to the 'run' to do his washing sets down his camp kettle and listens. He thinks he has detected a few notes that are unwelcomely familiar. Now another trumpeter has taken up the call; he is nearer than the first, and so the annoying message is wafted from one brigade to another, until presently you see your own regimental bugler step out in front of his tent and repeat it with great apparent relish. The soldiers take up the call and mockingly repeat it:

"Tear, tear, tear; tear down, tear down, tear down;
Tear, tear, tear, down, d-o-w-n.

"The bugles seem to say the words and unless the men are positively worn out with camp life, something that didn't happen in my time, they always disliked to hear this call, which told of march, fatigue, scant rations and most always meant fight. Another call the boys objected to was the 'fall in' call on the march. On long marches, for the weary soldiers to lay down in the hot dust and sun and go to sleep was a matter of course. No soldier ever believed that the halt for breath, rest and fresh water was ever half long enough. While all the notes of the bugle were pleasant to hear in the abstract, it was irksome to think one always had to obey them. A soldier of our command, obtaining a furlough, loafed around camp all one day after he'd got his papers in his pocket, so he could have the satisfaction of saying, with emphatic independence, 'Let the bugles blow and be d——d.'

"The call to 'advance the lines' was a thrilling one. This always meant the stirring up of a hornet's nest, and often brought on a general engagement. The 'advancing of the lines' simply meant pushing the skirmish line further toward the enemy and taking a new position. If the enemy fell back, all right. If they were defiant and held their ground, the batteries began to play, and often ran us into a pitched battle,

without just cause or provocation, the main body far in the rear, with only the slender line of skirmishers keeping up the racket.

"The sweetest of calls was 'taps,' sounded fifteen minutes after the tattoo roll-call. It meant lights out, and under its musical mandate every light among the thousands of soldiers must be at once extinguished. It could be heard from a hundred hill-tops, given out first by a sweet-toned bugle from headquarters, and taken up and reëchoed throughout the vast army by a thousand buglers. Many times one could hear the sadly sweet sound half an hour after the first one had blown, coming from far, far away, the tones beautifully mellowed by the distance, like an echo to all the echoes of the first sound.

"After this no other bugle note was heard until the reveille next morning. In case of midnight alarms, the drums were called into service. Some brigades had more trumpeters than others—a fact that seemed to arise from the taste or inclination of the commander. But the notes of the bugle were as familiar in the ears of the soldiers as household words, and to-day there are few men but delight to hear the glorious calls that incited to action or lulled to slumber. There is something thrilling and soul-stirring in the sound of the trumpet that calls to action, as there is sad and pathetic in those that tell of repose. 'Retreat' is a strangely touching call; it is always accompanied by running the colors down from the jack-staff, by the sullen boom of the evening gun, and the sinking of the sun. It is the last call of the day but two, and when it is sounded every soldier is expected to be in his quarters. I notice that it is the fashion of well regulated bands to play the bugle calls nowadays,

"We will march away together at the breaking of the day,
At the breaking of the day,
At the breaking of the day,
While the merry trumpets play,
While the merry, merry trumpets play."

I love to hear the sound of the bugle today, but did not feel that way in war days. Who among us but loves those calls at this safe distance, bringing back as they do the incidents, excitement and thrill of battle! What emotions cluster around those notes!

The following day I went into Nashville on business, and while there I secured some papers, in one of which I found the following account of Colonel Philip Sheridan of the 2nd Michigan and the battle of Booneville:

"Bushwhacking has become an important feature in the rebel mode of warfare, and the daring raids of these men needed a counter irritant. Sheridan was made Colonel of the Second Michigan and soon after started toward Booneville on his first raid. His reckless daring at once manifested itself, and a second regiment was added to his command. He made a dash after the Guerrilla Forrest, and was so successful in it that he was formally made commander of a cavalry brigade and sent to Booneville, twenty miles in front of the army. Here the memorable battle of Booneville occurred. On the 1st of July, 1862, a rebel force numbering between four and five thousand attacked his force of two regiments. He retreated slowly, but kept up a continuous fire. The day was going against him, but he determined to hazard a bold move to regain it. Selecting a body of reliable men, about a hundred in all, he sent them by a circuitous route to the rear of the rebels. In the meantime the main body fought desperately. Suddenly the enemy were startled by the crack of carbines in the rear, and in their bewilderment they thought a whole brigade had come to the rescue. Amid the confusion Sheridan made an impetuous charge, and the day was his, the enemy fleeing in great disorder. This gallant fight has made his name famous, and his bravery brought him a Brigadier General's commission, to date from the day of the hard-fought battle and victory."

In a few days after my return our whole division moved to Nashville, where we remained nearly a week, then crossed the Cumberland, northward.

It was ascertained by this time that Bragg was going in the same direction, his objective point, it was thought, being Louisville, Kentucky.

Now commenced one of the most interesting and longest races ever made by two great armies on parallel lines. Often

our routes would bring us within a few miles of each other, so that our campfires could be seen, then the columns would diverge, only on the following day to be within hailing distance again. On the latter occasion we were ready for action on very short notice, but no battles occurred between Buell and Bragg in this famous race. These long, weary miles from the Gulf States to the Ohio river can never be forgotten, but we succeeded in arriving at our destination first, putting it in a state of defense with such a strong force as to discourage Bragg from attacking.

Our division arrived on the banks of the Ohio eight or ten miles below Louisville on September 25. When we came in sight of the green fields, as they gently sloped toward the river on the Indiana side, and the beautiful, well-cultivated country beyond, they looked to us not unlike what our imaginations had pictured of "the Promised Land."

To make the scene more lovely, as well as more characteristic of the North, a pretty, white schoolhouse was situated on one of the emerald terraces, and the teacher was just dismissing a group of children, a sight we had not witnessed in all our marching through the South. An occasional breeze would waft to us a chorus of happy laughter from the little ones as they ran down to the river bank, and very distinctly could we hear their childish shouts as we came nearer, and now we could see them waving their hats to us. As the head of the column reached the road, running parallel with the river, we halted. Our march had been down a dry valley. In every direction on our side the scenery was parched and dead. Probably the presence of war had caused it, but it might have been that the soil on the Indiana side was richer, for there it was clean and bright. As we halted I could hear it called "God's country" over there.

"Sam, what would you give to be over in the Promised Land a few hours?"

Now came the order, "Head of column to the right!" We had not gone far in that direction, only far enough to bring our regiment directly opposite the white schoolhouse, when we halted again. Soon followed the command:

"By the right of companies to the rear into column. March!"

This was a most welcome command; it meant a halt for the night.

"Fix bayonets. Stack arms! Break ranks! March!" And, more than all, a bath in the beautiful Ohio!

The arms were stacked, tents erected, and, by some, supper was commenced, but thousands first rushed to the river to be near it and touch its waters. There was a graceful sweep and curve in the stream at this point, which added to its beauty. We could hear sweet music in the ripple of its waves; an invitation to the tired, dusty soldiers to bathe in its clear, bright waters; besides, we thought it was our river, made from the springs and rivulets of our homes. It came from the hills and valleys we loved, and we thought we could hear those waters, in their gentle murmur say, "We have come from loyal homes to greet and comfort you."

The children from the schoolhouse had all crowded to the bank to gaze at us. Something, possibly the display of our colors, or it might have been the request of the teacher, caused them to give us a cheer. It was taken up on our side by thousands, so long and loud that it might have been heard miles away. In no army but an American could such emotion have been inspired as took expression in the response to the cheer of the children. I am sure there were tears in more eyes than Joe Miller's among the men who had children at home

as they gazed over on that scene. Abe Stedman, standing near me, had been watching steadily for some time. As he turned, he noticed a tear in Miller's eye. Miller was one of the oldest men in the company. Abe, in his thoughtless, boyish way, said:

"Joe, I believe you are crying; the sight of that river makes you homesick."

Joe straightened himself up, and said, with some embarrassment, as he brushed away the tear with his dusty sleeve:

"Abe, you are about right. Those children over there put me in mind of my four little fellows; one of them died, you know, when we were in front of Corinth, but it is nothing to cry about. He's better off than we are—no wars there, or long, tiresome marches. It may appear a little strange to you and look womanish to see me so near crying, but that little fellow who died took it the hardest to see me go the day the company left. He followed me clear down to Hazelton, a-crying the whole way down. His mother had hard work to make him go back with her; he seemed to know he would never see me again, and they said in the letter I got that when he was a-dying he kept asking for his papa. I looked over there when they came closer to the water, and I thought I could see a little chap that looked just like him, just the build and make-up of my little Jim."

We remained on the banks of the Ohio until the third day before going to Louisville, long enough to free ourselves of the intimate friends that we hated so cordially, notwithstanding their devotion and fidelity. I have reference to the army louse, or, in more polite language, the "graybacks." After long boiling and washing of our clothing, which had become almost stiffened with the repeated accumulation of dust and perspiration, we were once more clean and wholesome. What

a luxury that was! How joyful we felt to be free from those pests once more!

The next day we moved our camp within the city limits. Having heard of General Sheridan's presence and promotion to the Brigadier Generalship, I felt like visiting him and offering my congratulations. I applied for a pass for myself and six men, playmates of Sheridan's, and we started to find his headquarters, expecting to get that information at the Gault House.

On arriving there we found the hotel packed with excited officers, while confusion reigned everywhere, caused by the killing, a few minutes before we entered, of General Nelson by General Jeff C. Davis. This shocking affair prevented me from getting the information we had called for. I only heard, from a friend we met, that Sheridan's division would form a part of the 3rd Corps, which we at that time belonged to.

When we came to Louisville we found many new regiments that had been hurried from the North in anticipation of the occupation of Kentucky by the enemy. The presence of so many called for a new deal of brigades, so to speak. Old regiments were taken out of old brigades and new ones substituted. The main object was that the new soldier might learn his duties more readily by associating with experienced, disciplined comrades. While this was undoubtedly true, and the plan was really for the good of the service, I must confess that the new comrades were on more than one occasion imposed upon by the veterans. To tell the truth, the old soldier robbed the new one.

The 82nd Indiana came to our brigade. It was one of the new ones. Its members nearly all came over the river well stocked with small packages of dried fruit, clean towels,

thread, needles and other necessities that a mother or sister had prepared for the departing boy. The fact that these new soldiers were so abundantly supplied, tempted daily and nightly visits to the 82nd camp, seeking for those delicacies and conveniences. So common did those unwelcome visits become, that their colonel, who had a voice like a fog horn, issued a verbal order one day on dress parade that his men should sleep with their knapsacks under their heads, to keep those old soldiers from stealing their contents.

CHAPTER XIII.

BUELL LEAVING LOUISVILLE — BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE — A
MULE LOOKING AT THE BATTLE—DEADLY EFFECT OF
SHERIDAN'S ARTILLERY.

A BEAUTIFUL day it was on the 7th of October, 1862, a day so pleasant that it should have been devoted to something less cruel than war, but Buell's army of sixty thousand swarmed out of Louisville from every avenue leading South. Everyone knew it was to give battle to Bragg, who was not very distant and evidently prepared for it.

Those hosts in blue, with colors flying, marching with buoyant step to the music of so many bands, were an inspiring sight. Everyone seemed to be in fine spirits. I must modify that—all except our regiment. So far as I could see, it was the only exception, nearly all our men looking sour and disappointed because they had been prevented from spending their money in Louisville. The paymaster had paid every regiment in the brigade but ours, and when he made his appearance to pay us an order came to strike tents and move. Oh, the disgust and disappointment of that portion that so strongly desired to invest their new greenbacks in hilarity! When they saw the other regiments paid, they looked forward with certainty that in a few hours would come their turn. They had promised themselves a good time, and when almost within their grasp it was cruelly snatched away. Words cannot express their indignation, but there was only

one course to pursue, to be resigned, a virtue which they had learned soon after volunteering.

A rumor was current that as soon as Bragg was whipped, in a day or two (the Army of the Cumberland always counted on being victorious), the paymaster would follow to pay the few unpaid regiments. But this was poor consolation; they wanted their crisp greenbacks while in the city; besides, they might be killed. They could have no enjoyment in the country. For two days some of my boys muttered and grumbled like children. By that time our advance began to see and skirmish with Bragg's rear. This we knew meant battle in a few days. He was keeping up back to give him more time to select and prepare his ground. On the 9th, Mitchell was in advance and kept up an uninterrupted skirmish. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the heat was intense, with a drought that had prevailed for over two months. Our tongues were parched and our lips cracked for want of moisture, often our mouths filled with dust.

We bivouacked on the side of the road that night. Very early in the morning Sheridan's division passed us, not over ten feet distant, but so dense was the dust that we could not distinguish a man. I noticed one of my men had rolled over in his sleep quite near me. I could reach him. His features were almost obliterated by dust and perspiration. Curiosity prompted me to see how much dust I could gather with a single grasp of my hand, so I reached over, securing a handful. The experiment did not in the least disturb him, and he continued his loud snoring without interruption.

Before we were up we heard firing in our front, not over a mile from us. I was satisfied that Sheridan was engaging the enemy. We were soon in line and moving toward the sound. We did not go far until we halted. A few soldiers

had saved a little water to make coffee in the morning, and it was quickly prepared. After breakfast I doubt if there remained a gallon of water in the whole battalion. We moved again, crossing a deep, dry valley. On ascending the opposite hill we came within the effects of the fight, which by this time was becoming general on our center and left. The first thing that attracted our attention, as he lay in the road, was a soldier with his head cut off by a solid shot, evenly to the chin, it having the appearance of having been done with a cleaver.

We now came near the fighting, without firing a shot; we were held in reserve. From the wounded who were brought to the rear we learned it was Sheridan fighting in our front. I watched with great interest. McCook, who commanded our left, I could not see very distinctly because of the hills and woods, but we could hear that there was heavy fighting. He was getting the worst of it. It was there we sustained our greatest loss. We could plainly see the charges and counter-charges of Sheridan's division with the deadly effect of his artillery as the enemy massed to charge McCook. From what I was able to learn, it was only Sheridan's fierce fighting that saved McCook. I thought I could recognize Sheridan dashing from point to point cheering his infantry with his presence.

During this hard fighting on our left, which threatened that wing with destruction, you will wonder what our right was doing. We had miles of men standing in line of battle for hours waiting to be ordered in, but such was the mismanagement that they received no order, nor did they see an enemy. There was not a man in my company so stupid that he did not see the glaring mistake and become indignant. I

could hear them say: "Why doesn't Buell order our right forward to save the left and easily secure a victory?"

How those men cursed! What little they could see and hear from those who came back to us of how our left was hammered and broken, while thousands stood within supporting distance and were not ordered up, enraged them. They were intelligent enough to see that a great opportunity was lost. There was bitter blasphemy coming from many parched lips that I had never heard blaspheme before or afterward, for they knew that the wasted opportunity would compel them to face the foe again with probably less advantage to us, thus prolonging the war.

As I am not describing battles (history has attended to that) I will simply relate incidents as they came to my notice. Here is one:

As we were coming into range of the enemy's guns, not far from the decapitated soldier before mentioned, I saw on a slight eminence about twenty steps to my right, a mule standing broadside to us, head up, ears pointing back, with a cannon ball hole through his neck and such a look of interest in his steadfast gaze upon the battle that one might have supposed he was enjoying the fight. I could distinctly see through the neck. I said to my first sergeant, who was walking by my side, "Garrett, look at that mule!" He stared for some time, as though fearing his eyes were deceiving him, and I shall not forget his quaint saying, so characteristic of him: "That would be a d—— good place for a winder (window)." Notwithstanding we were in the midst of stirring scenes all that day, I could not forget his reply, which still causes me a smile. This sergeant was so full of quaint and funny sayings, so full of fun, even when in danger and suffering, and so brave, withal, that to me he was an inspiration, and I became

much attached to him. His education had been somewhat neglected, and he had a contempt for grammar and manners that would have unfitted him for the ministry (even if he had any aspirations that way, which I think he had not), but as an honorable man and brave soldier he had no superior.

The mule continued on that knoll, apparently looking at Sheridan's division fighting until we had passed out of sight, but his lifeblood was dripping so rapidly as we passed him that in a few hours at most he gave up this life of toil and hardship.

I have often wondered how we could have carried on that war without mules. I cannot imagine how his place could have been filled by a substitute, yet history never mentions him; no one gives him any credit, nor was he shown much kindness. It is true, he is of unsociable disposition; indeed, has an instinctive hankering to kick friend or foe, and firmly believes that this, with eating and working, is his most important mission on earth; but, with all his faults, he is entitled to our gratitude for what he did to save the Union. How ungrateful this republic was when it did not bring the patient, persistent, long-suffering, long-eared mules home when the war was over to be cared for in good pastures, with rest and plenty, for a few years! You may say that the cavalry horse, though a much more noble and intelligent animal, was not shown that kindness; true, but the case is different. In the weary march, and toilsome, rapid raid, the horse had the sympathetic care of his rider; a tender friendship existed between them; he could feel the thrill of exaltation and knew the import of being a pursuing victor. The triumphs of the rider flashed through the animal's veins; in short, he felt a human heart's excitement and glow, and when that was over he could hear and understand the affectionate words and loving

caresses of his rider, while his cousin, the mule, after the long, weary pull of a hot or cold day could hear only the abuse of his driver and received only beatings and thumps from cruel teamsters.

By four o'clock that afternoon the battle was over. We lost nearly five thousand killed and wounded. It was no victory for us, notwithstanding we held the field. The enemy had accomplished their object, crippling us to such an extent that we must halt a day at least, thus giving them time to get the supplies they had accumulated in Kentucky out of the way.

We laid down that night expecting to resume action in the morning. It was rumored we would attack at daylight, but when daylight came the enemy was not in our front. We afterward heard that it was not Buell's original intention to fight until next day; that it had been brought on by Sheridan driving the enemy from a spring, for which his men were famishing, and in the attempt to retake it forces were added to each side until the battle became general.

General Buell must have learned that a foeman does not always co-operate with his enemy and wait until the opposition has completed details of its plans. In the morning, instead of finding a grey battle line in front, there were only the dead and mortally wounded, and for us a barren victory.

We sat in the dust that morning drinking our coffee and eating our hard bread, disappointed and gloomy. During our march from Mississippi to the Ohio we had formed a high opinion of General Buell. No man could have moved that army with greater celerity and regularity than he. He was certainly a fine organizer, but he lacked the faculty for taking advantage of an opportunity, and I think he was too deficient in the nerve requisite to assume great responsibilities, characteristics that Sheridan possessed to a wonderful degree.

About nine o'clock that morning an order came to me through our adjutant to report at General McCook's headquarters with my company and there obtain picks and shovels to assist in burying the dead. Before leaving, I tried to ascertain where General McCook's headquarters were located, but could get no reliable information; the best I could learn was that it was to our left about three miles. We started in that direction, inquiring of every mounted officer we met the whereabouts of McCook's headquarters, but no one could give us the required information. In this indefinite manner we roved over this battle-field for nearly two hours, when my attention was called to some soldiers digging not far away. We headed for that party, hoping to hear something of our destination. On descending a little hill we found two soldiers digging a grave under the shade of a tree. I halted the command near this spot and they ceased their labors to answer our oft-repeated questions as to McCook's quarters. They could tell us nothing definite, stating that they belonged to Sheridan; to one of the new regiments; that the pick and shovel they were using to bury their dead brother, pointing to a small soldier who lay near another a few feet away, belonged to their company. By this time the brothers' feelings so overcame them that they ceased speaking of him. I stepped over to look at him. There was almost a smile on his young face—no expression of pain. He could not have suffered, for he was shot through the heart. After one of the brothers had somewhat mastered his emotions he said:

"It is the thought of our mother, when she hears of his death, that is so painful to us. She never consented to his going, as he was too young, not yet seventeen, and was never very healthy; I suppose for that reason he was always her favorite. We know when she receives this sad message it

will almost kill her. Her letters are all about Willie. Here is one he received before we left Louisville; we took it out of his blouse near the spot where he was shot; you can see the blood stains on it."

I read it several times before returning it. The substance was so characteristic of a mother that I well remember it. It commenced by saying that it was the opinion of many that in a few days an important battle would be fought; that since she had read that, a dread she had never felt before had come over her. Most of all, she dreaded for him the fatigue of rapid marching incident to a battle, with his heavy gun and the other load a soldier must carry, and requested that he ask his brother James, who was stronger, to carry it for him when the day was hot or the march long. She said:

"Perhaps, after the first battle, I may not have these terrible feelings, but until it is over, and I have heard of your safety, I shall have thoughts and suspense that none but a mother can feel."

I returned the bloody letter of the affectionate mother, and looked into the grave, which was almost three feet deep, with an off-set within a foot of the bottom, where, after the body was placed, boards could be laid across to separate it from the earth.

I asked of the brother if he would accept our services to carry out the remainder of the sad duties, and they were glad to accept. When the grave was prepared, two of my men carried the body over, gently placed him in his narrow home, boards were soon found to rest on the off-set, and the grave was finished with a neat mound to mark the spot.

The pathetic picture before us and the story of the two brothers as they spoke of their mother's broken heart, when she should hear of the death of her favorite boy, caused a

choking sensation in the breasts of more than one of those rough spectators and tears stood in several eyes. When Miles and Jones had discharged the last duty of laying him away in his bloody blue shroud, we bid them good-bye, hearing no requiem but the sobs of the brothers and the gentle murmur of the breeze as it rustled through the leafy bower that shaded us.

I found on this field, as on others, that as soon as night spread its black veil over the horrors of the day, the soldier-robber goes out to search the dead for their valuables. I found the pockets of the slain turned inside out, and the rings taken from their fingers. I saw a Confederate officer whose hand was covered with dried blood, except where a wide ring had left the skin white, in striking contrast to the remainder of the crimson member.

In their search for valuables, letters would be thrown out. I felt curious to read one that lay beside a fine-looking man. I intended to return it to the writer, explaining my possession of it. It was a well-written, patriotic love letter from a girl to her betrothed, but she did not appear to realize the uncertainties of war, as she concluded by painting a picture of the most perfect happiness for them after his return, which she thought would not be delayed longer than a year. How terribly her bright anticipations were shattered only a few days afterward! The letter had not been written more than two weeks before he was killed. It was probably the first time he had heard from her, as he was a member of one of the new Illinois regiments that had joined us a few days before.

I carried the letter several days, as we were pursuing the enemy and no mail was received or sent, so there was no opportunity to return it to the girl. When a chance came I

found it so badly faded from rain and perspiration that it was illegible.

A rain followed the second night after the battle, impressing me with the truth of the saying, "rain follows battles." This had been true of Mill Springs, Shiloh and Perryville.

On the second day we left the field. Now the whole army was in motion. When we came to the main road on our march we found it filled with troops as far as the eye could see. Those on the road having the right of way, we were detained some time before we could follow. Our long delay was in the midst of what had been a Confederate field hospital, under some trees where still lay the dead and dying, and at this place I saw a remarkable case of tenacity to life in a Confederate soldier who had been shot through the temples, his brain protruding from both sides, but who retained strength sufficient to raise himself on his hands and knees, then in weakness to topple over again.

When we finally did start, the crowding of troops, the blockading of wagons and the caution we had to observe, for we were yet uncertain as to the movements and plans of Bragg, rendered our progress slow, indeed. We did not get farther than the town of Perryville, and halted to camp in a drizzling rain. As our wagons were not with us, we were without tents or rations, but an incident gave half of my company and myself good shelter and plenty to eat.

Soon after we halted and stacked arms, I looked down the slope toward the town and noticed, a distance away, a two-story house with good outbuildings, all having an appearance of prosperity. A woman was running toward us with streaming hair and loud shrieks. I went out to meet her, and when she came near enough she asked, with panting breath, where the colonel was. Her features and manner be-

trayed great fear and excitement. I could not see the colonel, but pointed to the lieutenant-colonel, who was standing by a little fire. My curiosity being aroused, I followed her to learn the cause of all this alarm. When she reached him she said:

“Oh, colonel, the soldiers are robbing my house and threatening to kill me. My rooms are full of men. For God’s sake, protect me! Send some of your soldiers to drive them away. They may burn my home!”

As soon as the colonel heard her story, seeing me near, he told me to take my first platoon and hurry down, surround the house and bring the robbers to him. I ran back to my company, ordered the first platoon to fall in and take arms, which they quickly did, and we started down the hill on a double quick, but the rascals were too smart to be caught; they had men on the outlook for us.

When they saw us coming they alarmed those inside, for I could see a scurrying to and fro. We could see them swarming from windows and doors, running in an opposite direction, where the mass of the army lay. When we arrived, not one could be found, but we did find that house in an awful condition; the rooms had the appearance of being struck with a cyclone. Every straw and feather bed had been opened and the contents emptied; in some places the feathers were knee deep; this was to search for money that might be hidden. Those more hungry than avaricious had ransacked the pantries, cupboards, cellar and smokehouse for eatables. We found honey, molasses, preserves and canned fruit smeared everywhere. Others had broken open drawers and trunks looking for jewelry and watches. The poor woman and her children followed us from room to room, sobbing over the scene of destruction and confusion. I asked the lady why she had not notified us sooner so we might have prevented so

much loss. She explained that the first thing they did was to lock her up in one of the rooms which, fortunately, was on the main floor, where she waited until they became thoroughly engaged. She then opened the window and made her escape. My boys found pieces of ham with the best portions cut out, which, when we showed them to her, she begged us to keep if we could use them, for the meat had been trampled under foot. Very short rations, indeed none for a day, had made us more hungry than fastidious, therefore we were glad of something. In this way we picked up many scraps which they had left behind in their hurry to escape, enough to make us a feast. We were not epicures just then.

After arranging her household the best we could, I told her we would return to camp. At this proposition her sobs and cries broke out anew and she begged us to remain through the night, as the robbers would surely return when they found we had gone. I told her we had been sent down to drive away or capture the robbers, and as we had done all we could our mission was over and it was our duty to return. "This the colonel will expect, much as I would prefer to protect you and remain under this comfortable shelter."

She then asked, "Would you and your men remain with the colonel's consent?"

"Gladly," I replied. "You see how it is raining and getting cooler, and we have no tents, but I could not ask him—it would be selfish."

I collected my men and marched them back, the lady following us in tears to gain the consent of the colonel. I was within hearing distance when she pleaded, telling him of her unprotected condition, with no neighbors near, and that she feared death should the robbers return. The lieutenant-colonel, a good man, gave his consent that we should stay

until morning, calling over to me to "take the first platoon back."

How happy that woman was! Repeatedly she thanked him; then, fearing I had not heard the order, she ran over through the mud to tell me what he had said. Of course we were pleased to return, for we knew that we could pick up more than enough of what the thieves had left in their flight to furnish us with another feast for supper.

In the morning the rain was over and we parted, mutually grateful, she for the protection we had afforded her and we for the food and shelter we so enjoyed. And as the army was then in motion I could safely assure her that the soldiers would be gone from that locality by twelve o'clock.

That afternoon we went into camp five miles east. We were yet moving cautiously, as there was some doubt as to Bragg's movements. As it was late in the afternoon when we halted, there was every indication that we would remain there through the night. A soldier passed me carrying two chickens; he had been out foraging. I offered a dollar for one, a good fat hen, which was accepted. I asked my cook to prepare and cook it as quickly as possible, as we might be ordered away at any time. He had just got it on the fire when, to my disgust, we were ordered to form the battalion to march. I thought it meant a night march, and so it did. Calling the cook to me before we started, I told him to remain and cook the chicken, as I had heard the wagons would follow. I thought it would be cooked by the time they came. "By tomorrow, if there is no battle, they will surely reach us. You know how hungry we will be by that time. Save me at least one-half." He looked me honestly and innocently in the face, saying I would have over half, I would have it all; the gizzard, if I had no objection, was all he wanted; he would be thankful

for that. "You shall have the balance; it is cool now and I will salt it well so it will keep for several days."

Then the bugle sounded "forward" and we parted. My one pleasant thought while on that march was that I had a good, honest cook; yes, positively, I had a devoted, truthful cook, always looking out for my comfort and enjoyment. We marched all night, entering Harrodsburg early in the morning. As soon as it was light enough I found myself looking back along the road, hoping to see the wagon train coming, though at the same time knowing that it was too soon to hope for that. I did not care so much to see the train itself as the chicken it would bring me. We moved cautiously that day, expecting to come upon the enemy at any moment, as there had been a slight skirmish with the rear guard very early that morning. But the thought uppermost in my mind that whole day, to the exclusion of all else on earth, was the chicken; it was a matter of greater import to me, hungry as I was, than the pursuit of Bragg or even the rise and fall of empires. But that evening the enemy entirely disappeared from our front. We slept that night. There was no alarm, no marching.

Late the following afternoon we heard that the wagons were coming. Of course by this time no one will doubt that I was prepared to enjoy what had been ever present in my mind, that chicken. I had now fully concluded that I would not accept of more than half of it, for the cook would be entitled to half for his fidelity. There would be no doubt of its fresh condition, for the weather was quite cool. Someone who had probably been on the lookout in the next company called out, "There comes the wagons!" Others soon repeated the welcome words. I mounted a fence and, recognizing our team of sorrel mules, started for them. Before reaching

them they had turned off the road and were going into camp. As I came up the cook and teamster greeted me cheerfully. Without much delay I asked for the chicken. An ominous change came in the expression of their faces, and in sympathetic tones they told me of their misfortune during the night which robbed them of my chicken.

"Gordon was driving and fell asleep and the wagon run agin a stump and upset the whole business. We had the chicken wrapped up in paper in that camp kettle; it was on top of the load and when the things spilled out the kettle rolled in a mudhole. When we found it it was so muddy we had to throw it away. Yes, in the darkness we tramped on it. When picked up it was in such condition that no man could eat it, so we just left it there. We hated to, like thunder, on your account, for we knowed how hungry you would be."

The teamster was standing by and acted as a sympathetic chorus while this tale of misfortune was being unfolded, fully and warmly corroborating every word of it, and expressing himself as feeling wretchedly on my account. Sitting on that log, listening to their harrowing tale, I was the picture of disappointment and despondency. Sometimes a doubt as to the truth of the story would arise, but, having nothing to base this doubt upon, I suppressed it and walked away, plunged into the innermost depths of gloom. How much stronger the appetite is than the nobler emotions, sometimes even stronger than fear, for we were then hourly expecting to face the enemy in action, but that fact did not trouble me, the chicken vanquished every other thought.

Several years after the war, when the 31st, or a remnant of it, was sitting at a table enjoying a good dinner at one of our yearly reunions, I first learned the truth concerning my

chicken. My company's teamster happened to be sitting opposite me at table and he said:

"Captain, I want to make a confession, to unbosom myself. Maybe it will be my last chance. You remember a chicken you gave to your cook the day after the Perryville fight, and we told you the wagon upset and spilled it out in the mud?"

"Yes," I replied, "I will never forget that disappointment."

"I'll tell you the whole story. The next day, fearing we wouldn't see you for a day or two, and as the weather wasn't so very cold, we thought it might spile, so we concluded to eat it up to keep it from spilin'; so me an' your cook et it, an' a mighty good fat hen it was, you bet. We were afeered to tell you we et it, so we made up the story of the wagon upsettin' an' spillin' it out in the mud."

Time had removed the bitterness of the disappointment, and of course we had a good laugh over the long-deferred confession.

The fourth day after the commencement of the chase after Bragg, we arrived at Crabb Orchard, Kentucky, and found the whole army in camp, they having abandoned the pursuit owing to the hilly country and the distance between the two armies. I found General Sheridan's quarters not very distant from our camp. The next afternoon I concluded to call on the general and his brother, Lieutenant M. V. Sheridan, who was on his staff. I found the lieutenant reclining under a tree near his brother's quarters, and after a short talk we went to the general's tent. Before entering, I said, "I desire to see if Phil will recognize me." I had changed greatly, being thin and tanned, and we had not seen each other for seven years. After a shake I asked if he knew me. He gave a

careful look and said he did not. Then, after another look, he said, "Yes! It's Hen Greiner." A change very quickly came into his bright eyes, and I am sure he was pleased to meet his old playmate once more.

Our talk was of home, then of the war. He was much disappointed with the result and management of the Perryville battle. I told him of a personal difficulty I had had with our brigade general; of his incompetency and tyranny; that if I thought he would remain as our general during the war I would resign. I remember his reply to this: "Don't do that; this is a great struggle we are in now, and it will take every man we can raise to carry it through successfully. Don't resign. We all have our trials and difficulties, and should bear them as best we can, to see this thing out."

Lieutenant Sheridan was with Phil almost constantly from the beginning of the war to its close, and was consulted by the general in his operations. He was more like his distinguished brother in his makeup than the second brother, John. He fought his way up from a second-lieutenancy to the rank of major, and is now a General, retired.

In 1892 I had business with Colonel M. V. Sheridan, then stationed at Washington, D. C. One evening we called on Mrs. P. H. Sheridan. I was introduced to the twin girls and little Phil, who was then about five or six years old. He paid no attention to the introduction, nor did he show any interest in me until his mother said, "This gentleman played with your papa when he was a little boy." Then he became interested; he turned and looked me in the face, remaining thus until the nurse reminded him that it was time to retire, but still there was a steadfast gaze. It seemed a revelation to him that his papa had ever been a boy. The little fellow had never thought of him in that light before; had probably never heard him

referred to as a boy, and it required a little gentle force on the part of the nurse before he would leave the room, still intently gazing at the "gentleman who had played with his papa when he was a little boy."

The unsatisfactory result of the Perryville fight had the result of retiring General Buell from command of the Army of the Ohio (it had not then changed its name to the Army of the Cumberland). General Rosecrans was assigned to his place. Now came greater activity. It was the beginning of the winter campaign. We were marched back toward Nashville.

In one of our camps during this march I witnessed a scene which was a characteristic war picture. It made more than an ordinary impression on my mind when we were told by a citizen that we were then near the spot where the great Lincoln first drew breath, the banks of Rolling Fork, a tributary of the Kentucky river. Our division halted on a farm, rough on the surface, but well kept and exceedingly well fenced with the old-fashioned split rails, the kind a cold, wet soldier loves to camp near, and that was our condition when we halted. Our regiment was on a hill, overlooking the entire farm, which was divided into small fields, all fenced with stake and riders. The change that followed in thirty minutes would have been wonderful to one not accustomed to such scenes, but it was pitiful, for by that time not a fence could be seen, nor a rail, except those on the fires drying and warming the cold soldiers. The utter desolation of the picture when I imagined the feelings of the unhappy owner of the farm, who was now ruined, left a sad memory in my mind.

With easy marches we again arrived in the vicinity of Nashville. It was well known by this time that the enemy

was concentrating a large force between us and Murfreesboro, which is about thirty miles south of Nashville.

About the middle of November General Sheridan's division was moved out fifteen miles or so toward the enemy on the Nolensville pike. The scouts reported a Confederate force there of fifty to sixty thousand. From the threatening advance of our army on those roads they could see we meant battle, and they prepared by occupying strong positions about Murfreesboro. General McCook, under whom General Sheridan was serving, commanded the right wing, General Thomas the center and General Crittenden the left.

It is related that, late in the afternoon after the battle, with all his generals killed and nearly half of his division wounded and slain, he was ordered to report them to General Rosecrans. He did so, and with tears in his eyes, pointing to the remnant, said: "This is all that is left of them, general."

When Bragg fell back to Tallahoma and Shelbyville, we occupied the country south of this place, our division southeast of the town and in sight of Sheridan, who was west of us. While in this camp I heard of his promotion to be major-general, which reward he had well earned in the last battle by his valor, pluck and skill. We remained in this vicinity for several months, making reconnoissance in the direction of the enemy. It was here a very strict system of outpost duty was enforced by a general order. We were not allowed any fire after night, although the weather was cold, nor were commissioned officers allowed to sleep at night. This strict order might have been wise on the part of the commanding general, but we thought it a little tough on the company officers. Its necessity probably appeared from the fact that the enemy was

not many miles from us. An attack could be expected at any time.

On our second or third night after this order had gone into effect, an incident occurred that was characteristic of the routine of American volunteer life. For that reason I relate it. My memory often goes back to those scenes and incidents which appear more amusing now, some of them causing a smile in the remembrance, others a sigh of sorrow, for I often wonder where that "boy" is now.

On this occasion I relieved a company on outpost duty. The captain handed me a copy of the order above mentioned as to no fire, no sleep, and other restrictions. The reserve where I was to remain with that part of the company not on duty was protected by a large rock, probably ten feet high and longer. Nothing unusual occurred during the day. It was reasonably pleasant with a fire behind that large rock, sheltered from the wind, but I dreaded the long, dreary night that was coming, without sleep or fire. I stood this watch until two or three o'clock, when an irresistible desire overcame me to squat down by a handful of live coals, smoldering in the ashes against the rock. I received a little warmth and might have been half asleep when I heard a loud, strange voice on the other side of the rock, where the sentry for the reserve was stationed. This strange voice was pouring forth a torrent of abuse interspersed with profanity, which I soon discovered was aimed at the soldier on duty. I found that this loud profanity came from a mounted officer, an Indiana major, who belonged to the brigade; he was officer of the night, making the grand rounds. Before I made my appearance I heard him ask the sentinel his name, the regiment and company and who was in command of the post. It was then I stepped out from my shelter, giving him the required information. He

then repeated the abuse he had heaped upon Dorsay, the guard, whom he accused of being amiss in his duties in allowing him to ride almost up to him before he was halted, and, worse than all, he claimed the sentry had not the correct countersign. He concluded the lecture by threatening to report me for permitting such a blockhead to do duty at an important point. I had the last word by insisting that he should do so. When I came out and found it was Dorsay who was in the wrangle, knowing how prone he was to do things wrong and misunderstand instructions, I was somewhat troubled, for the boy was sometimes *non compos mentis*; one of his great troubles was in getting countersigns incorrect. I began to think the major had cause for complaint, and so prepared myself to be called on when I returned to camp to make some explanation to my superior officer. As is natural, I blamed the corporal for placing Dorsay where he did; human nature is always shifting the responsibility upon someone else.

While this triangular row was going on between the major, Dorsay and myself, several of my boys were awakened by it. Among the number was Abe Stedman, always called by his comrades, "Abe Lincoln," from his resemblance to that great but homely man. After the major's departure Abe came to me and said:

"Captain, if he reports you for what Dorsay did, I would prefer charges against him for being drunk on duty. I'm willing to swear that he is that now."

I was of the same opinion that Abe was.

To our joy we could now see the approach of morning, which I had thought to be traveling on leaden wings. Now we could rebuild the fires and make coffee; then during the forenoon the relief came and we got into line to trudge back several miles to camp through the half-frozen mud. I, of

course, was not feeling "lovely," as the girls call it; I was chilly, sleepy and apprehensive that I would be called upon to explain the trouble of last night.

Before we arrived in camp, I heard a voice behind me consigning someone to the infernal regions and that he remain there in endless torment. The words were not loud, scarcely audible. I looked around and saw it was Abe. He was then almost at my side. It was he who was showering maledictions, communing to himself.

"What is the trouble Abe; with whom have you **had a row?**"

"No one!" was the reply.

"Who were you cursing as you came up?"

"Oh, that infernal drunken major that threatened to put you under arrest for Dorsay's blunder. I'll fix him! I'll fix him!"

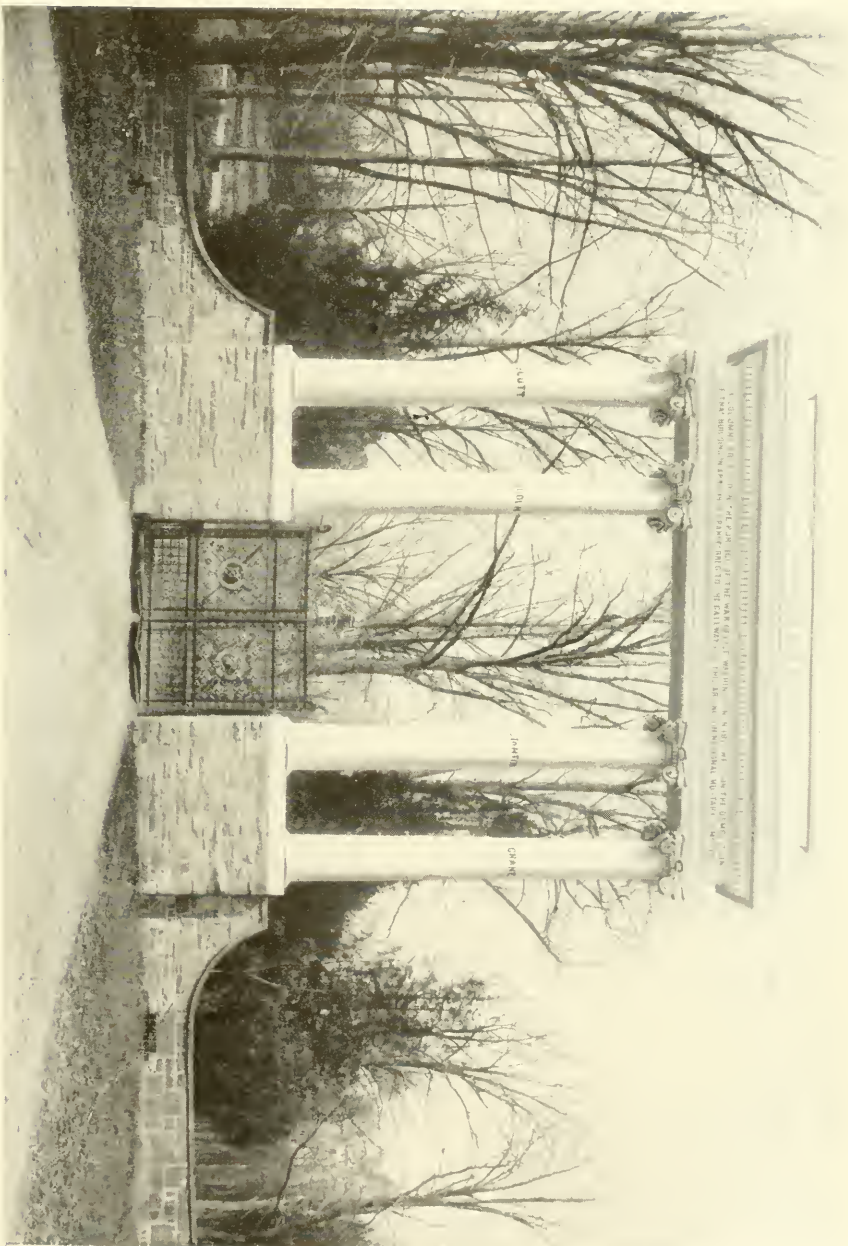
I knew Abe liked me and any offense offered me would be promptly resented by him, but I could not see what he could do for me in this case. I learned a few hours afterward, however, that he was fruitful in resources, a deep schemer. As he did not foreshadow his plan, I was completely in the dark as to how he could "fix him." To allay his feelings, I said:

"Abe, I gave that major all he sent and some to spare; he didn't bluff me. I hope in order to get even with him you would not, if you could, do him a secret injury. You are too honorable for that."

"I don't know if you call it a secret injury or not, but I'll get even with him; you will know tonight."

With this mysterious information he went back to his place.

When we arrived in camp I was not long in finding the first sergeant, who had been left in camp. My mission was,



SHERIDAN GATE, ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY
The Gate was built in 1879

ostensibly, to get my mail, but in reality to learn if an order had been left me to report to some superior officer and explain last night's trouble. I breathed easier when I found no order had been left.

At the approach of night Abe came to me as I was preparing to go to sleep and said, "Don't go to bed, yit; wait an hour." I asked him why. Then with another mysterious and significant look he said, in a whisper, "I've found where the Indiana major's tent is; I'm going there now."

"What has that got to do with my going to sleep?"

"You'll see when I git back."

Giving me no further insight into the mystery, we parted. I, forgetting the matter, soon went to sleep. In less than an hour I was awakened by a gentle shake. On looking up I saw Abe standing over me, his homely face beaming with joy.

"Git up, Cap, and eat some ham and stewed peaches with plenty of good coffee. We haven't had ham and peaches for two years."

The excuse that I was more sleepy than hungry wouldn't satisfy him.

"Oh, git up! I've been over to that major's quarters."

I had to get up and taste of the stolen fruit. He thought it would be sweetened with a revenge as dear to me as it was to him.

When fairly awake, and while eating, I said, "Now, Abe, you must tell me where you got all this, for we never saw ham and stewed peaches in camp before."

"That's just what I am going to tell you. You remember I told you not to go to sleep; that I was going over to the Indiana camp. Well, I went over there, that was my second trip, and I found the major's nigger cooking supper for him. I stood around the fire warming myself and got on good terms

with him. I asked him where the major got that ham he was a-slicin' and the dried peaches that was on the fire. He said they was brought from Indiana. I made him believe I belonged to the 82nd Indiana. After the ham was fried and the coffee was done it was dark, and then I said, "Here, you take this money and go to the sutler's and get a bottle of whiskey," and I handed him a Confederate bill. I knew he didn't know whether it was good or not. He took it and looked tickled and started. When he got out of sight I picked up the ham and put it in my haversack, and then I picked up the tin bucket that had the peaches in it, and with that in one hand and the coffee pot in the other I made good time for here. I didn't meet a man on the way. Ain't these peaches good? I haven't tasted any for three years. Take some more of them. My haversack was clean—I washed it not over two weeks ago when we crossed Duck river. This coffee pot will come in good for you. I heard your cook say the other day that yours was about played out. Didn't I tell you I'd get even with that major?"

While talking in this strain he was as happy a boy as ever lived. His soul was filled with joy. He was delighted that he could offer me this rare supper and with it, as he thought, the thrills of revenge. I felt as did the French king, "It is sweet to be so loved."

When the ham, peaches and coffee had disappeared and we were about to separate, he expressed one regret before bidding me good-night. "The only thing I don't like about this is that when that major comes for his supper and finds it gone he may give that nigger a lickin', but I can't help that. The 'just must suffer with the unjust; the innocent have to suffer with the guilty.' I wanted to get even with the major."

But Abe had a dear, kindly nature, despite his strong de-

sire to get even. I never saw or heard of him after the war. Some of the boys at one of our reunions said Abe had gone west and died of fever; another reported that he had been killed in a railroad accident; but, if being a good soldier, with a kind, generous heart, will save him, he is in heaven.

Abe is living. I learned last January, 1908, that he was at the Danville Soldiers' Home. I hope to have him at my house in the future to eat fried ham, stewed peaches and drink coffee.

Thomas' Division remained at Murfreesboro until about the middle of March, when we were ordered to Tirune, Tenn., to be under command of General Schofield. It was in Triune that I saw the Chicago Board of Trade battery. My attention was called to it by its fine horses, beautiful guns and first-class equipment. It was going through Sunday morning inspection. I stopped to inquire what battery it was. The answer came, "Chicago Board of Trade." I thought the man was "guying" me, and asked why he called it that. He explained that the Chicago Board of Trade had equipped and presented it to the government. I had never heard of New York, Philadelphia or any of our other large cities presenting the government with batteries, so ever since I saw it that fine Sunday morning I have associated that Board of Trade with thoughts of loyalty and patriotism.

While at this camp, the last one where I was with the 31st Ohio, another incident occurred that may give the reader an insight into soldier life and its fun, which is one of the objects of this work, for this feature of the war remains almost wholly unrecorded.

It was on the night before I left, a dark night, about nine or ten o'clock. I heard a very unusual sound, or variety of sounds, and an occasional uproar, intermingled with what sounded like dogs barking and fighting. We still occupied

our detached position nearly a mile from the battalion, guarding the battery. This unusual noise that we were listening to was not explained until one of my company came back from the regiment where he had been to see a friend in another company. Seeing him as he came up, I inquired what caused the commotion in the other camp.

"I'll tell you what it is. You'd laugh, if you were down there. You see, they have drawn their dog tents today and had to give up their big ones, and it makes them mad, for a dog tent ain't too big for one man, but two have to sleep in them; besides, on the march they have to carry them—one man carries the little poles, the other the tent. That's what makes them the maddest. This afternoon after supper they put them up and it wasn't long after they got into them when some fellow got to barkin', then others commenced, and about dark the whole regiment commenced barkin' an' playin' dog. If some fellow would come through another fellow's company street, some of them would run out on all fours and drive him away; if they would happen to meet they would extend the usual courtesies dogs do, but maybe it would end in a fight, especially if one dog tried to get a little too familiar with the other. If they got into a fight, other dogs would run out and get mixed in until sometimes eight or ten would be in a pile a-barkin', a-bitin', an' a-howlin'. It wasn't safe for a member of one company to go through another company's streets; if he did, more than one would run out at him."

"How did the colonel like it?" I inquired.

"Oh, he got mad as the devil about it and tried to stop it by sending Adjutant Hayden (now of Oak Park, Chicago) with a detail to arrest all he found making a noise, but there were always some of them on the lookout; so when the adjutant came near, the noise would cease and the dogs go into

their tents; then it would break out again in a dozen other places, so that detail kept marching up and down for an hour, but they didn't arrest one noisy dog. I don't believe the adjutant was very anxious to arrest them, for he liked the fun."

The next day after the dogfights I left the boys of the 31st. For a year I had been receiving letters from my wife telling me of the increasing dementia of my father and of my mother's complete blindness. The two put my domestic matters in a very unhappy condition, beyond the control of my wife, for in those war days suitable help was not easily obtainable in a village.

I had made application for a leave of absence. After waiting a month, I was informed by General Rosecrans, assistant adjutant-general, that so many applications were in, several months might elapse before action could be taken in my case, and then it might be disapproved. I then sent in my resignation, stating reasons, and asking for prompt action. In a reasonable time it was accepted.

Before leaving my company I called them into line, as I did the day I was sent to them a year before, but the conditions were greatly changed. When I first met them they treated me with coldness and dislike, but with soldierly respect, regarding me as a hated intruder. I was leaving them now with all the evidences of attachment and affection between us. I took each one by the hand, expressing the hope that we should meet again, but I knew I should never see many of them. Neither did I, for the heavy fighting of this regiment came after I left them. Many fell in action; others died from sickness.

At this time there was no indication of a forward movement, but the following July General Sheridan had a number of skirmishes, in every one of which he was victorious. In

one of his pursuits, when he drove the enemy across the Tennessee river, he attempted to return to the main part of his division by a hand car, which would not only relieve his own fatigue but rest his horse, which would be led back by his orderly.

This is the story of the unpleasant and dangerous trip, as told by himself:

"Nothing further could now be done, so I instructed Watkins to rejoin the division at Cowan, and being greatly fatigued by the hard campaigning of the previous ten days, I concluded to go back to my camp in a more comfortable way than on the back of my tired horse. In his retreat the enemy had not disturbed the railway track at all, and as we had captured a hand-car at Cowan, I thought I would have it brought up to the station near the university to carry me down the mountain to my camp, and, desiring company, I persuasively invited Colonel Frank T. Sherman to ride with me. I sent for the car by a courier, and for a long time patiently awaited its arrival—in fact, until all the returning troops had passed us, but still it did not come. Thinking it somewhat risky to remain at the station without protection, Sherman and myself started our horses to Cowan by our orderlies, and set out on foot to meet the car, trudging along down the track in momentary expectation of falling in with our private conveyance. We had not gone very far before night overtook us, and we then began to realize the dangers surrounding us, for there we were alone and helpless, tramping on in the darkness over an unknown railroad track in the enemy's country, liable on the one hand to go tumbling through some bridge or trestle, and on the other, to possible capture or death at the hands of the guerrillas then infesting these mountains. Just after dark we came to a little cabin near the track, where we made bold to ask for water, notwithstanding the fact that to disclose ourselves to the inmates might lead to fatal consequences. The water was kindly given, but the owner and his family were very much exercised lest some misfortune might befall us near their house, and be charged to them, so they encouraged us to move on with a frankness inspired by fear of future trouble to themselves.

"At every turn we eagerly hoped to meet the hand-car, but it never came, and we jolted on from tie to tie for eleven weary miles, reaching Cowan after midnight, exhausted and sore in every muscle from frequent falls on the rough, unballasted road-bed. Inquiry developed that the car had been well manned, and started to us as ordered, and nobody could account for its non-arrival. Further investigation next day showed, however, that when it reached the foot of the mountain, where the railroad formed a junction, the improvised crew, in the belief no doubt that the University was on the main line instead of near the branch to Tracy City, followed the main stem until it carried them clear across the range down the Crow Creek Valley, where the party was captured.

"I had reason to remember for many a day this foolish adventure, for my sore bones and bruised muscles caused me physical suffering until I left the Army of the Cumberland the next spring; but I had still more reason to feel for my captured men, and on this account I have never ceased to regret that I so thoughtlessly undertook to rejoin my troops by rail, instead of sticking to my faithful horse."

It seems that fate so ordained it, or the force of circumstances, that in many of our moves and changes General Sheridan and I should drift in the same direction.

We left school the same year, both to be employed in country stores at the age of fourteen. In the winter of '49-'50 I went to California. A year later he followed me to the northern part of that country, being stationed with his regiment on the same stream, though I was not then aware of it. When the war broke out our regiment was sent to the Army of the Cumberland; Sheridan was, soon after, assigned to the same army. The next year, when I resigned and raised another company, we were sent to the Shenandoah Valley. We had not been there more than two months until Sheridan was in command of that valley. But, in all these changes, we did not often meet.

CHAPTER XIV.

PEN PICTURE OF SHERIDAN—HIS GREAT TACT—HOW HE EN-
RAGED THE MICHIGAN BOYS—HOW THE BOY OF SIXTEEN
GOT TO THE FRONT.

GENERAL SHERIDAN, from about this period, became a prominent and brilliant figure. Only a year before he had been but a captain, when there were hundreds of brigadier and major-generals. His wonderful victories in Mississippi, with the desperate fighting of his division at Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, and in other battles, called public attention to him, so it might be of interest to the reader to read a description of him as he appeared to J. W. Miller, a Cincinnati correspondent of the *Commercial*. It is one of the best descriptions I have ever read of him, and is strikingly true.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.

"It was in August, 1863, that I first saw General Phil Sheridan. He was with his division of infantry at Stevenson, Ala., with quarters in the abandoned little hotel there, whose chief feature was a pipe through which was discharged a splendid spring of pure cold water, fresh from the lofty hill just east of the railroad village. I had recently reached the army as a war correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and found at Stevenson, on Sheridan's staff, two friends, with whom I was invited to mess.

"In the course of a few days I met General Sheridan, and was somewhat surprised, not unfavorably by any means, at some of his characteristics. He weighed perhaps 130 pounds, had a quiet, smiling manner, and was physically the smallest

general with the army. His figure was trim, his dress neat, and his courtesy was gentle. I noticed that he was much alone in his quarters, and that his staff regarded him with something of awe as well as admiration. I never saw him lay his peculiar reserve aside entirely. He had large, clear, hazel eyes, and a direct, penetrating look. I remember thinking when I first met the look that Sheridan had something of the eagle about him, and in my newspaper letters I said something equivalent to that.

"Bragg had shortly before retreated to Chattanooga, putting the Tennessee river between himself and the army of Rosecrans. Stevenson is but ten miles north of the Tennessee, and Rosecrans at the moment was maturing the plans for crossing the river, which is quite as imposing in appearance as the Ohio, and advancing upon Chattanooga. From Sheridan's staff I heard many reminiscences of the work of his division at Stone river—of how it was faced to fight in a certain direction, and how, when our right wing was driven back, Sheridan entered the fight by facing his troops exactly the opposite way from the original, deliberate formation. This means an enemy in the rear—a most trying situation. Soldiers will face bullets from the front without flinching, but when the lead missiles begin to spatter from the side or the rear they know without seeing that something is wrong, and the more intelligent they are the more their equipoise is disturbed. Sheridan's troops fought furiously at Stone river. A division with a less fiery leader would certainly have fallen back and not turned in its tracks to meet the fearful onset.

"The army crossed the Tennessee, and Sheridan's division was one of those thrown across the mountain to Alpine, Ga., forty-four miles southwest of Chattanooga. One day on the march, as Sheridan and his staff rested by the roadside, a Georgian struck up a conversation with the staff about constitutional guarantees and State rights. The staff were inclined to be good naturedly indulgent and let the man run on, which emboldened him. Sheridan had not spoken; but at length while the native was balancing loyalty and disloyalty as he thought, no doubt, with nice constitutional impartiality, Sheridan suddenly turned upon him with blazing eyes and gave him a withering rebuke for splitting hairs about a man's

duty to his country. The Georgian was fairly scorched by the blast—not a swearing or abusive blast, either. I felt rebuked myself for having been amused, and the staff said not another word. Patriotism with Sheridan was a vital purpose. I began more and more to see his power and concentration of mind. Slight in figure and usually smiling, he yet impressed one with being able on occasion to throw around bolts of lightning in a manner that would take away anyone's breath except his own. Sheridan was more than magnetic. He was electric. I can think of no better description than that he was electrical in his qualities. At times in his tent almost a recluse, he yet carried on the battle-field the forked lightnings, and his brigades swarmed forward under his lead like the mighty nimbus of a storm.

"Two or three quiet days were spent at Alpine. Bragg was understood to be running away to Rome or Atlanta. One night General Crook appeared at Alpine. Sheridan greeted him eagerly, and the two were in private conference for hours. We wondered why these generals should be so earnest in council with Bragg on the run with what his deserters—clever emissaries—said was almost a rabble, disheartened with the loss of Chattanooga and discontented with the war. The morning, however, found us toiling back and not forward. We had to cross a mountain to the west, march a day, and cross the same mountain again to the east before our corps (McCook's) could unite with the rest of Rosecrans' army.

"When we reached the first summit Sheridan beckoned to me, and we sat down on a log together. I remembered his manner perfectly afterwards, though I failed to grasp its significance then. He pointed east over the mountains toward Lafayette, where great clouds of dust were rolling, and had been rolling for two or three days. 'Is our cavalry over there?' I asked. He laughed, and gave me a queer, penetrating look, and said: 'Our cavalry can't get there.' I did not guess that Bragg was turning upon us in that towering cloud of dust with seventy thousand men gathered suddenly in part from the east and southwest to fall upon the over-confident Rosecrans and the over-confident nation, too, let it be confessed. Sheridan did not enlighten me except to say, 'There will be tremendous work.' He looked at me hard again, and

turned away disappointed that I had not yet discovered what was in the air.

"We marched day and night over mountains, down a long valley, through passes and coves, and barely reached Rosecrans in time to participate in the first day's battle at Chickamauga. I saw Sheridan lead one of his brigades (Laibold's) under fire across a cleared field, and place it exactly where he wanted it. He came galloping back on his famous black horse (I never saw him on any other) with hat off, sword flashing, and face glowing with the magnificent passion of the battle-field. He passed me, then turned in his stirrups, and said, 'We're driving them, d—n them.' In two or three minutes he came in view again with another brigade, or regiment, I could not tell which, on account of the forest growth to the right. On plunged the black horse, and the infantry plunged after it, and it seems strange now that the long column kept up with the horse. It is thus that Sheridan swept with his infantry to the front lines of the fight. They went with an impetus that left no time for wavering, no time for seeing who fell by the way, no time for thought, no time for anything except to obey the common impulse responsive to the call of manhood and the inspiration of a noble cause.

"After nightfall I conversed with Sheridan a short time at the front. The next morning I was further to the left. One of the first men I saw in the early light was Rosecrans. He was mounted, his horse moving at a slow walk. He had an unlighted cigar in his mouth. His staff rode behind in single file, for the road was scarcely more than a path in the woods. Rosecrans' air was that of dejection, but his mind was apparently fixed and preoccupied. The crisis demanded the intense action of every faculty of the man in command of this devoted army, and here was its chief gliding silently along in a daze. It must be remembered that for seven or eight days, ever since Rosecrans comprehended the terrible move of the enemy, he had been almost absolutely without sleep or rest. He was probably an exhausted man that morning. There must come a time when the brain of any man so overtaxed will stop working. In a few moments I met General Lytle, who was riding alone, to consult with a superior officer—perhaps to report that our right needed some changes of

position. No changes were made, and three hours later Lytle fell, defending the position as best he could. His way of defending was to advance.

"The day after the battle ended, in the evening, I went to the front again. The front then was but a short ride from the heart of Chattanooga. Sheridan and his division, with the rest of the army, were behind newly constructed breast-works—mostly of rails. He gave a cheerful greeting, and that was the last time I grasped his hand in the field. Two months later I was not surprised to hear that Sheridan's brigades were among the first to reach the crest of Missionary Ridge. He would have been ready to advance that night if the word had been given.

"Sheridan's mind was very quick and his execution was instantaneous. Few soldiers have been his equal in this respect. Once he said to a colonel of the immature kind who asked him for more definite instructions: 'Go in, sir, and get some of your men killed.' He never had occasion to complain of that colonel again. He was as ready to fight as his chief. Sheridan realized that war is rough work, and that generalship is a game of keen wit and of the promptest action. He always fought, if possible; in case of doubt he fought. He risked his own life freely in every crisis on the field. Over men he asserted the natural authority of a deeper perception and a more daring spirit. Yet of soldiers I have met he was one of the mildest and pleasantest.

"A short time after I first met Sheridan I asked some one who he was. The reply was: 'W-e-l-l, he belongs to the regular army. When the war broke out he was a lieutenant in Oregon.' Is it not a marvelous proof of the excellence of this young Government that the right man is found quickly, even if search must be made beside the Oregon that hears no sound save its own dashing? How quickly Lincoln was found, and Grant and Sheridan! When a great soldier for the field is needed again it will be even easier to bring him to light, for the country has Sheridan's example as part of its treasure and part of its strength."

Here is another account of Sheridan by S. W. Lester:

HOW SHERIDAN WON HIS STAR.

History holds no brighter page than that which records the career of Philip Henry Sheridan, but few there are who know how large a part chance played in shaping that career. I was an eyewitness of some of the events of which I write, and the rest of the story I had in after years from the general's own lips. Sheridan was graduated from West Point in 1853, and during the following eight years was in almost continuous service at posts beyond the limits of civilization. This fact prohibited him from forming intimate relations with men in civil life able to aid his promotion, nor did he become associated on the frontier with any officers who then or afterwards held high rank, and who could have assisted a deserving comrade by affording him opportunity for distinction. His friends and kinsmen in Ohio were of humble station and had no power to brighten his prospects. Thus, at the outbreak of the Civil War, there were few officers in the army whose chances of obtaining high command were so slight as those of the friendless lieutenant of foot then occupying a lonely post in Oregon.

Indeed, it was not until late in 1861 that Sheridan's first opportunity came to him. He was promoted to be captain in the Thirteenth Infantry, a new regular regiment of which William T. Sherman had been made colonel, and joined his new command at Jefferson Barracks, just below St. Louis, in November. But he was not to have the field service for which he was chafing, without another period of weary waiting. Instead, he was assigned to special duty in the supply department, and, after a brief period of service on the staff of General Samuel R. Curtis, was sent into Illinois and Wisconsin to purchase horses. In the meantime the battle of Shiloh was fought, and General Henry W. Halleck, leaving St. Louis, assumed command in person of the combined armies operating against the Confederate stronghold at Corinth. These events made Sheridan doubly eager to get near the field of active operations, and he found an excuse to return to St. Louis from Chicago, where he was buying horses, hoping that something would happen to enable him to get to the front. Colonel George Thom, who was then chief topographical engineer on

General Halleck's staff, had remained in St. Louis to finish some business, but was on the eve of following his chief to Tennessee, when he fell in with Captain Sheridan on the street. Sheridan informed Thom, whom he had known very well in Oregon, of his desire for active service.

"Well," said Thom, "I am going up the Tennessee to headquarters at once; come along with me, and I will find work for you until something better turns up."

Thereupon, Thom called on Colonel John C. Kelton, whom General Hallack had left in charge of headquarters at St. Louis, and asked him to issue an order to Sheridan to report to General Halleck at Pittsburg Landing. Kelton did not want to assume the responsibility of ordering Sheridan forward, but Thom agreed to shoulder whatever blame followed, assuring Kelton that he wanted Sheridan on his own work in Tennessee, and would ask General Halleck to so assign him. Upon that understanding Kelton reluctantly issued the order asked for, and Sheridan, on reporting to General Hallack at Pittsburg Landing, was assigned to duty under Thom, who put him to work corduroying roads and getting the trains up from the landing. It was rough, hard work. "But," Sheridan tells us in his "Memoirs," "it was near the field of active operations, and I determined to do the best I could at it till the opportunity for something better might arise." Soon he was made commissary and quartermaster at headquarters, where his work attracted the favorable attention of General Halleck; and then came the opportunity for something better that was to make him one of the famous captains of modern times.

While General Halleck was spading his way toward Corinth, Governor Austin Blair of Michigan arrived to look over the troops which he had sent into the field. About this time, also, Gordon Granger, who had been colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, was made a brigadier general. The men of the Second, under his discipline, had become magnificent troopers. When he was promoted and the lieutenant-colonel assumed command, the regiment soon showed the need of a master at its head. Who was to become its colonel was a matter of serious consideration among the line officers. Most of them preferred a regular soldier, with all his harshness and

crotchets, to a volunteer without any experience. Governor Blair was persuaded to take the same view of the matter when he visited Pittsburg Landing, and it was finally decided that General Halleck should be asked to name a good man for the post. It was my pleasure and honor to be a bugler in the Second Michigan Cavalry, and, being on duty at headquarters, I was thus a silent but keenly interested witness to the interview between General Halleck and Governor Blair. When the governor, who was accompanied by some of the officers of the regiment, had made known his errand, General Halleck turned to General Ulysses S. Grant, who chanced to be present, and asked: "How would Captain Sheridan do?"

"He is just the man for them," was General Grant's reply.

"Convey my compliments to Captain Sheridan," said General Halleck, turning to an orderly, "and tell him that I wish to see him at once."

A few minutes later a short, nervous man or thirty or thereabouts appeared upon the scene, and, having saluted Generals Halleck and Grant, was introduced to Governor Blair as Captain Sheridan.

"Captain," said the governor, "these gentlemen you see with me are officers of the Second Michigan Cavalry. General Granger, as you probably know, has been their colonel, and they have got along so well that, now that he has left them, they want another educated soldier in his place. General Halleck and General Grant here have been good enough to recommend you for the post, and it is yours."

Sheridan's eyes kindled at this unexpected news, and a rosy glow came into his face.

"Governor," said he, "I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me, and promise you that, while I am its colonel, the guidons of the Second Michigan shall never trail in the dust."

A jolly time followed at General Halleck's headquarters, and one officer more enthusiastic than the rest, as he put his glass to his lips, said: "Here's to Phil, and here is to the star he will soon win."

"No, gentlemen," Sheridan retorted, "my ambition is satisfied. I am now a colonel of cavalry, and that is all the rank I desire or expect."

That was May 26, 1862. The next day Sheridan joined his regiment, and a week later was given command of a cavalry brigade with headquarters at Booneville, Mississippi. His future was then in his own hands, and he took good care of it, showing in his first independent battle that strength of resource in the heat of a contest of which he was master. That battle was fought under conditions as exacting as were ever imposed upon a soldier. The entire force under his command numbered less than eight hundred men when, on July 1, 1862, he was attacked by four thousand five hundred mounted Confederates under Chalmers. After a brave resistance, he fell back to "an advantageous position on the edge of a swamp," where he could hold his assailants at bay. Finding, however, that the enemy was passing around his left and threatening his camp, he determined to make a bold dash on the right and convert the defense into an offensive movement. Selecting four of his best saber companies, he sent them several miles around the enemy's left to attack in rear and flank, while he was to make a simultaneous charge in front. The plan worked admirably. The four companies appeared suddenly in the enemy's rear, not having been seen till near enough to fire their carbines; and, having emptied these, they charged with drawn sabers on the astonished enemy, who took them for the advanced guard of a much larger force. Before the enemy could recover from the confusion of this attack, they were fiercely charged by Sheridan with his remaining handful of men, and, utterly routed, they fled from the field."

This brilliant affair, in which two small regiments defeated nine, won for Colonel Sheridan the admiration and respect of his superiors, along with his first star, his commission as a brigadier general dating from the battle of Booneville. He was not commissioned colonel of the Second Michigan until after the war. A little more than four months from the day when, as an infantry captain, he began corduroying roads at Pittsburg Landing, Sheridan was in command of a division of five thousand men which he led into the battle of Perryville. The rest is history.

Several months passed before I could secure the services of a suitable person to care for my parents. When this was

accomplished the same unrest seized me that I had experienced in the breaking out of the war. Then, with the assistance of James T. McMahon and William Stalter, another company was recruited. This was for short service.

When Grant was general-in-chief he put Sheridan in charge of the Eastern cavalry. This was in April, 1864. In his "Memoirs" Grant thus relates the conversation that led to the change:

"In one of my earliest interviews with the President I expressed my dissatisfaction with the little that had been accomplished by the cavalry so far in the war, and the belief that it was capable of doing much if under a competent leader. I said I wanted the very best man that could be had. Halleck was present and spoke up, saying: 'How would Sheridan do?' I replied, 'The very man I want.' And the President said I could have anyone I wanted. Sheridan was telegraphed for that day."

On the 24th of March, 1864, he received the telegram requiring him to report to Washington immediately, but was not informed as to the purpose or object of the order. He had forebodings that it meant separation from his division, and this was unpleasant, as he loved his Western division, especially the Illinois troops, who reciprocated the warm feeling.

In his "Memoirs" he thus regretfully speaks of this separation:

"A parting from such friends was indeed to be regretted. They had never given me any trouble, nor done anything that could bring aught but honor to themselves. I had confidence in them, and I believe they had in me. They were ever steady, whether in victory or in misfortune, and as I tried always to be with them, to put them into the hottest fire if good could be gained, or save them from unnecessary loss, as occasion required, they amply repaid all my care and anxiety, courageously and readily meeting all demands in every emergency that arose.

"In Kentucky, nearly two years before, my lot had been cast with about half of the twenty-five regiments of infantry that I was just leaving, the rest joining me after Chickamauga. It was practically a new arm of the service to me, for although I was an infantry officer, yet the only large command which up to that time I had controlled was composed of cavalry, and most of my experience had been gained in this arm of the service. I had to study hard to be able to master all the needs of such a force, to feed and clothe it and guard all its interests. When undertaking these responsibilities I felt that if I met them faithfully, recompense would surely come through the hearty response that soldiers always make to conscientious exertion on the part of their superiors, and not only that more could be gained in that way than from the use of any species of influence, but that the reward would be quicker. Therefore I always tried to look after their comfort personally; selected their camps, and provided abundantly for their subsistence, and the road they opened for me shows that my work was not in vain. I regretted deeply to have to leave such soldiers and felt that they were sorry I was going, and even now I could not, if I would, retain other than the warmest sentiments of esteem and the tenderest affection for the officers and men of 'Sheridan's Division,' Army of the Cumberland."

It was not until he had had an interview with General Thomas, at Chattanooga, on his way to Washington, that he knew what was intended for him on his arrival East. Learning the facts, he had Captain James H. Forsyth detailed from the 18th regulars to accompany him and be his chief of staff.

When General Sheridan made this change from West to East, he started with four horses, which he sent by the Ohio river, two of them, a black mare and a chestnut horse, to be left at Parkersburg, W. Va., to be sent home to his father at our village. The famous black horse and grey pacer met him on the Potomac.

General Sheridan did not remain in Washington long. On the 5th of April he was at Brandy Station, and the next day

issued orders assuming command. In his "Memoirs" he says the corps presented a fair appearance as to health and equipment, but the horses were worn out. The first thing he did was to take measures to recruit them, for no one knew better than he that cavalry was nothing without good horses. When he had provided for this defect, a most serious trouble arose. He communicated his plans to General Meade, who was then in command of the Army of the Potomac. A part of his plan was that the cavalry should be massed and kept concentrated; that an aggressive policy of fighting the enemy's cavalry should be adopted; that if our cavalry was kept together and not so much imposed upon by picket duty and the toilsome work of guarding our communications, it would always be in condition to fight and break up the enemy's communications.

These plans submitted to General Meade were innovations that did not meet with his approval. He wanted to know of General Sheridan what would protect our transportations and artillery reserves and secure our flanks from attack. Sheridan's reply was that if he would permit him to mass his ten thousand troops he would make it so hot for the enemy that they would not have time to attack our flanks and rear, and the infantry would be able to take care of their own front.

He told General Meade he intended to defeat the Confederate cavalry in general combat and destroy Lee's communications, but he failed to convince him of the wisdom of his plan, and his efforts to carry them out were hampered and delayed, causing much bad feeling, with serious loss and trouble.

The conversation General Sheridan had with Senator Plumb shows how Sheridan was not appreciated, and the acrimony between him and his commander.

"Sheridan came East when the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was not in good condition, and Grant gave him the task of reorganizing it and raising its efficiency. He had worked away some time when Meade sent him over the Rappahannock on a reconnoissance. Sheridan came back, and in making his verbal report alluded to a brush he had with Stuart's Cavalry. 'Never mind Stuart,' said Meade, interrupting. He will do about as he pleases anyhow. Go on and tell me what you discovered about Lee's forces.'

"That made Sheridan mad, and he retorted, 'Damn Stuart; I can thrash hell out of him any day.' Those were times, you know, when men's utterances, like their deeds, were not fashioned upon the models of these days of peace. Well, Meade repeated the remark to Grant, who queried, 'Why didn't you tell him to do it?'

"Not long after, sure enough, Sheridan got an order to cross the river, engage Stuart, and clean him out. 'I knew I could whip him,' said Sheridan, 'if I could only get him where he could not fall back on Lee's infantry. So I thought the matter over, and, to draw him on started straight for Richmond. We moved, and Stuart dogged us right at our heels. We kept on a second day straight for Richmond, and the next morning found Stuart in front of us, just where we wanted him. He had marched all night and got around us. Then I rode him down. I smashed his command and broke up his divisions and regiments and brigades, and the poor fellow himself was killed there. Right there, Senator, I resisted the greatest temptation of my life. There lay Richmond before us, and there was nothing to keep us from going in. It would have cost five or six hundred lives, and I could not have held the place, of course. But I knew the moment it was learned in the North that a Union army was in Richmond then every bell would ring and I should have been the hero of the hour. I could have gone in and burned and killed right and left. But I had learned this thing, that our men knew what they were about. I had seen them come out of a fight in which only a handful were killed, discontented, mad clear through, because they knew an opportunity had been lost, or a sacrifice, small as it was, had been needlessly made; and I had seen them come out good natured, enthusiastic, and spoiling for more, when

they had left the ground so thickly covered with dead that you could have crossed portions of the field on the bodies alone. They realized that notwithstanding the terrible sacrifice the object gained had been worth it. They would have followed me, but they would have known as well as I that the sacrifice was for no permanent advantage.

In speaking of this battle in Martin Scott's store in Somerset, Ohio, a few years after the war, General Sheridan told me the following incident:

"I was working to accomplish several objects in order to successfully carry out the principal one; first, to mystify Stuart as to my intentions and thereby cause him to ride his horses down while I was doing all I could to keep mine fresh and strong; second, to get him as far as I could from their infantry. The first thing he did was to throw himself in my rear to prevent my escape (here Phil laughed a little) and destroy me. There was just where I wanted him, for my rear guard, under Davis, without much trouble selecting his own ground to fight, always had the advantage, and that permitted the main column to leisurely pursue its way to Richmond. When Stuart saw this, and how near we had approached to Richmond, he became alarmed, fearing we might enter the city and he be held responsible by the authorities. Then he made a wide detour to get ahead of me, riding night and day, just what I wanted him to do. I knew he was now riding his men and horses down. One morning when I was within six or seven miles of Richmond I found him in front of me at the Yellow Tavern. As soon as it was known he was there, the attack was begun by Merritt, who gained some advantage; then I rapidly brought up Wilson and Gregg. Then Custer made a splendid mounted charge, which killed Stuart and drove his brave fighters from the field. Yes, this battle was a death-

blow to their heretofore invincible cavalry. They never recovered from it. They had a battery so located that it was doing us great damage. I told Custer to take that battery, and in that charge General Stuart met his death. It was a quarrel I had had with Meade that instigated that raid around Richmond and the fight at the Yellow Tavern. During this quarrel I told Meade that if he would let me alone and not interfere with my movements I could whip Stuart. Then he went to General Grant's headquarters and repeated that part of my conversation. General Grant said in reply, 'If Sheridan said that, let him go and do it.' The next day I received the order to make the raid that forever crippled the fine Southern cavalry and killed its splendid leader."

Last year, as I was a passenger on a Grand Trunk train, a one-armed soldier came aboard at Evergreen Park (Chicago) and took his seat beside me. We got into conversation, in which he told me he had served in the First Michigan cavalry.

"I was under Sheridan in the East. The first time I saw him I was enraged at him. He had just arrived from the West to take command of our cavalry division and was then reviewing us. As he rode down our front I heard him make this remark, and many of our boys heard it: 'I want to see a dead cavalry man; they tell me there never was one seen down here.'

"I tell you, sir, that slur made us hot. More than one felt for his pistol, and I am sure, had it been dark, he would have been shot. As he came back to the head of our regiment again to where our colonel was, he said to him in an undertone: "I think I made your boys angry; but they will know me better in the future.'

"Oh, how we hated that man until we got to fighting with

him and learned he was more careful of our comfort and lives than he was of his own. Yes, sir; we would have gone to the infernal regions with him had he said, 'Come on, First Michigan.' "

It was the 4th of May, 1864, when General Sheridan started on the Yellow Tavern raid with his ten thousand horses. What a magnificent scene it was! By this time he had been with his command sufficiently long to bring the cavalry to the highest degree of efficiency; if they had not been, he would not have moved. Those ten thousand glittering sabres, flashing in the morning sun, presented a scene in the "pomp and circumstance" of war that is not often witnessed.

But there was another scene, with nothing inspiring in its appearance, transpiring on this same day in the village of Somerset, Ohio. As I was drilling my company in the little square, the hackdriver, as he drove to the postoffice with mail from the nearest railroad station, halted his horses and called me to his side, handing me a note from John L. Sheridan, who was then attending court: "Enter my name as a member of your company; when court adjourns I will sign the roll." This brother did not enlist at the opening of hostilities because of defective eyesight. On his return the roll was presented and signed.

To one who did not know the family, it might be a matter of some surprise that the brother of the most brilliant major-general in our army would ignore the influence of that brother who could so easily have secured him a commission, and volunteer as a private, but to me it was no surprise, as there was not a selfish ambition in the Sheridan family.

I was pleased to get this new recruit, for more reasons than one. Members were coming in very slowly, for it was a dark

hour for the country, the spring of 1864. For still another reason was I pleased; he was the brightest and best educated of the three brothers, a promising lawyer, brainy and cultivated. But most of all was I pleased because of the charm of his conversation. In this line, all the talent of the family seemed to be concentrated in John. We never tired of listening to him; he was not too talkative, nor was there any effort to be eloquent, or a desire to shine, but he had an easy fluency and wit that were always charming. With a style entirely unaffected, and a wonderful memory which made him one of the best story tellers I ever heard, he had the gift of investing the simplest incident with interest. In nearly all respects he was the opposite of his distinguished brother, for John could always tell anything better than he could do it, while Phil could always do anything better than he could tell it.

None of the family was a money maker or saver. John was especially lacking in this way, a laggard in the race for wealth, nor could he make anything out of excellent opportunities. It is true, he loved to take life easily, but his becoming a private in infantry, the humblest and hardest position in the army, seems to have been a departure. There was no ease in that position during the war, and he knew it. He would have done the same, however, had his brother been general-in-chief, or President. He seemed to think he had no claims superior to the most ignorant and obscure. His intelligence would have suggested him for appointment to some of the non-commissioned offices in my company, but I could not consistently offer him one for the reason that in this second company I had members who had seen service, and a few had served with me before. I mentioned this fact to him on one occasion as a reason for not offering him an appointment, to

which he replied: "I want to be only a private; I do not expect an appointment. It would be neither reasonable nor proper to appoint me over men who have seen service."

This family presented a remarkable case, probably without a parallel in history. Each class of the Army of the Shenandoah was represented by a Sheridan—John as a private, Captain M. V. as a staff officer, General Phil of the field, commanding the department.

As already stated, John was superior to his brothers mentally, and physically he was also their superior, being taller, better featured, with better proportions. Nature had been gracious, but Fortune seldom smiled on him. He was blessed in one respect, at least, with a good wife. "A woman that looketh well to the ways of her household," with two bright daughters.

When the company was finally organized, I could only invite our brilliant friend to make my tent his quarters, and in this I was purely selfish, as I wanted his company and to hear his interesting stories and improve my education.

In this connection, at the organization of the regiment an interesting incident occurred that was never known to many in the regiment. The question of field officers was agreed upon before we started for the front, except the office of major, which was vacant for some time. The colonel wrote to Governor Brough that John L. Sheridan, a brother of General Phil Sheridan, was a private in his regiment, and he would be pleased to have him appointed major. The Governor immediately responded, enclosing the major's commission to Private John L. Sheridan.

At this time there was difficulty with some of the companies not having their full quota, therefore being ineligible

for mustering in. My company was five men short, other companies even more. At this juncture Captain Henry Harbaugh came to the colonel and proposed to disband his company to fill the ranks of those that were short, if he could be commissioned major. No one but the colonel knew that the commission had arrived for Sheridan. This placed matters in a dilemma which brought about a consultation with the Governor, who solved the difficulty by suppressing the Sheridan commission and having Harbaugh appointed. It was several months before I was aware of this incident, and when I related it to Sheridan he betrayed no annoyance, saying: "Harbaugh is a good, brave officer who has seen service, therefore he had better claims than I." In no other than an American volunteer army, an army composed of material that fights for principle alone, could such unselfish patriotism be found.

On the 5th day of May, 1864, James F. McMahon and William Stalter, both good officers, were elected first and second lieutenants of my company. McMahon being a wag, did much to relieve the tedium of camp life. He was also very valuable as a clerical officer, keeping the reports of the company in good order. On the 1st of June we were in Zanesville, waiting for the mustering officer. Here we remained a week on this and other business. The mustering officer came about the 10th.

It was an interesting coincidence that on the day John L. Sheridan was lifting his hand to take the oath as a private, gallant Phil was thundering at the gates of Richmond with his ten thousand cavalry, spreading dismay and consternation in the heart of the Confederacy, crushing the flower of its cavalry and slaying its brilliant commander.

The companies on the right wing of the regiment were

mustered the day before those on the left. The night of the first day's inspection and mustering, one of my youngest and most delicate-looking boys, about sixteen years old, came to me looking and acting disheartened. The expression on his pretty face was so doleful that I thought he was getting home-sick and would ask me to send him back, for this was the last day; tomorrow, when we would take the oath, it would be too late. I had not a man to spare to make the minimum number, so I was ill-humored at the thought of losing one, for then they would not accept my company. When I looked at his sad young face I was sure it was home-sickness, and if so, I knew it would be useless to appeal to his manhood or patriotism, for nothing that is said or done can cure that disease. He sat down, saying:

"Captain, I want to speak to you!"

Rather impatiently I said, "Go on!"

He replied: "Today I followed up that mustering officer as he mustered in the right wing. I noticed that he rejected stronger and older looking boys than I; I am fearful that he will reject me. It will be so mortifying to be sent home after getting this far. The neighbors will say I did not want to go; the girls will laugh at me and the boys will jeer me. I shall be ashamed to leave the house. Is there anything that can be done to help me in this trouble?"

I felt much relieved that he did not want to leave, for I already had many discouragements and cares from other causes. I admired his bravery and nerve and could so illy lose a man that I was determined to do all I could to retain him. I said:

"When the company forms for inspection take the rear rank. You will not be quite so conspicuous. Of course, that

may not save you, as the ranks will be opened. The officer will go between the ranks. I will be at his side when he comes to you; I will then do all that is possible to try and divert his attention."

The boy's eyes brightened, and with a smiling face he thanked me.

The next forenoon we were prepared for inspection. I saw Whitmer (that was his name) in the rear rank, as I had suggested, but he was looking unusually pale from nervousness and excitement, fearing rejection. His look discouraged me, you may be sure. The front rank was accepted, then the ranks were opened, the better to examine the rear. All went well until he came to the object of my solicitude. Halting in front of Whitmer and looking him in the face, the officer said:

"Young man, you are not old enough."

"Yes, I am."

"You are not eighteen; we cannot take you."

"I am over eighteen," was the answer in a good strong voice.

"That is impossible from your looks."

"But I am, all the same, and I want to go. I have three brothers in the service."

"Are you willing to swear you are eighteen?"

"I am!"

This was the critical moment. I knew the next would be the oath administered.

Turning to the mustering officer, a second lieutenant, J. T. Small, I said:

"Did you hear the latest dispatches this morning from the East?"

He said he had not.

"Sheridan, in making a raid around Richmond, had a terrible fight with the Confederate cavalry under Stuart, in which our loss was heavy, the 1st U. S. Cavalry losing 30 per cent of their men and horses; the officers being nearly all killed. It was a savage battle."

I had noticed that this officer when signing papers the day before had signed as a lieutenant in the 1st U. S. Cavalry, and I knew it was in the East under Sheridan; but as to the battle and dispatches, that was all imaginary on my part, a fairy tale to divert his attention from Randolph Whitmer. And it succeeded admirably, as he was so shocked to hear of the great loss in his regiment that he paid no more attention to Whitmer nor the two others who were yet to be inspected.

So, to my great relief, my company was full and accepted. I consoled myself that the story I told was not the worst I had ever invented, and as a quietus to my conscience, argued that I was choosing the lesser evil, and, besides, "everything is fair in love and war." I knew also that the mustering officer and I would not meet again, for he hurried my company and the next through in order to make the train for Columbus, which he had barely time to do.

All had gone satisfactorily with Whitmer and I, but I could not but think of the boy and wonder if he would have perjured himself as to his correct age. That afternoon I met him; his face beamed with joy and was flushed with smiles, as he said:

"We got through all right, and I'm so glad."

"Yes; but I am curious to know as to your swearing that you are eighteen years old when you know you are not seventeen; would you have sworn to that?"

"No, never! But I stuck to it as long as I could. I would not have sworn to it, for that would have been a lie."

"But you said you were eighteen."

"Yes, I did; I said I was eighteen; but I meant eighteen months and over. I did not say years, nor did the officer say anything about years. He only asked me if I were eighteen."

I was pleased to hear that he would not have perjured himself even to become a soldier. I did not want to think a face so innocent looking could have concealed a perjurer.

On this day a boy about twelve years old came to me to hire as a servant, to which privilege captains are entitled. He had a good, honest face and was well built.

"Will your parents consent to your going?" I asked.

"I have none; they are both dead. I have no relatives that I know of excepting my uncle; we have been living together, but I am getting tired of that. He often licks me when business ain't good and says I don't try."

"What is your business and where is your home?"

"I sell papers and black shoes, most anything I can get to do. We live in Toledo. The old man doesn't want me to leave, so I slipped off and came down here on a coal train."

I tried to discourage him by saying there was danger and many hardships.

"Try me, captain; I am used to hardships."

We made a bargain after I had explained his duties. Another boy came with him and hired to another captain. Of the two I drew the prize. He proved faithful and brave, with wonderful endurance. How he behaved throughout the trying ordeals to which he was submitted on long marches would have been admirable in a much older and stronger boy. I was proud of his conduct, especially his fortitude, and his

bravery was beyond a doubt. He never hesitated to go where the regiment went, and did all he could for me in the faithful discharge of his duties.

I would have trusted this boy to have planned a battle sooner than some of our generals. He was always cool, never disconcerted or excited. When Early was driving us out of the valley we attempted to make a stand at Martinsburg. Standing by my side observing the disposition of our lines, he pointed to an eminence and said:

"Why don't that battery go to that hill? It would be much better. I would go over and point it out to the capain, but he would only curse me and maybe kick me. I see the dust of the coming rebels; the dust and smoke of the battle will be in our favor, the wind is coming from the west. Ain't it funny, we will have to fight on the Fourth of July! Wouldn't you rather be at home shooting firecrackers today than shooting rebels and they shooting at you? I would, I know."

He was a born tactician and engineer. Never but once or twice did I hear a murmur of impatience or see a sign of fatigue. It was on this retreat, when we forded the Potomac during the night. The artillery and wagons had taken the main ford, therefore the infantry was forced to cross at a difficult crossing with many boulders and rocks in the channel.

We had marched since sunrise, and of course "Billy" was tired and sleepy. He stumbled over the rocks. When this occurred the second time, I took his hand, supporting him in his falls until we reached the Maryland shore. We continued the march, after a few hours' sleep on a sandy bank, until we reached Maryland Heights at midnight. Going up the mountain he begged me to let him drop out of the column to sleep. I can yet hear those pathetic appeals.

"Oh, Captain, please let me stop; I will be sure to find you in the morning."

From that on until we again halted I kept his hand in mine, fearing to grant his pitiful request, for there was great danger that he might be trampled to death by the stream of artillery and cavalry that were following.

The moment we halted he threw himself on the ground and the next instant was snoring. I unbuckled his blanket and covered the little fellow, and that sleep was so sound that he knew nothing of the panic that followed an hour later, nor did his eyes open until the next day at noon. He remained with me until our return to Zanesville to be mustered out.

The day before this occurred he came to me and said there was a brakeman on a freight train down at the depot whom he knew, and who told him the train would start for Toledo that evening.

"Can I go?" he asked.

I said, "No, not yet; until you are paid the balance I still owe you. I cannot get that until we are paid tomorrow."

"Oh, never mind about that. If you have a dollar it will do for today. I will come to Somerset for the balance."

I gave him the dollar. In the hurry and confusion that attends making out payrolls for a company I did not miss my boy or even think of him for a day or two. One of my men said they saw him hurrying toward the station, saying as he passed:

"Good-bye, Cooper! Tell the captain good-bye for me. The train will soon start. Tell him I'm coming down to see him soon where he lives."

It has been a mystery to me these long years why my boy did not redeem his promise to come and see me, or at least

write for his pay. I could account for it in this way only: The second or third day after we left I read of a railroad accident on the line by which he returned home. One of the colliding trains was a freight. In one of the box cars, which was badly splintered, were found the dead bodies of a tramp and a boy, with a soldier cap and blouse, neither with anything on his person to identify him. When I read this, I had a sad presentiment that the soldier-boy was my "Billy." Each year strengthens that opinion, as he was so true and faithful that I am sure he would have discharged his promise to visit me, even had it required a walk of the entire distance.

That was the last I ever heard of him. I still owe that little fellow a part of his hire. I hope we may once more meet that I may discharge that obligation, for if there ever was a boy who richly deserved his pay in full it was "Billy." That was the only name I ever knew for him.

We had been mustered in on the 12th day of May. That night we were marched to a train of freight cars which was headed east. This looked as if we would be sent to Virginia, which was not in accordance with our hopes, for our Eastern armies had been very unfortunate, meeting many defeats. We had hoped to be sent to the Army of the Cumberland, south, which had up to this time never met with defeat; besides, a number of us had already served in that army.

The next night, during a heavy rain, we were ordered out, finding ourselves, when sufficiently awake to inquire, at historic Harpers Ferry, Va. We thought it strange that we had not been allowed to remain under shelter until the storm was over. I remember we marched through the town, which we could discern from the lights in the houses. When they disappeared we commenced going up, up, and up until we gained

the summit of Bolivar Heights, where we bivouacked until morning. My boy (already referred to) as he marched by my side through the drenching rain, said: "I wonder if this isn't our baptism?"

"What do you know of baptism?" I inquired.

"Why, my mother told me just before she died that I was baptized with water."

That day we received our tents. It was our first day on hostile soil. As the sun came up, the rain ceased and was followed by a charming day. All day the boys sat around, looking at the romantic scenery that surrounded us. Very few of them had seen mountains before. Across the Potomac, almost in front of us, was Maryland Heights, towering above the river two thousand feet. To our right, looking north, was Loudon Heights, with its rocky summit, not so high, but with more rugged features. We remained in this camp five days, enjoying the picturesque views, when we were ordered to break camp and hurriedly marched to the station to be taken in cars to Martinsburg, west. The day after we went into camp there we received our wagons, horses, ambulances and other regimental outfits, and heard that we would go up the Shenandoah Valley. This had already become a battlefield, principally one of defeat and humiliation for our side.

You must know that up to this time Phil Sheridan's invincible squadrons had not pressed hoof upon those sloping fields and beautiful terraces, nor had his infantry camped on those rich meadows and spreading vales; but he came that summer, and it never again was for us a "valley of humiliation and defeat."

The first march a soldier makes is almost invariably a hard one. First, he is not accustomed to marching, and his knap-

sack is nearly always packed with superfluities, but he has them, and it is painful to throw them away. The extra pair of socks a mother knit for him or the flannel shirt or towels that sister thought he should have will before long be cast away. It will come to that when he becomes very tired and, with it, mad. Nearly every soldier will try to carry the most when he is least prepared for it, before he is hardened to fatigue and seasoned to hardships.

We started about ten o'clock and marched, with a halt at noon, until eleven o'clock that night, a senseless, unreasonable distance, when there is no occasion for it, as there was no armed enemy within a hundred miles of us. Many of the boys came straggling in toward morning, foot-sore and demoralized. When we looked about us in the morning we found ourselves in the middle of the Shenandoah Valley, where the fierce billows of war later broke, exhausted, sprinkling every farm and hamlet with the red foam of their war crests. On every hand sharp skirmishes and terrific conflicts echoed and roared from one mountain to another.

It was here, that autumn, that Sheridan shattered, drove and followed the once splendid army of Early, upon whose bleeding trail he swept through the mountain gaps to the final charge at Appomattox.

The second day we marched through Winchester, and the third arrived at Cedar Creek, where we found Siegel's army encamped.

The country about here still preserved the beauty and fertility of the lower valley, flanked by the same undulating hills and distant mountain ranges.

The day after we arrived John Sheridan and I took a walk through the various camps that were located on the roll-

ing hills near this stream. Arriving on an eminence which afforded us an uninterrupted view for a long distance in every direction we sat down to rest. Looking about him, he said:

"This would be a good field for a battle. See what fine positions for artillery, and the country is sufficiently level and open for cavalry to maneuver."

Five months from that date his brother here fought and gained one of his most wonderful victories, under the circumstances, unparalleled in the pages of history. Meeting his beaten and panic-stricken army rushing to the rear, he halted and turned them as a whirlwind upon the erstwhile victorious army of the enemy, to utterly defeat and crush them.

It is strange that the same coincidence occurred with me in Kentucky during the winter of 1862. Our division had gone toward the enemy's works on a reconnoissance to Mill Springs. We were within five or six miles of their camp. Here we halted to rest and throw up temporary breastworks. Captain Jackson stood upon a log, surveying the surrounding country, and said to me:

"This would make a good place to fight a battle. Cavalry could not do much, otherwise a good battlefield."

Five weeks from that date the battle of Mill Springs was fought upon that identical ground by General Thomas on our side, General Crittenden leading the enemy. The result of that battle was the most complete victory for us up to that date.

In this connection I desire to say I have a new theory. The world is full of them, in some cases mixing religion and cures, many unreasonable—others nonsensical. Therefore I am encouraged to advance mine. My experience has caused me to believe war is an epidemic and is contagious. I cannot

account for my inhumanity under any other theory. I had a good and very beautiful wife. I was deeply in love with her. She was soon to become a mother, among comparative strangers, yet I was brute and monster enough to leave her to go back again to that war. My conscience requires a theory to justify my inhumanity. But she has always been good, kind, and forgiving; pardoned this and my other sins.

About this time, and indeed ever since we had left home, my thoughts had been much with my wife, whose condition warranted my fears. My anxiety increased day by day. While in this camp I received a letter from home, my reply to which will explain my solicitude. I found this old letter as I was looking over my papers ten years ago, preparatory to coming to Chicago. This one I did not destroy. You will see it was in answer to the one I received while at Cedar Creek.

“CEDAR CREEK, VA., June 5, '64.

“MY DEAR MARY:

“I shall not attempt to tell you what a burden of anxiety and trouble was removed on the receipt of Cynthia's letter of the 20th last. I did not receive it until yesterday, as we have been moving.

“How happy and relieved I am to hear that you and the little girl are getting along so well, and to know you are in such loving, careful hands as those of your sister and Cynthia. I thank C. for her prompt letter and say to her that as the conveniences for writing in camp are not first-class, this long letter must do for both.

“She describes the baby as perfect in form, healthy and very sweet, with blue eyes. In this I am a little disappointed, as I was in hopes it would have the splendid grey of the moth-

er's; but this is a small matter, and I thank God you are both as well as she reports.

"I must tell you of the lock of hair I found in the letter. It will give you an idea of the fun we have in this kind of life. I relate the incident that you may know all is not gloom and hardship here; we have as much of the one as the other.

"I was not in camp when the letter arrived. We were all out but Harry Skinner; we had been absent over night. Seeing us coming, he came out to meet us, bringing the letter, as he knew I was expecting one of special interest. By the time I had glanced it over we were in quarters, halted, but in my abstraction I forgot, while reading it again, to dismiss them, for they were both tired and hungry. I held the lock of hair up, telling them what it was. Then they clamored loudly to bring it closer and let them see it. You will wonder why they did not come to me to see it, but a soldier does not leave his place until he has orders, so they stood in their places and called for the hair. Then Corporal Hall (Perry), you know how funny and facetious he can be, called me to his place and with great gravity said:

"'Don't let them see it. Don't throw away a good chance to make money and make it easy and honorable. You see how eager they are—make them pay for their curiosity. Let them put the privilege and distinction of having the first sight up to the highest bidder. We will have an auction; let me act as auctioneer. When we break ranks I will announce the terms of the sale, which will be that the man who bids the highest will be taken to your tent to see the hair, with the privilege of taking it in his hand. Then we will receive bids for the second look, and so on, until the last chance is sold.'"

"Now the company broke ranks, and Perry stood upon a

stump and proclaimed the sale. By this time it seemed they had forgotten their fatigue and hunger, and commenced bidding. The first bid was from Thom Jackson, the bugler, who said 'ten dollars.' This was quickly followed by Dave Matthews bidding twenty dollars; then John Sheridan said 'thirty dollars.' The bids kept going up until they had reached one hundred and nine dollars for the first view.

"A neighboring company, seeing the fun and excitement, came over and bid against our boys, which aroused their jealousy, and then it became more lively than ever; so Perry kept on selling until everyone had seen the baby's hair. When the clerk, Sam Lentz, footed up the whole amount, it was over nine hundred dollars.

"I am sure the interest and spirit that pervaded Perry's auction was as great as the sale of seats to hear some celebrated prima donna. He came to me when it was all over, and, with great gravity, said: 'There is no trouble making money provided one knows how.'

"Mother will now realize her blindness more than ever in not being able to see the little girl.

"The bugles are blowing for dress parade. My love to father, mother and the kind friends that are watching over you.

"I must close abruptly.

"Your affectionate

"HENRY."

We had been in camp nearly a week when it was rumored that General Siegel, who was in command, would be succeeded by General Hunter, known as "Black Dave," from his swarthy complexion. General Hunter was cordially hated by the boys because of his cruelty to privates. He arrived the day fol-

lowing our receiving the report of his coming. The next day I was given an order to take command of a detail of a hundred men, ten from each company in our regiment, twenty-five 1st N. Y. Cavalry, and a section of artillery. In a half hour my detail was ready and reported to General Hunter's headquarters for instructions, which were to escort everything on wheels except ambulances, ammunition trains and a very small subsistence train, back to Martinsburg. Hunter was stripping himself of everything cumbersome, to make his famous raid up the valley.

After it pulled out I found that the train I was to take back was about three miles long, and how to protect so long a train with so few men was troubling me. If I divided my force into advance, center and rear guards, I would so weaken it that Mosby or Gilmore, the guerrilla leaders, whom I knew were not far distant, could fall upon us and gobble us up in detail, and if I kept my force in a single body the distant portions of the train would be at the mercy of the enemy and destroyed before we could reach them. I finally divided the force, with the understanding of a double-quick rally upon the attacked point. I also required the cavalry to do active and extended scouting upon both flanks, to prevent surprise. We were not attacked, but hourly expected it, as Mosby hovered within sight of our field glasses for nearly two days; on the third day, much to my relief, during a drizzling rain, we arrived at Martinsburg. I reported to the commanding officer, who relieved me of the cavalry and battery, but I was to remain with the hundred infantry. A staff officer was sent out to select my camp, with orders for tents and other camp outfit.

After getting my men in comfortable shape I congratulated myself on having an easy time of it until we were or-

dered back to the regiment. No one could tell when that would be, for they had started with Hunter on his raid. I thought I was about to enter into a period of ease and enjoyment. How badly we are fooled sometimes! I will relate what interfered with my enjoyment and ease the second and third days.

I soon discovered that a large percentage of the men in my command were new soldiers and had not seen many weeks' service. A new soldier requires all the care and gives all the trouble of a child. He has in many respects the characteristics of that portion of humanity. He does not know how to take care of himself. I am at liberty to tell this story now as the principal, an eccentric character, has within the last year gone to the "eternal camping ground." If he were still here I would not run the risk of his seeing this in print, for what he did, as I shall relate, was done in all sincerity and innocence, but to me, when I understood, it was amusing and singular.

It was the morning after our arrival. The rain had ceased, leaving a cold, damp atmosphere. It was early when a middle-aged soldier came to my quarters; he saluted me with a proper military salute and stood at "attention" until I invited him to a seat on an empty cracker box. He introduced himself—I shall call him Payne; giving me the detail he belonged to and the name of the sergeant he was under; the man was dignified in his bearing and precise in speech, very unlike the average Western soldier. Without many unnecessary words he broached the object of his visit, which was to inform me that he suffered greatly during the previous night from cold occasioned by the want of a blanket. His blanket had been stolen on the march from Cedar Creek; the exposure was too great to bear a second

night, therefore he was there to ask me to be kind enough to "draw" him a blanket. I sympathized with him in his sufferings but was sorry to say that I could not draw him a blanket, for the reason that no company officer could draw for any soldier not belonging to his company. I would have to certify that he was a member of my company, which was not the case. If I did so I would criminate myself. He seemed to comprehend the obstacle, and cheerfully excused me. With a polite salute he bade me good-morning.

The next morning, at about the same hour he visited me on the previous morning, my precise and correct-speaking friend made his appearance again. It was the same story of his sleeping too cold, or rather not sleeping for the want of a blanket. I asked him why he did not sleep with some of the other boys. His reply was that he had tried that, but the blanket was not wide enough for three; the result was, he was crowded out into the cold, besides the experiment had caused him to be the innocent instigator of much profanity indulged in by one of the young men he had attempted to sleep with; the young man swearing that he would not be "crowded that way another night, preacher or no preacher." Then followed the request, couched in most appropriate words, that I should draw him a blanket. I again explained to him the danger of my doing that, appealing to him if he expected me to incriminate myself. He disclaimed any intention of having me commit any wrong, and he would not, under any circumstances, expect me to even embarrass myself for his sake. With the choicest words and most grammatical sentences he expressed a hope I would disabuse my mind of such a thought. Then, with the usual salute, he left me. I thought I was rid of my formal friend sure this time. The next morning at

about the same hour, to my surprise and indignation he stood in my tent again. After the salute he as usual commenced the same story of distress and suffering from cold. I stopped him in the first stage of his "oft told tale," telling him the blanket story was threadbare, that I would not hear it again, and if he came to my tent another time on that business I would punish him; that I was sick of the story. I am sure I used words that were not benedictions, and concluded by saying that, rather than annoy one as he had me, he should steal a blanket.

During my scolding he hung his head in apparent guilt and humility, but instantly he looked at me with a smile, saying, "What was that last sentence, captain? What did you say?" I then repeated as I turned from him, "I say rather than annoy one as you have me, go and steal one." "Thank you, captain. Thank you." When I looked around again he was, with buoyant steps, descending the slope from my tent to his quarters. For a moment I wondered why Payne had thanked me and so suddenly changed his manner, but was so relieved at his departure that I soon banished him from my mind.

The next morning, very early and very unexpectedly, for I had just dressed, here was Payne again. He was becoming a bore of mammoth dimensions and I was getting desperate. I instantly formulated in my mind how I would punish him, for I could bear it no longer. My mind was made up that as soon as he commenced the "oft told tale" I would order him to leave, and for two days carry all the water for the balance of the battalion—no small job, as it was some distance to the creek. After saluting me, remaining at "attention," with a smiling face, a merry little laugh, and gleefully rubbing his

hands, he said, "Captain, I obeyed that order, and I slept so sweetly last night, I am here this time not to annoy you but to thank you, and express my gratification for that order.

"Thanks to the Giver of all good things, I slept good and warm last night."

When listening to this speech I came to the conclusion the man was demented, for I could not remember any order. I was trying to think what I might have unconsciously said in my indignation on his last visit when I gave him the "blowing up," but I could recall no order or any expression on my part that would call forth such thanks and gratitude. Then I said, "What orders, Payne? What are you talking about?" "Captain, don't you remember you ordered me 'to steal a blanket rather than annoy you'? Those were the last words you said to me, and you repeated them—have you forgotten so soon? I came to report to you that I obeyed that order. When I was mustered in not long ago I took an oath to obey my superior officers, and by the grace of God I propose to remain steadfast and faithful to that oath. I will tell you how it was. I looked around yesterday through that cavalry regiment over the hill. I saw some blankets in a colonel's tent. I did not want to rob a private. Last night I went back again to the same tent. I saw the officer's servant leave the tent unoccupied and I quickly entered and took two. They were together, of course; I had not time to separate them, so I was compelled to take both. I regret that they were together, but that was no fault of mine. Captain, this is all I have to say, as I have already taken too much of your time. I shall never forget your kindness in giving that order. God bless you and spare your life." Then with a light step and pleasant smile he went down the slope to his quarters again. By this time the truth

began to dawn upon me that Payne had taken my inadvertent suggestion of stealing a blanket in all seriousness and conscientiously construed it into an order. I was amazed and amused at the strange man and stranger incident; so singularly funny did it appear to me that I had a good laugh all to myself.

Payne had not been gone long, for I was still laughing, when a sergeant of the same detail came in to see me on some business. I asked him if he was well acquainted with Payne of his detail. "Oh, yes; I knew him well at home; he is a good, square man and a zealous Methodist, a class leader and exhorter, highly educated, but doesn't know much about the world. So far he has been a consistent Christian, kneeling down to pray every night. He so mildly reproves the other boys of the tent when they swear that he has nearly broken that habit. It is seldom that they swear now in his presence. Some think he is a little cranky on religion, but I think he is all right. He has been living in our neighborhood about ten years; he came from Muskingum county to his present home; he taught our school for the last four years." I then related to the sergeant what had occurred with the blanket. "That's him," continued the sergeant. "He would have frozen before he would have taken that blanket without what he considered an order, and he came to see you so often, no doubt fishing for that order. Of course it was a slip of the tongue on your part, but it relieved him of all conscientious scruples. I tell you, Payne is a funny man, but pure and conscientious."

A SOLDIER'S THANKS.

Several years after the war I permitted my name to be a

candidate for a political office. A few days after the election I received the following:

October 22, 1879.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—Permit me to congratulate you on your election. I did all I could in my weak and humble way for you, to in part repay you for what you so kindly did for me in the Shenandoah valley. I need not refer to the incident. We have never met since our return, but I hope we shall.

Very respectfully,

J. T. PAYNE.

When the returns came in I noticed that I ran far ahead of all the other candidates on our ticket in the township in which Payne lived, which was in the extreme part of the county. Meeting a friend from that township a few weeks after the election, I inquired of him what induced the large gains for me in his township. His reply was: "I think I can tell you. There is a good, religious man down there by the name of Payne. Everybody likes him for his innocence, honesty and intelligence. Well, sir, this man went from house to house among his Democratic friends and begged them to vote for you. When they asked him why he took such an interest in you he would always say, 'It would take too long to tell you all the story, but I will say this much: He saved my life once. That is all I can tell you.' Then he would hurry to another friend."

CHAPTER XV.

COLONEL MULLIGAN'S DEATH—THE VIRGINIA GIRL ON THE
PIKE — DRIVEN OUT OF MARTINSBURG — LIEUTENANT
MARTIN.

WE remained in camp at Martinsburg during the month of June, not far from the camp of Colonel Mulligan, of the 23rd Illinois, of Chicago.

I remember admiring his company drill. I never saw the whole battalion on drill. I was also attracted by his fine drum corps; the drummers were principally Irish, possibly, all and were comparatively old men. I was told they had been drummers in the British army. We were not far from him when he was killed, and were much depressed when we knew of his death, inasmuch as we were of the opinion that he had been needlessly sacrificed by mismanagement, for it seemed to me there was no concert of action on our part; the operations appeared to be disjointed, reminding me of a team of balky horses, first one pull, then the other. There was no system; all was confusion.

The reader must not forget that this was before General Sheridan came to us in the valley. Hot days began to arrive. It was on one of those that our regiment returned from Cedar Creek, where I had left it to bring the wagon train back.

The day after their return I received an order to report to headquarters prepared to escort a train to Williamsport. I had indulged the hope that my boys would not be called out until they had rested from the march down the valley; besides it bid fair to be a sultry day.

Not long after receiving the order we were in front of headquarters to report our presence. I was told the train would not be ready for an hour. I then marched the company to the opposite side of the street, where there was a narrow strip of shade on the sidewalk near the houses. We stacked arms, with the command: "In place." "Rest." Which meant they could sit or lie down, so long as they retained their places in company formation. It was but a few minutes until they were all asleep in the shadow of the wall within the line of shade. I alone remained awake to receive the order to take our place with the train.

While I was waiting here a citizen came to that part of the company most distant from me. He would stoop down and deposit a paper in the blouse or haversack of each of the sleepers. He carried an armful of the papers. When he came to me I received one, and found it to be a religious tract on the sin of profanity. He sat down by my side and we conversed on the subject of my tract; we were agreed that swearing was a useless, disgusting sin.

"And yet," said I, with all the seriousness I could assume, "in my opinion there is one class of men in the army who will not be held accountable in God's mercy for this sinful habit."

He looked at me and asked: "What class do you refer to?"

"The mule drivers," I replied.

He looked again very seriously, and pondered some time before saying a word. Then, with deliberation, replied:

"I think you are right. God will not hold the mule driver responsible. I drove mules in the army myself; I know the temptation; I quit driving; I found it would not go with study-

ing for the ministry, which I am now doing," and he gathered up his remaining tracts and bid me good-bye.

It was at Harpers Ferry a colporteur came to us distributing small Testaments, German as well as English. Corporal Tom Berkey, one of our wags, took a German one. I never knew the story until our return. This is the way Tom told it:

"A few hours after I got home I concluded to unpack my knapsack. They wanted to see what a soldier carried, especially mother, who stood near. The last thing out was the little Bible. When she saw that, she said: 'Thomas, what is that?' I replied, 'A Testament, mother.' 'Oh, I'm so glad you have been reading the Bible; you never were a very good boy, but this is so encouraging. I am sure you are good now.' She looked at it, then opened it. 'Why, Thomas, this is German; you don't read a word of German.' 'No, of course not, but I might learn some time.' "

And Mrs. Berkey's confidence in Tom's religion weakened again.

It was the last time we were on outpost duty at this camp on the Winchester Pike. The weather was becoming very hot. The sun beat down on that flint road with merciless fury. We were glad to arrive at the outpost, where there was shelter from that hot sun under some trees that formed the entrance to an inviting oak grove. This place is that which soldiers call the "reserve," where they remained after being relieved from duty, still farther out, to remain until their time came again in four hours. Here they could cook, eat, smoke, read and sleep; restraint or watchfulness was not expected at the "reserve" to any great extent, for those men more advanced must watch for the enemy and prevent anyone not having the pass or countersign from entering our lines.

About three o'clock, while the heat was still furious, a relief came to the reserve, one of whom told me there was a girl at the outpost on the Pike who wanted to go through on her way to Martinsburg.

"Of course we refused her and she began to cry and asked for an officer. I promised her to ask you to go down. She says she lives about fifty miles from here and walked all the way from her home in the mountains."

"Go back and tell her to go home; she cannot pass."

On the soldier's return he said he had delivered my message, but she made no movement to return, and he left her crying, and saying something about Early coming down the valley again, but she cried so he could not clearly understand her. She had begged him to send me down, as she wanted to tell me all about it. I started down, in no friendly mood, determined to refuse her, for our orders in these cases were peremptory; sometimes our refusals were almost cruel, but we had no option. I soon arrived at the deserted cottage by the wayside, where the boys said I would find her. She was sitting in the door, a very pretty girl, neatly clad in a clean calico frock, her fine brown eyes bearing evidence of recent weeping, her naturally fair complexion sunburned. There was also every evidence of fatigue. Her beauty and distressed appearance disarmed me to such an extent that I found it impossible to open the conversation in the manner I had planned while coming down the hot Pike.

"Air you the captain?" she asked, meekly, and with trembling lips, in the broadest Virginia dialect.

"Yes; what do you want?"

"I sont for you, as they wouldn't let me go any further,

to tell you about it. Maybe you'd let me go through, for they say 'taint more than three miles to where I'll find him."

"Find who?"

"Why, Bill Johnson!"

"How do you know he is there, and why do you wish to see him?"

"That's what I want to tell you. He sent me a letter by a man and said in it if I'd come to Martinsburg we'd git married, as he has a job now drivin' for the Union side, and if I don't find him there I'll sure find him in Ohio, fur he was sure to git work there."

"Where did he want you to go in Ohio? That is a large state with millions of people in it. How could you find him unless you knew the place?"

"He said in that letter—Sally Peters read it fur me—that he'd most likely be in Martinsburg, but mout be in Ohio."

"Why did he not go to your home to get married?"

"You see, he's a-feared to come to our house, fur he belonged to Mosby's men and they say as how they'll kill him if ever they ketch him. The fuss commenced about a watch; I've seen the watch many a time. Mosby's men had a fight with one of your trains. After the fight Bill and one of the Osborne boys—they don't live very fur from us—come to a dead Yankee teamster at exactly the same time; they found some money in his pocket. They divided the money fa'r and squar', then fit about the watch, and Bill had to kill him with a knife or git killed hisself, so he keeps the watch. He told me he killed the Yankee hisself and the money and watch was fa'rly his, but to keep down a furse he let the Osborne boy have half, then he tried to grab the watch from Bill; that brought on the fight and I believed just what Bill said, fur the Osborne

boys is a powerful ornery, lyin' set. My pap would never let me have anything to do with them."

"And do you think Bill would be true to you if you should find him?"

"Oh, yes! He always tells me the truth. He's told me over and over ag'in he wants to marry me."

"And if you could not find him in Martinsburg have you any money to pay your expenses to Ohio?"

"I think I'll find him thar. I won't need any. I have a little money. I sold a pig and got three dollars for it. I have two dollars yit. I'd freely give you half of what I have if you'd let me go through to find him," and she began to fumble in her bosom for the money to pay me for the chance of finding her lover.

While she was searching for the money, she continued:

"Sallie Peters' beau was to see her the night before I left. Her beau is in the Confederate army; and he told her as how Early would be down here in a day or two to drive the Yan-yees out, and that's another reason I want to see Bill, so he can tell you'uns and save hisself and take me along."

By this time she had found the money and offered it to me. I told her I did not want it. The reason I could not let her pass was that we had very strict orders, but in her case, as she brought some word from the enemy, I did not know what to do.

"I know you would like to see your Bill, and I would love to see my wife, but I cannot see her."

"Yes, but she's fur away, but Bill is so near now."

As I hesitated, she looked at me appealingly and said: "Oh, Captain, you'll not turn me back, now I've come so fur and am so tired, and he's so near! You can't have the heart

to turn me back. Now, if you'll let me through I'll pray for you. I allowed when I started that they wouldn't be so partic'lar 'bout a girl goin' through."

As she spoke there was a tremor on her pretty, parched lips and tears in her beautiful eyes. That weakened me and what little firmness I had gave way, for I was yet a lover myself, and thought I could have gone through Early's army to have seen my wife. I could appreciate her feelings. Yes, her piteous plea, with what she told me of the approach of Early as she had learned it from Sallie Peters' Confederate beau, decided in her favor. This information, with the fact that she was too pretty and unsuspecting, induced me to send her in under the protection of a reliable sergeant.

Fortunately, John Sheridan had been detailed temporarily as clerk at the provost marshal's office a few days before. I directed the guard to take the girl to him, writing an explanatory note, with the request that he secure her employment as a domestic at some hotel, boarding house or private residence until she could ascertain if her Bill was in that vicinity, and to get all the information he could from her concerning Early's advance down the valley.

John took an interest in the poor girl's troubles and secured her employment. I was inclined to think from reports afterward received, that this girl's information of the enemy's intentions was the earliest received, but, judging from the preparations made to receive our visitors, no attention was paid to it, though in three days he was there, driving us out with his thirty or forty thousand troops. We never heard what became of the girl who had walked from the mountains fifty miles away to marry her Bill.

The glorious Fourth of July was approaching and officers

had called on Colonel Maltby to mark out a program to celebrate that event. He had this completed by July 2nd. That day a scout came down who notified headquarters that Early was coming down on his annual raid, but no one paid much attention, that I noticed. There were no visible preparations made to receive him, so, because of the general apathy shown by those who should have known the truth, I had no confidence in the report. A staff officer at headquarters told me he thought there was no truth in it. He said, "You know we are always dwelling in the midst of alarms." During the night other scouts came in who corroborated the day report. I had business again at headquarters, but could see or hear of no preparations for retreat or a fight. There was no activity at the railroad station to move our stores to a safer place; there were immense army supplies that had been accumulating for months. I could not see a single wagon train loading. I left camp again on the night of the 3rd to learn something. I did not go to headquarters—there was no occasion for that.

The danger we were in had by this time begun to dawn upon the city, or, rather, the military part of it. There seemed to be something in the air that boded no good. I thought I could taste and see danger before I came quite to the town. After I gained the streets, the suppressed confusion and whisped fears were plainly apparent.

It was now known that the enemy in large force was not many miles away. It should not have been a matter of surprise to those in authority, for a fine harvest of wheat had been cut and thrashed. Martinsburg was full of clothing and other war supplies. It was just the place a hungry army would delight to pounce upon. This rich valley was the well-filled granary of the Confederacy, but with all those facts, and

the timely notices we had received, not many stores had been moved and no preparations were made for fighting. While in the Western army we had often heard of the mismanagement of the war in the East, but the half had not been told. That night at one o'clock I was awakened by the sergeant-major with this verbal order. It was delivered to each captain: "Get your men out to cook and eat breakfast as soon as possible; cook one day's rations for haversack; then form company and distribute forty rounds of ammunition."

The sight that followed this order was beautiful. As if by magic thousands of fires sprang into existence and the effect was a grand pyrotechnic display that moonless, cloudy night. The boys had scarcely carried out the order when the "Assembly" sounded; the battalion formed and marched to Martinsburg, following and followed by other regiments. We supposed, in the language of eloquent Tom Corwin of Ohio, that we were to "greet our enemies with bloody hands and welcome them to hospitable graves."

From Martinsburg we marched about three miles south on the Winchester Pike. Here a line of battle was formed across the pike, fronting south. By this time it was near sunrise, and as the sun made its appearance it dispelled the clouds that had covered the sky. Now every sign gave promise of a clear, hot Fourth of July—hot, we thought it might be, in more than one sense. We remained here until the sun was an hour high, when the boys became restive. Up to this time there was no appearance of the enemy. Now jokes began to pass as to the prospects of soon seeing the finest fireworks they had ever seen on a Fourth of July. As the boys were in the height of their repartee, far out from our skirmish line, which was a half mile in front of us, I could see some cavalry

coming toward us. I thought this might be the enemy, so did the boys. Their smart sayings suddenly stopped, but as the riders approached our skirmish line without the firing of a shot on either side, it was proof that they did not belong to the enemy. Soon they rode through the skirmishers, coming to our line. As they came within speaking distance we were told that Early was within an hour's march of us. Now I was more surprised than ever that we were not ordered to build temporary breastworks, which we could have done with the stone fences and other material handy. This was always the first thing done in the West when a battle was expected. I could not understand it. We waited here another hour when, in the far distance, I could see immense clouds of dust. This was the enemy, probably going from column into line of battle, preparing to attack.

Now, the reader will be as much surprised as I was to learn that we just reversed that order and went from line of battle into column, then counter-marched back to Martinsburg again, surely expecting to go back to our tents, load them up, with all our other camp equipage and march, no one knew or cared where. Our surprise and mortification was increased when we found that we were leaving our camp equipage behind us on our way to the Potomac river and Maryland. We could see as we marched through that it was a hurried evacuation, and oh! such an expensive one. How I wished for Phil Sheridan in that valley that day. I could see that another humiliating retreat was coming. There was confusion, loss and destruction everywhere as we marched through—soldiers' clothing, sugar, coffee, molasses, corn, oats and other valuable property lay about the streets unguarded and trampled under foot or carried away by citizens and soldiers; barrels of whisky

were turned on end, the heads stove in and surrounded by drunken soldiers, filling their canteens and themselves, many of whom doubtless became unable to make their escape.

During the whole of my service in the West I had never seen such loss as I beheld in two hours here. When we entered Nashville there was about the same condition of affairs, but it was not so painful to us, as the loss was on the other side. When we arrived well out of town there was a halt, and a line of battle formed again. I thought we would fight here, as our position was better for defense. I remember being well pleased with our situation, as we were in a cemetery, the tombstones and monuments affording us good protection. Harvey Parrett, one of our funny men, said if he was to be killed he wanted it done in that spot so as to beat the undertakers out of a big bill.

We had just taken our place in this beautiful cemetery when a woman and three little children came running up behind my company, excited and crying. The mother asked me if there was going to be a battle. I told her it looked so, but there might be none, as this army "would rather run than fight."

"What shall I do! What shall I do!" was her plaint, followed by a concert of sobbing.

"Where do you live?"

"In yonder cottage."

"Where is your husband?"

"In the Union army. What shall I do?" Then followed more crying.

"Have you a cellar under your house? If so, go there. We could fight here a week and you would then be safe."

She followed my advice, apparently much comforted with

the new place of safety I had suggested.

We remained here for some time, when the enemy threw a shell or two toward the city. In a few minutes after the reverberations had died away I heard a familiar crying in our rear. On looking back I found it came from the same family, who was coming toward me again. I went back to meet them, to ascertain what the trouble was, and why she had left her place of safety, and this was her explanation:

"Oh, sir, when I heard those cannon just now I thought they might throw a shell in our cellar that would kill us all. What shall I do with my children—my poor children?"

And the weeping broke forth afresh, louder and longer than before.

I could only insist that she return to the cellar, as there was no danger there. Then she reluctantly started back again, the little brood clinging to her frock.

The enemy was now only a mile or so from us, a familiarity our general did not approve of. We were again put in column, taking the Shepherdstown road to the Potomac, but twice before we reached this place did the closeness of the enemy's approach cause us to face about to repel attack. No enemy approaching, however, we continued our march, arriving in a pretty town about dark. There we rested on the streets for several hours, until the bugle called us into line. We soon found ourselves on the banks of the river, which we forded with some difficulty, as the wagon trains and artillery occupied and blocked up the main ford, compelling the infantry to go below or above, where fording was very rough, the channel being covered with boulders. I had my hands more than full, as my boy, being sleepy and tired, would stumble

and fall, so I took his hand in mine and assisted him to land safely.

It was probably eleven o'clock when we struck the Maryland shore, so fatigued that we were only too glad to throw ourselves on the soft, clean sand of the bank and sleep sweetly until sunrise. After a very poor breakfast—many had none, as the cooked rations we had started with were exhausted—we formed again and marched to Sharpsburg. Here we halted to rest.

My former lieutenant, Martin, who had been with me in the Army of the Cumberland, was with me now as a private. He sat down by my side, saying:

"Captain, this is a new experience for us; we never fled from the enemy in the Western army. Isn't it a shame to do so now? This Eastern army is one of blunders and mistakes, and to think of the many brave fellows who must suffer for it and are killed by these mistakes, and nothing accomplished! Why didn't they let us fight for those stores at Martinsburg? Of course, we could not have whipped Early, but a fight would have kept him back long enough to have saved nearly all the supplies."

He was thoroughly disgusted.

As I remarked before, this brave Irish soldier had been my lieutenant in the 31st Ohio. The reader may wonder why, having been a commissioned officer, he should now be serving in the ranks. The story is a sad one:

When the 31st Ohio veteranized and came home on their promised furlough, Lieutenant Martin, with another officer who also had a grievance, on their arrival at Columbus, called on the Governor of Ohio and asked why they had not received promotion to which they had been just-

ly entitled. Why, in the language of the camp, they had been "jumped." The Governor made some explanation which was not satisfactory. Both of the officers were somewhat under the influence of drink. A quarrel followed, Martin became excited and indiscreet in his language. He pointed to his scarred neck and face, to wounds he had received in battle, and asked if he was not entitled to some consideration at least, and to as fair treatment as one who could show no scars, broadly intimating that it was political influence that was promoting others and robbing him of what he had earned and to which he was fairly entitled. The Governor's dignity was touched and he in turn became angry, ordering both officers from his office, and telegraphing to the Secretary of War at Washington that both be dismissed from the service.

When Martin received official notice of his dismissal it nearly broke his heart, plunging him into the deepest despair. When he returned to our village he was almost constantly under the influence of drink. I was then making up my second company. He joined it. I would gladly have appointed him a sergeant but for his habitual intemperance.

After our return to Ohio to be mustered out at Zanesville, he was within eighteen miles of the home where his mother and sister resided, but he never returned to see them. After his discharge he was never heard of with any degree of certainty. My opinion is that he committed suicide in the Muskingum, on whose banks we camped until discharged. He was very sensitive in regard to his dismissal, and probably imagined that nothing else would wash away the stain of what he thought to be a dishonorable discharge. There were other theories and rumors. Some thought he had enlisted in an-

other regiment and been killed. Be this as it may, when the call came for unhappy Martin, and the Recording Angel turned to his earthly account, on the right side could be found a long column of good traits, among them being kindness, charity, patriotism, bravery and integrity; while on the dark page, so far as I could judge, appeared only one vice, intemperance, and one fault, impetuosity.

Harshly as he had been treated, disgraced as he thought he had been by the Governor, he was too much of a soldier to complain, and too proud to repine. Once only did he speak to me of his dismissal; it was in Virginia, when I made the remark that I had never heard him complain of his treatment by the Governor.

"No, I never do, for the reason the old Scotchman assigned: 'If I complained to my friends it would pain them; if to my enemies, it would please them.'"

Many years have passed since I parted with my lieutenant, yet a sigh still comes with the memory of that impulsive, generous, ill-used comrade.

When I begun this digression we were retreating from Early. I was describing our chagrin and shame at the flight. But even in the hour of retreat and disaster there is often a humorous happening. An amusing incident would occasionally crowd itself in as if to neutralize the bitterness.

All companies have a few members with no bravery to spare. I may have been one of the ones in my company, but my natural pride and feeling of responsibility prevented me from exposing my fear. I was not seeking my "bowl of blood" if I could honorably and consistently let it pass from my lips.

While fleeing from Early on this retreat, I had discovered

that four or five of my men could not be found; it was afterwards ascertained that they were several miles ahead of the regiment. I remembered that those same men straggled that far behind when we were up the valley toward the enemy, and they had assigned as a reason, when they came to us in camp, that by reason of sore feet and fatigue they could not keep up. So adroitly had they managed to get ahead that I did not discover their absence until a sergeant called my attention to it. Of course, it was a mystery to all who spoke of their absence.

When we went into camp that night after supper, Sheridan and I called Perry Hall's attention to the case. Perry was a scientific reasoner, as well as a philosopher, as you will soon discover. Hall's explanation, after he had given the matter due deliberation and careful thought, was this, as near as I can remember now after more than forty years have elapsed:

"First, it was not a case of fear nor lack of courage, but of polar magnetism. On some men the magnetic influence was much greater than upon others, therefore they were more susceptible. These susceptible persons when moving southward, as we had done when approaching the enemy up the valley, would find themselves hampered or retarded; in other words, they could not march so rapidly or easily. The same persons when going northward, as we were now doing, would, in the same ratio, be drawn forward, and would travel more easily and rapidly. Yes, it was purely a question of polar magnetism."

Then some unscientific member of the company came up who had not heard all of Hall's opinion, or, if he had heard it, did not clearly understand it. He asked Hall to give a clearer explanation and some authority for his conclusions. And this was the reply I remember hearing him give:

"I will give you the best authority there is on the subject. Comstock, who says: 'When one is longitudinally constituted, subject to hydrostatic influences, then the gumnotus electricus sphere forces the planetarium which is largely controlled by the prismatic spectrum.'"

Alf Van Sickle, who was toasting a piece of side meat on the end of a stick, said it was all as clear as mud to him now. This slur made Hall mad, as he regarded it in the light of a sneer or reflection on his lucid explanation, so he got up and walked away, saying there was no use "casting pearls before swine."

But the majority of those who sat around that fire went to bed soon after, certain that the theory was correct and had been clearly explained.

An incident occurred the next day, I think it was, that convinced me that Perry Hall was as much of a philosopher as he was a scientist. He and John Sheridan, for mutual enjoyment and reciprocal benefit, marched together, and they were well matched physically. When they enlisted they were as slick and plump as good living and no work could make a man. "Love of labor was with neither a heaven-born gift." In this rotund condition they drew their military clothing.

There was a cool, drizzling rain; we were standing around a fire, all feeling depressed and discouraged. There was everything that day to shed gloom over us. We were discussing a defeat that had occurred to our forces the day before at Snicker's Gap. Besides, we had been run up and down the valley for about two months, with the poorest fare and carrying very heavy loads, which caused Hall's and Sheridan's once well-filled trousers and blouses to hang upon them with most ludicrous expanse. The blue cloth failed to shrink as did their

fat forms, so that it could truthfully be said there was no "fitness of things."

A pause occurred as we stood around that smoky fire, then suddenly Hall, who was standing within reach of Sheridan and had noticed the copious folds that hung about his friend, reached down and gathered a large handful of the superfluous clothing, and pulling it up, said:

"Sheridan, you and I will either have to buy some fat or sell some trousers."

In the morning, after Hall had made the scientific explanation charitably exonerating those missing men from cowardice, there were still a few who were not satisfied with his explanation. One of the skeptics asked him why, if his theory were true, it had not been discovered before the war. With a look of pity and disdain for one so ignorant and with a mind so obtuse, he replied that "the citizens before the war did not carry the same amount of metallic matter a soldier does; the latter had his gun, bayonets, bullets, and brass buttons."

This unanswerable argument satisfactorily explained all doubts, and so far as I could hear, Hall's theory was thought correct, therefore it would be unjust to hold those persons who were subject to such polar influences responsible for their speed while marching north or south to and from the enemy.

A two days' march from Martinsburg via Pleasant Valley, a circuitous route, brought us to Maryland Heights. It was nearly midnight when we begun the ascent. The roundabout way we took was to avoid the enemy, who now had the opposite side of the river and could have harassed us with their artillery had we marched down the river road, which was by far the shortest route. Early had not only cheated us out of



MONTIMENT OVER GRAVE OF GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN
Arlington National Cemetery

the projected Fourth of July celebration, but we were glad to escape with our lives and liberty.

In an exhausted condition, we finally came to the spot where we could camp, and soon fell into the deepest sleep. It was not the least disturbance to us that a battery of heavy artillery in the midst of our bivouac was shelling the enemy on the opposite side of the river, they returning the compliment. We, having the highest ground, the shots of the enemy did us little damage. But our delightful rest was abruptly disturbed; we were rudely and suddenly shaken, as strangely as had occurred the panic at Shiloh or Corinth, Mississippi.

The breaking loose and stampeding of artillery horses caused this panic, just as it had the other. The animals plunged through the sleeping masses, none of us being in tents, trampling and frightening the men into the direst confusion. I was awakened by the thundering noise of their hoofs upon the stony surface, which sounded not unlike a coming storm; this, mingled with the shouting and yelling of the men, reminding me of my former experiences, only this one was nearer.

When the hoof-beats and yelling came near, I seized my blanket in one hand and my boy in the other, and dragged them a few steps away, to crawl under a cannon, knowing we would there be safe from the horses, for I was confident there was no enemy on that side of the river. Before I could reach the cannon some of the rushing crowd following had stepped on my blanket and pulled it from my grasp. Of course I could not halt to regain it, for I was forced in the direction of the cannon by the surging crowd. I had hardly crawled under the cover, clinging to my boy, who was not yet fully awake, when the sounds ceased and a comparative calm fell

upon the camp again. I went back to where I had lost my blanket, but of course it was gone; looking around for some time, I found another.

The best soldiers have been seized with panic, even in daylight. When the nerves have been strained for hours, the constant tension exhausts the endurance of human nature; then the most trifling incident will throw them off their balance and they lose their self-control and can as quickly be thrown into a panic as a herd of buffaloes. Napier records an incident of the Peninsular war. Sir John Moore's army, than whom more seasoned soldiers never carried muskets, while resting by the roadside was broken into utter confusion when a loose horse came galloping down the ranks.

Early followed us up. The second or third day after occupying this camp our outposts were forced back. He not only had us surrounded but, to use a Western phrase, we were "treed." For four or five days we hourly expected to be attacked. We skirmished every day. At the end of the tenth day a scout came in who reported that the enemy was moving east. A new Ohio regiment was near us. Their oversanguine colonel heard the report, called on General Sigel, who had command, and asked to be allowed to make a reconnoissance with his men, as they were spoiling for a fight, and the new colonel doubtless desired to distinguish himself and punish the Confederate general for keeping us besieged so long. The order was given for him to make the reconnoissance, with a caution to proceed with care. My company was on outpost duty near the road on which the new regiment went. They passed us in the highest glee, much as if they were going to a picnic, everyone appearing gay. Many had something to say to us as they passed, as to the number of cap-

tured flags they would bring back and what we would pay for Confederate scalps, etc.

I immediately feared the result of this movement should the officer commanding be as sanguine and confident as the men appeared to be. I knew about how long it would take to arrive at the enemy's line, provided they had not moved. With the keenest interest I listened, when I thought they might have arrived in that vicinity.

It was not long until there was a single shot, followed by two or three others. Soon it turned to light skirmish firing. The sound seemed to be receding, the new regiment was evidently driving them. More rapid firing followed, then heavy volleys of musketry that echoed among the hills and valleys as if there were a battle; this continued for some time, increasing in volume and vigor. It was a battle. We heard the bugles calling our regiment, that was in camp, to assemble, and not long afterward many regiments came out and formed in line of battle in rear of us. There was yet firing in front, but that it had decreased nearer to us was ominous. Now it had died away to a skirmish again, seemingly near the spot where we had first heard the firing. Then we saw men coming toward us faster than a walk. When they came up, some had thrown their arms away and were breathless and excited. They were sufficiently exhausted to be glad to stop and tell us, when they had recovered breath, that the balance of the battalion were nearly all killed or taken prisoners. "The Confederates laid a trap for us and we walked right into it. Before we were aware of it we were surrounded, a whole brigade firing into us." Not long afterward the remainder of the regiment came up without any organization. It reminded me of a mob.

The contrast between their appearance now and an hour previous, was painful; their gleeful songs had ceased, they were curt, sullen, sad. As others came up who were not so badly frightened we more clearly heard the story of the surprise and trap. The enemy had lured the raw, inexperienced regiment on by falling back as our men advanced, until they were well within their lines. The country being rough, wooded and hilly, it was easy to conceal many regiments within a short distance without being seen. When the retreating enemy made a stand and the fight became serious, these men in grey fell upon their flanks and even upon their rear; they were attacked on all sides. What else could be the result? The new regiment crumbled to pieces, going back faster than they had come, in terrible disorder. The scene was, as an intelligent young Scotchman described it to me, as he sat down to rest. The gathering place of Clan Alpine, where the whistle of Roderick Dhu sounded its call:

“Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe.”

There was no doubt from the loss of the enemy, as I afterward learned from some prisoners at the John Brown House, that the new men behaved very well until they found that they were surrounded, and suffering much loss, then they broke and fled; they became perfectly helpless before the superior and seasoned veterans of Early.

After the first break, the prisoners told me who had been engaged in the fight, there was but little fighting on our side, every man getting back to the rear as best and as fast as he could. I noticed one redeeming fact as the whipped men passed us, the field officers and many of the company officers

brought up the rear with one company which had not lost its organization; these acted as rear guard and were not panic stricken. Yes, of that new, hilarious regiment, all got back except about twenty, all sadder and wiser men.

At the beginning of this little fight, when the bugles called for the regiments to assemble, a New York German battery came galloping up to our post, then unlimbered, ready for action. We were moved to their rear to support. As soon as it was thought the fugitives were all in, they commenced singing German songs, then the battery opened toward the enemy's camp with a terrific fire; their songs changed to a louder key with faster time to correspond with the quicker movements of the cannoneers while loading and firing. What strange harmony with the steady roar of their guns! This battery had camped near us for several weeks, their men generally sitting around their tents with the austerity and solemnity of monks, almost sullen, smoking their pipes or playing cards. Therefore, the transformation from their slow, silent life to one of mirth and song, during the battle, was so striking that it was difficult to realize its being the same body of men.

Among those Germans were some wonderfully skilled wood-carvers, who carved some beautiful pipes from the laurel root that abounds in those mountains. The commissioned officers of my company contributed five dollars to be paid to one of those carvers for a pipe to be of special design and beauty, that we intended as a present for Captain MacVeigh, a retired steamboat captain of Zanesville, whose building we occupied the ten days we waited at that place to be organized and mustered into service. It was to be a token of gratitude for the kindness and care shown by the Captain and Mrs.

MacVeigh toward some sick boys we had in our company, but the kind captain never received the present which the German had already commenced, for before it was finished we were again driven by our relentless enemy, Early, and thus separated from the battery. We never saw the German singing fighters again.

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD JOHN BROWN'S HOME—THE WOUNDED AT THE HOME-STEAD—DRIVEN AGAIN—PHIL SHERIDAN COMING TO THE VALLEY.

DEDICATED to John Brown were the following lines in "Ironquill," which have endeared Mr. Ware to the hearts of those early pioneers who shared with the hero of Harpers Ferry the early struggles and trials in Kansas.

States are not great
Except as men may make them;
Men are not great except they do and dare.
But states, like men,
Have destinies that take them,
That bear them on, not knowing why or where.

And there is one
Whose faith, whose fight, whose failing
Fame yet shall placard on the walls of time.
He dared begin,
Despite the unavailing;
He dared begin when failure was a crime.

From boulevards
O'erlooking both Myanzas,
The statured bronze shall glitter in the sun,
With rugged lettering:
"John Brown, of Kansas:
He dared begin. He lost, but, losing, WON."

"There is a crown of immortal fame given to a few who fail."

The second day after the fight another scout came in with the report that now the enemy had surely left our front. They had gone during the night.

Our commanding officer, desiring to know the truth, ordered our regiment to make a reconnoissance. In an hour after receiving the order we were on our way, observing more caution and less gaiety than the new regiment who had received such rough treatment a couple of days before.

We had only gone a few hundred yards from the outposts when two companies were ordered to the front and deployed as skirmishers, my company being one, and, I, the ranking officer, having command of both.

We advanced slowly and carefully, for we were among the brush, trees, hills and valleys; the foe might be lurking near at hand. Within two miles we came to evidences of the unfortunate fight; some of our men were yet unburied; the weather being hot, they had swollen to enormous size. In a cabin occupied by a lonely old woman we found a wounded soldier who had been shot through the head, the brain protruding, but he was still breathing; this was the third day he had lived, showing wonderful tenacity.

On reaching an eminence the colonel came to me, and, pointing to a landmark in the distance, said:

"Take the skirmish line to that point; the battalion will slowly follow and rest at an intermediate point."

All this time we could see no enemy, but there were abundant indications that they had left but a few hours before, as their fires were still burning.

We arrived at the landmark at which the colonel had instructed me to halt, and we had been there but a short time when one of my boys called me to come to the left. Word had been sent up to him that a man wanted to see me. On arriving, I found a citizen mounted on an old, lame horse. He told me he had been watching us, and fearing we would not come to his house, as we had halted, he came out to tell

us that there were three Confederate soldiers there who decide to surrender, also that his house was full of our wounded, taken in after the fight of two days before.

"Some of your wounded men saw you coming and are wild with delight at the prospect of relief and food, which I could not give them, as the Confederates took everything about the house."

I selected six good men from my company, then told the citizen to lead the way, and that if there were any treachery on his part, if he led us into ambush, he would be the first man we would kill. I told Dan Stickle, one of the six, who was the best shot in the company, and a hunter by occupation when at home, to kill the man the instant we were attacked and to walk near the horse. Dan kept closely behind the citizen, carrying his gun at "port arms," capped, his black eyes never leaving the person I had told him to destroy in case of treachery. I can yet see his dark eyes and resolute, swarthy face as he glared at the man. The citizen coolly remarked, "If I'm foolin' you, you may shoot me; I'll not blame you."

We had not gone far when we came to a clear space of ground with a better view of the country, and with a house in the distance.

"Yonder is my home; there's where your wounded are, and below that, in that little cabin, is where I left the Confederate soldiers; that is the house old John Brown lived in when he started on that raid to Harpers Ferry."

This revelation so interested me that I almost forgot my caution, or that there was any danger.

"The cabin the soldiers are in is where Brown kept his pikes and guns before he attacked Harpers Ferry; we will go there first. I knew the old man well; I was living on the Myers farm, north of where Brown lived. He was a good,

honest man, but I think a little crazy on niggers."

We all knew we were not far from the John Brown farm when in camp on Maryland Heights; this we had been told by citizens who came to our lines, and by our own recollection of the unfortunate affair.

Now we came to the cabin, nearly hidden in tall weeds and willows, by the side of a marshy spring. It had, I have no doubt, been a slave quarter in its better days. The citizen looked in.

"There is no one here; maybe they're out in the brush. I'll look upstairs."

He ascended a ladder that led to the little loft.

"Come down; you won't be hurt; it's all right; they'll treat you well. Come down!"

He then descended, followed by three greasy, soiled, sad-looking men in grey, who cast furtive glances toward us. I asked them where their guns and accoutrements were, to which one of them replied that they had thrown them away when they dropped out of the moving column before daylight.

"To what regiment did you belong?"

Two answered as from Virginia, the other, North Carolina.

I then asked them if they were not hungry, to which all promptly answered in the broadest Southern dialect, "Vary, sah; vary."

My boys were prompt in opening their haversacks, which were yet full, as it was not noon, giving the poor fellows all they could eat. When they experienced this act of kindness, the apprehensive expression on their faces entirely disappeared, and in their place a smile could be seen flickering. We enjoyed the relief afforded the forlorn looking Confederates as they greedily devoured the hard bread and raw pork.

I sent the prisoners back under guard of two men and then hurried to the John Brown house, probably a hundred steps away.

"I am glad you came; it saves me a ride. I would have gone to your lines the day after the fight and reported the condition of the wounded men, but the Confederates wouldn't let me through. I couldn't do much for the poor, suffering fellows. I have nothing for them, for their wounds or for them to eat. Everything about my house that a man could eat was taken; every pig, duck and chicken is gone, and they would have taken this old hoss but he's too lame for 'em."

By this time we had arrived at the house. As we came to the porch we were met by a number of glad fellows who could walk, and who thanked God that we came, shaking hands with us over and over again. Want of attention caused their wounds to be in a painful condition; several I saw must have suffered agony, but I did not hear a groan or complaint. It was the instinct of the soldier that restrained any lack of fortitude. All that were not too badly wounded first asked for something to eat, as the Confederate surgeon who had had them in charge departed, leaving but little for wounds or appetite. Those who were able to walk, I made haste to send back to the battalion with a guide, making a statement to the colonel of the condition of the affairs at the Brown house, and asking him to send the ambulance and surgeons immediately with what rations could be collected from the men for the use of those who could not be taken in the ambulance.

A very young soldier particularly attracted my attention. I can see him now with the look of death in his unnaturally bright eyes and flushed face, hopeful and happy in his semi-delirium. He had a mortal wound, but was not so delirious that he did not know we were friends and were there to re-

lieve him. When he heard me speak of the ambulance he beckoned me to come to him. I sat on the floor beside him—all the wounded were on the floor. In a weak voice he said :

“Let me go with the first load ; I am in a hurry to get back to Ohio. The war is over now and I’d like to see mother. The last letter I received from father he said she was very sick and might not live long.”

I asked him if he thought he could stand it to be moved in the ambulance.

“Oh, yes ; there isn’t much the matter with me. There’s a boy over there—no use to send him ; he’ll die soon.”

The one to whom he referred had but a slight wound on the leg.

“If I can get home and mother is well enough to nurse me I’ll be well in a week.”

The wound was through the bowels. I knew from that and his looks that he could not live many hours, and to make those as pleasant as was in my power, I promised he should go in the first load. I knew from his mental condition that he would not be conscious of the presence of the ambulance unless he was told. This I cautioned the citizen to keep from him, fearing an effort on the boy’s part to get out, which would result in immediate death. When I made him the promise he thanked me in a whisper, with a grateful smile on his pretty lips.

An orderly now arrived to tell me the battalion was returning to camp ; we should follow. I gave Compton—that was the name of the man who lived on the Brown farm—a little money to buy the Ohio boy something nourishing should he live, charging him again to keep him ignorant of the arrival and departure of the ambulance.

Before leaving I took another look at this historic house.

I found it the worse for wear and the elements. It was a two-story, weather-board frame, with double porch, fronting south. It had probably been painted once, but time had long since robbed it of all semblance to paint. Then we started. Before we were quite out of sight I turned once more to look at the old weather-beaten house from which John Brown had taken his departure to play the principal part in the prelude to a tragedy, one of the greatest and bloodiest of modern times, a prelude that bewildered and astonished the North, carrying with it rage, fear and hatred in the South. It was the same road I was then treading towards Harpers Ferry that the old man's "body and soul marched on" to realize and carry out his wild, visionary schemes, with a bravery, determination and fortitude born of fanaticism, worthy of better judgment, but which, at least to him, had some prospect of success. History has disclosed the truth and completed the story of his desperate exploit and his willing and pathetic sacrifice, for which he lost his life, but gained his object even after death.

A few days later the citizen who occupied the house came to our lines when I was on outpost duty. I inquired after the badly wounded boy, and was not surprised to learn that he had died the night after we left. Then my next question was, "How did he die?"

"Happy! He was under the impression that he was on his way home. At times he thought he was at home talking to his mother, telling her of the battle. I could understand all he said about an hour before he died. 'I felt like running, mother, when I saw the men in gray coming upon us so thick and fast in front and rear, but I stood up to it, for I thought father would never forgive me if the boys should write home that I ran. So I stood there firing until I was struck—then I couldn't run. I fell, but I am glad it is no worse, and you're

so good to me I'll soon be well.' He raised his head. I asked if he wanted a drink of water; he did not answer. I thought it strange, for he asked for water every time I passed him, he was so feverish. I went away to attend to another. An hour or two after I heard him call out: 'Company F! Company F! This way! Don't you see our lines are broken?' I went to him again and asked what he wanted, but still received no reply. I could see he was about gone. Two hours later I looked at him and he was dead."

I asked the farmer if there were any letters or papers by which to identify the boy, but he said there was none. He supposed they had been taken or thrown away by his captors.

"Two of your surgeons came the next day after you left, and brought the ambulance again. The driver and I dug his grave a little east of the cabin where you took the prisoners."

We remained in the vicinity of Maryland Heights for nearly two weeks after our visit to the John Brown house. Then when we heard that Early had gone up the valley again after he had threatened Washington, and that he was so far away that there was no danger, we took courage and went bravely in pursuit, crossing the Potomac, eager to punish the foe who had kept us so long in a hot miserable camp. Our hurried advance on Early reminded me of the smaller whipped dog, which, when the larger and victorious one has gone out of sight, becomes brave.

We had not pursued more than a day when we heard that the enemy had halted at Winchester; then our general thought it prudent that we, too, should halt, leaving the right wing of our battalion at Brown's crossing on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, while the left, to which we belonged, continued to march five or six miles southwest to a hamlet called Kearneyville, which Sheridan made historic a few months later by a

fierce cavalry fight. Here was a crossroad where it was deemed necessary that a strict guard should be kept to prevent contraband articles from being carried by a sympathizer to the Confederacy.

I received an order the next morning after our arrival appointing me provost marshal, my office to be in a cabin near the crossing. I was entitled to a guard of six men and one corporal; this was Perry Hall, the Vermonter. I had the selecting of the guard, and of course, took John Sheridan as one, for he must be entertainer and story-teller—how else could we, with any degree of comfort and enjoyment, spend the long days, weeks, and possibly months, without some one to entertain us? Yes, we had Hall, the wag, and Sheridan, the story-teller!

On our arrival we found the cabin with only one room and a dirty floor; it had been a slave quarter. Our part of the battalion was about a half-mile distant. The greater part of the day was spent in cleaning house and toward evening it presented a cozy and comfortable appearance, with berths erected to accommodate the whole number. The pinnacle of good fortune was now at hand. How we pitied the poor "devils" we had left behind us without tents and cooking utensils.

A Mr. Rogers came in that day and invited me to dine with him, a piece of diplomacy on his part I think to make himself "solid" with us, as we were in a position officially to grant favors to citizens. Before leaving his home I inquired if there was anyone living near there whom I could get to wash my shirts. He knew of no one except a poor woman who lived a few miles out on the Winchester road, whose husband was in the Confederate army. She would be glad to earn a little money as she was very poor.

To this house I started late in the afternoon, and I found

a delicate-looking woman with a sickly-looking daughter. I stated my business and she gladly promised to have the shirts washed by the next afternoon. I then started back.

We had constructed such comfortable quarters that I hurried back to enjoy them. Not long after supper we retired to our luxurious couches, congratulating ourselves that there was not another set of men in the Shenandoah Valley who had such a soft snap; and again we pitied the poor fellows whom we had left that morning, for they would soon take the storm, that was then threatening in the West, while we could be "as snug as a bug in a rug." We wondered how long this sinecure would continue; no one guessed less than two months. Someone told us the captain who had preceded us had remained five months. Then we all agreed to go to sleep, saying we would write home tomorrow telling the folks of our good fortune.

Oh, the mutability of human affairs and the uncertainties of war! We had not been asleep more than three or four hours when the man on duty outside halted someone. I heard the call to "halt!" When a reply was made I recognized the voice of one of my sergeants, who told the guard to waken us as Early was coming back and would be here in a few hours. My first impression was that it was a cruel joke to startle us from our comfortable beds, so I called out to the sergeant to go back to his quarters, that I did not enjoy such ill-timed jokes; that he should know better than to disturb us in that manner. His answer was that the whole battalion was up cooking and packing, preparing to fall back again. I told the guard to go up to the hill where he could have a view of the camp and to report to me quickly. On his return he said the sergeant was correct, the whole camp was ablaze. Then there was a hurrying to and fro to evacuate our comfortable

little house which had only sheltered us a few hours. It was a dark, threatening night.

Now I thought of my shirts that I had taken to the poor woman on the Winchester road, and this was the road over which the enemy would come. I needed those shirts badly; the one I was wearing was ragged and soiled. I determined to go out for them; they were good and new, even though they were "rough." There would be no trouble getting out, but returning would be quite another matter. I explained the situation to the guard at the road, telling him I would return in an hour; but it was possible he might be relieved meantime, and his successor, nervous and panic-stricken, might shoot without halting me, as all I knew by this time was that Early was hourly expected. I had gone thus far and did not want to return, so I made such quick time from that point to the blacksmith's wife as would have done credit to a professional sprinter. After considerable calling and knocking I heard a voice within:

"Who is there?"

"I'm the man who left the shirts yesterday."

"Oh, sir; they are not washed yet. I told you to come tomorrow afternoon."

I then told her of Early's coming; that he would be here within an hour.

"Throw my shirts out of the window; I'll find them and hurry back. It is unhealthy for a Union soldier to remain here much longer."

"Are you sure General Early is returning?"

"Fearfully sure, madam."

"Then, thank God! I shall see my husband again; he is with Early. He belongs to a Confederate battery."

In her happiness at the prospect of seeing her husband

again she seemed to have forgotten my request to throw out my shirts if they were upstairs where she was; but she and her daughter were otherwise engaged in congratulating and dressing themselves, the daughter as much overjoyed and excited as the mother, as I could hear by their remarks. What meant happiness to them was the opposite to me.

Every man knows how unreasonably long it takes a woman to dress, but I thought this case would have demoralized even the patience of Job. I came to that conclusion as I stood there looking up the Winchester road with "fear and trembling." Then they finally came down with a lighted candle and invited me in, which courteous act I was prompt to decline. I kept my eye on the Winchester pike. Should I have seen a cow or horse coming from that direction I am sure, in my state of mind, I should have taken it for Early's army and left without ceremony or shirts.

I received a bundle, and tendered the now happy woman the amount customary for washing, but she declined, for two reasons: first, she had not washed the shirts, and second, I had brought her the glad tidings of her husband's return. But, knowing their needy circumstances, I laid the pittance on the table and bade them good-night. Then I made one of the fastest marches on record to camp. Much to my relief, I found the pickets withdrawn preparatory to the retreat. I arrived in camp in a drenching rain.

Mark the instability of war, and how little the enemy regarded my ease and comfort; how very impolite!

As stated before, I only enjoyed my new office and cozy cabin a few hours. Is it any wonder that I did not mourn at the complete destruction of our persistent and relentless foe and his army when Sheridan met and crushed them a few months later?

When we arrived at Brown's crossing, where the right wing had been camping, we waited for them to form, and then continued the retreat. While waiting two or three cannon shots were heard not far away. The enemy was having a "brush" with Col. Mulligan's rear. The echoes of the sounds had scarcely died away when one of our field officers quickly mounted his horse, called the battalion into line, and we expected the enemy to make its appearance. My boy called my attention to another field officer, saying:

"Look, Captain; look! See how his hands shake! He can scarcely hold the bridle reins. I am ashamed of him."

Then, with a contemptuous smile, he kept his eye upon that officer, who was falling in his estimation. Should the boy be living yet, he doubtless thinks of that officer with disrespect and contempt.

The morning we were so cruelly driven out of our little office into the rain by Early a mysterious incident occurred that was not explained until several months after the war. Then we learned the fate of the missing soldier. His name, or the company he belonged to, I cannot now remember, but he was from our county, as were nearly all the members of this regiment.

When the last scout came in and reported the short distance between us and the enemy's advance, it was the duty of the commanding officer to have the outposts collected and brought in before we marched. We were now ready to move. In the hurry, darkness and rain a soldier somewhat out of the line, or chain, of guards was overlooked; it was thought he had gone to some undergrowth for shelter, therefore had been unobserved. He had heard when he took his post that the enemy was expected, and he knew we must retreat; he had also heard the challenge of the sentinels as the officer came up

to relieve him; he heard the rattle of the canteens and bayonets die away as the relieved men marched back to camp, but no relief came to him; he thought there might have been an oversight but he could not tell, and he knew that to leave his post without orders was punishable with death. The sacred fire of duty must have burned brightly, for he consoled himself during the vigil by thinking that there must be good reason for his remaining. His instructions as a soldier were that he must always remain faithful to the duties assigned him and under no conditions leave an outpost without orders to do so. When his absence was finally explained I remembered that there had been some talk of a soldier being missing, and conjectures that he must have been killed or taken prisoner.

A few weeks after we reached home there came to our county a pale and emaciated ex-soldier, an exchanged prisoner of war from Libby Prison; he was on his way to an adjoining county, his home. He had stopped to visit some friends and relations of the man who had been missed from our regiment, bringing a message that explained the mysterious loss of the absent comrade. The story of the ex-soldier was that he had been in Andersonville prison when the soldier died; that they had become friends, feeling akin to each other as their homes were so near together. They had been messmates in prison; our comrade had reached Andersonville with a badly wounded shoulder, dying about ten days after his arrival. His wound had not been regarded as dangerous at first, the messenger said, but exposure, with lack of nourishment and medical attention, had so aggravated his condition that in less than a week death threatened him. We all know how cruelly swift was the shaft of death in that horrible prison camp. At the end of the week he realized his condition, and, calling his messmate to him, said:

"If I don't get well, and you are fortunate enough to get home, tell my friends and the boys of my regiment that when they left me in the woods the morning Early drove us out of Kearneyville I supposed I had been left there intentionally. I knew that under some circumstances men would be kept in their places and sacrificed to keep the enemy back. I thought a few others might be near me for the same purpose. If we could do a little fighting this would give the others a longer time to save themselves and get the stores away. I staid there until after daylight without seeing or hearing a person. Then I saw a line of gray skirmishers approaching. They were cautiously sneaking up; I commenced firing, which was quickly returned. I kept this up for some time, whenever I could see anyone; then I found they were getting around me, and just as I made this discovery I was wounded. Of course, I could do nothing but surrender, which they called upon me to do. I did this to the first Johnny that came to me. I cannot blame myself for staying at my post, as I did not know I had been overlooked. I was a new soldier and did not know the ways of war. If you get out of here promise me you will go to father and mother and Mary—they will tell you where she lives—and tell them that I died here, and give them all the particulars; for our enemies at home might say that I was a deserter. I would have written, possibly a letter might have reached them, but you see I could not write, the wound is in the right shoulder; I can't hold a pen, and, thinking I would soon get better, I kept putting off getting you or someone else to write. Father will gladly defray whatever expense this may be to you and be grateful as long as he lives for your removing the stain that might rest upon me and the family, under the suspicion of my having been a deserter."

Two days later he was dead from blood poisoning. His case was not dissimilar to that of the Roman sentinel whose remains were found at a recent excavation of the principal gate of Pompeii, standing at his post with shield and drawn sword waiting for death rather than to abandon his duty.

The 1st of August, 1864, found us again occupying Maryland Heights. Then we heard a rumor (one is always hearing rumors during war time) that General Sheridan had been assigned to the newly mapped out "Middle Military Department." This embraced the Shenandoah Valley where we had been driven about so unceremoniously. My feelings were somewhat conflicting when the rumor was confirmed. He must now fight in an unlucky field, one that had been the graveyard of so many promising reputations, for we had, as I have stated previously, been very unfortunate here up to this time. Our losses were not all due to bad generalship, for when we pushed up this valley there were nearly a dozen passes or defiles that the enemy's army could come through and attack our rear. Thus they had an immense advantage over us. Again, Early's army was largely recruited from the Shenandoah; the recruits knew every cowpath.

But, with all these dangers and disadvantages, I heard of Sheridan's coming with confidence, for I knew him well enough to know that there would be an intelligent effort to extricate us from the confusion and mismanagement that had seemed to prevail wherever we had gone. I believed they could never catch him napping. There was an impression that he was reckless and brave and dashing, but I knew that, like Wellington, "He had an infinite capacity for taking pains." To surprise Phil Sheridan would be almost impossible; to defeat him would be at an awful cost.

I read in my old diary that it was on the 15th day of

August that some soldiers came into our camp and told us Sheridan was coming up the Potomac on the towpath with his cavalry. I borrowed a field glass, secured a leave of absence for John Sheridan and myself and we ascended to the summit of the mountain. When we arrived at this point a beautiful, impressive war scene presented itself. For ten miles the north bank of the stream could be seen crowded with cavalry. From our elevated position the horses looked to be not much larger than sheep. The men reminded me of "Brownies," when viewed with naked eye. Entranced by the spectacle, we kept watching it until our leave was up.

That night the 19th corps came in; every hill and valley about us was covered with soldiers. I could see from the preparations about us that this valley was to be the battleground for that military department.

About a week later I heard that for the present Gen. Sheridan's headquarters would be Harpers Ferry, about three miles from our camp. At this time it was my duty to communicate to the brothers that their brother John was ill with fever, his condition becoming serious. I also desired to see them personally, as I had not seen either since the day after the battle at Perryville, two years before. I was disappointed in not finding either in camp; they had gone out on a reconnoissance that morning in the vicinity of Halltown.

Col. Burr, in his life of General Sheridan, thus describes his personality on his entrance to the Shenandoah Valley:

General Sheridan in August, 1864, was, though small in stature, a very model for a soldier. He was molded as if in bronze. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh was to be seen on that energetic frame. He bore in every line and motion the outward evidence of concentrated energy, while his face and head were the picture of vitalized mental power. Lincoln had

looked into the little trooper's brain, and with that deep, penetrative, patient glance of his, had fathomed its capacity, and grown confident of its ability to succeed. The likeness in mold and line to Napoleon Bonaparte at Sheridan's age was being generally commented upon. Stanton came to observe it later; and after Sheridan's historic ride a little later, it is recorded that Mr. Stanton had in his room, on the marble mantel, a little book of about five hundred pages, which contained, as a frontispiece, a likeness of Napoleon; and, says a writer in the *Washington Star*, he took it, and, turning to the frontispiece, handed it to the President, saying that there was a resemblance about the forehead and bust. Sometime prior to this, when our armies were being slaughtered by piecemeal in Virginia, Mr. Stanton had received a letter from some prominent person calling his attention to a saying of Napoleon's that one commander for an army was better than two armies with independent commanders. "He then told me to get him his book on Napoleon from the library. They talked for some time about General Sheridan, who had, several days before his Cedar Creek battle, defeated Early, and I heard Mr. Stanton then say to the President that Grant and Sheridan would end the war very soon with such fighting."

I think it was Colonel Forsythe whom I met at headquarters and to whom I communicated the condition of the sick brother. Captain M. V. Sheridan came at an early hour the following morning bringing such medicine and delicacies as could be obtained. The general was making another reconnoissance to Charlestown that day and could not see him.

Of course almost my whole company stood around Captain Sheridan during the hour he was with us, to hear the news, and to learn, if possible, something of the future. My recollection of what he said as the boys stood about is that he had

been, and would be, employed in gathering the cavalry who were scattered through Maryland and Virginia in small detachments, guarding little posts and doing no good.

"Phil wants to mass men, and then when they are in good condition and we get well acquainted with this country, its roads, streams and general topography, and do some maneuvering, 'you may look to see the fur fly.'" And now we all know that it was a true prophecy, brief as it was.

Requesting me to keep them advised daily as to John's condition, he mounted his horse and rode hurriedly away, for there was business on hand at General Sheridan's headquarters.

Five weeks passed and nothing occurred with Sheridan to give the future a brighter outlook. Occasionally we could see a northern paper in which was asked, "What is Sheridan doing? Will he, too, disappoint us?"

Yes, the outlook that month of August was extremely dark. A camp rumor came to us one day that Sheridan had driven Early back as far as Winchester; then we heard the following day that he had turned upon Sheridan and was slowly pressing him back again.

I met a cavalryman in Harpers Ferry about this time. He looked as if he had just returned from the front, and so he had. I asked for news from Sheridan. "It is nothing good; Early is pushing him down the valley again; I think he will be here by tomorrow."

I felt greatly depressed; my hopes went down to zero, but I replied to this discouraging report:

"Wait a little while 'till Sheridan learns something of this country and just what he has to contend with, then he will fight until either he or the enemy is destroyed. I know him; I served with him in the West."

He rode away, not believing my prediction.

The next morning I again borrowed a field glass and was permitted to ascend the mountain, taking John Sheridan with me as I had done more than five weeks before. He was now convalescent. The morning was clear and we had a fair view up the valley, with a range of about ten miles. Within that distance we could see two long skirmish lines, the one of blue, the other of grey, with heavy reserves in the rear ready to support. Once it looked as if there would be a general engagement, but it was nothing but a brisk skirmish fight. In the midst of rapid firing there arose dust and dense smoke with, I thought, the sound of volley firing, but when the dust and smoke were swept away by a breeze we could see the reserves and supports—they had not moved. Looking a little longer, the sight gave us a chill—the blue line was falling back.

As already remarked, the view from the mountain up the valley was magnificent, but we were now being confronted with a sight sad and depressing. A few miles to the north, hidden from our view by the forests, had been the home of old John Brown, with its sad memories; in front of us was Sheridan, falling back, retreating from Early. It was this that clutched at our hearts. We thought he feared to fight his adversary. To the left and east could be seen Charleston, where the last scene of the John Brown tragedy was enacted.

Is it any wonder we begun the descent in gloom and despondency? With hearts full of anxiety we turned our steps downward. As we descended I did not tell John Sheridan my thoughts, for I knew how keenly he must be suffering. I would not add to his pain. I remember his homely expression as we were descending:

"I am fearful that Phil has bitten off more than he can chew by taking command of this department. I wish he had

remained with his Western Division. They will whip him down here as they have all his predecessors; this has always been an unlucky valley for us."

Then we hurried down the rocky slope, thinking our regiment might be ordered across the river in case Early followed Sheridan too closely. Neither of us dreamed, in our unmilitary minds, that the enemy was being lured to his destruction.

Now mutterings of discontent broke out again in the Northern papers; many began to think the confidence Grant had in Sheridan had been misplaced. Six weeks of doubt, uncertainty and gloom had pervaded the North. The patient, considerate Grant became impatient and came to see Sheridan. He had with him a plan he intended to submit, but after a short interview he found, to his joy, that Sheridan had matured a better one. When it was explained to him he gave it his approval in that laconic but all-sufficient order, "Go in!" Then there was no more deliberation and delay. Every detail had been worked out; every contingency had been provided for and the hour for action had arrived. As stated, Grant had a plan in his pocket, but he was so well pleased with Sheridan's that he did not show it.

After the war, on one of Sheridan's annual visits to our village, I was talking of this period of that campaign. I told him of the unpleasant fears his brother and I had experienced as we watched him from the mountain while he retreated before the enemy. "We came to the conclusion that you were afraid to fight Early." He smiled, and said:

"That was just the impression I was trying to make. I was getting out of the way to give him ample opportunity and encouragement to cross the Potomac again. I was leaving all the bars down and the gate open to make the temptation great, and at one time I thought he would cross."

"And what would have been the result had he crossed?"

"I think his utter destruction in a few days. Soon after that he became cautious, then I could do nothing but maneuver to take the offensive."

During this conversation I spoke of the famous order he received from General Grant, to strip the valley of its grain, mills and cattle, the execution of which order had excited so much criticism and given rise to so much bitterness in that vicinity.

Referring to this devastation, General Sheridan said:

"You would suppose that the burning of the barns and mills and the taking of live stock and grain was the most horrible feature of the war; to hear the talk one would think so. General Grant's object, as well as mine, was to bring the war to a speedy close. We knew of no quicker or more merciful plan than to destroy the principal granary, the Shenandoah Valley. I am sure there is more mercy in destroying supplies than in killing their young men, which a continuance of the war would entail. If I had a barn full of wheat and a son, I would much sooner lose the barn and wheat than my son. That rich, productive valley was furnishing vast quantities of the wheat and other grain that was used by the Confederate army. The question was, must we destroy their supplies or kill their young men? We chose the former."

After a cavalry fight General Merritt had, at Front Royal, in which we gained a victory, the "fur" that Capt. Sheridan had spoken of commenced to "fly."

SOMERSET, OHIO, Jan. 10, 1892.

HON. ROBERT PRICE,
Zanesville, Ohio.

MY DEAR SIR:—I received your letter of the 5th. En-

closed in your letter came the clipping from the "Cincinnati Commercial Gazette," containing the story of General Phil Sheridan and "Old Bink." I had read it. John Sheridan came to my room one day last week, handed me the "Washington (D. C.) Star," and laughingly said, "Here, Greiner, you can learn how Phil got his appointment to West Point." You ask me if there is any truth in it, or how much is true. To be brief on this point, I can say it is a romance founded on some facts. The communication contains many errors. That we had "Old Bink" here as a boy and young man, is true. He was a playmate of Phil Sheridan and mine. If you have read the "Memoirs of Gallant Phil" you may remember in Vol 1, 4th or 5th page, where he refers to his school days and teachers, he names two boys as his tempters—Binckley and Greiner. It was true we often lured him from school to the woods, hunting and fishing, which if our absence was noted by the teacher, a terrible thrashing would follow. This boy Binckley mentioned in his Memoirs became the poor "Old Bink" of the story by Tom Cannon. By way of excusing myself for the part I took in the truancy I shall attempt to describe our teachers (masters, we called them). They were both cruel cranks, both bachelors, middle-aged—Thorn a Virginian, McNanly Irish, both fond of whiskey. From Saturday morning until Sunday night they were drunk. When Monday came they were yet under the effects of the two days' debauch,—sour, ill-tempered and cruel, therefore, this day was principally devoted to whipping the boys. Knowing that Monday was the day for indiscriminate flogging, it was but natural we would make an effort to be absent. There would come a proposition from one of us to go to the woods; it needed no eloquence nor strong argument to act on this suggestion, and I think it generally came from Bink or myself.

Phil was the best boy—not so much inclined to be a truant. A few years before his death I was lunching with him in Washington, and the conversation drifted to our early days, the masters, the girls, the floggings. He held up his hand, pointed to a disfigured finger, and said “McNanly did that; he was whipping me, and when I threw back my hand to protect my rear he struck me on the nail, knocking it loose.” “Old Bink” had no claims upon Phil. He never gave him the cadetship. It was only our intimacy and companionship in youth as common sufferers at the cruel hands of Thorn and McNanly that aroused his sympathies when he found him in such a forlorn condition in Denver. I shall be charitable and say that the story as he related it that night at the mining camp at Sierra San Juan was imaginary in the distempered brain of “Old Bink,” which was far gone from the effects of whiskey and morphine. He was not a liar when a boy, and some of those errors may have crept into the memory of Tom Cannon, the writer of the story, as eighteen years had intervened between the scenes he described and the writing. It is not true that Bink’s family was wealthy and influential. Comparatively the Sheridans were much better off financially than the Binckleys, as they were always the owners of their homes, while the Binckleys were not. They were influential only so far as remarkable brightness of intellect and good moral standing would secure to them. The boys were by nature brilliant talkers and writers, fond of ease, and improvident. The younger brother, Milton, far less talented than “Old Bink,” was assistant attorney general under Henry Stansbury during President Johnson’s administration. About ten years ago he, too, came to a sad end. In reduced circumstances, with domestic troubles, he became despondent, and threw himself in Lake Michigan at Chicago. One brother

was killed in an Iowa or Missouri regiment during the Civil War. Neither is it true that "Old Bink's" uncle represented this district in Congress. The writer of the story may have heard "Old Bink" call the Congressman "Uncle Tom Ritchey." He was often called that. His kindness and fondness for boys prompted them to this familiarity and affection. The Congressman was in no way related to the tramp, but took an interest in the family and was kind to them. The true story of Phil's appointment was contingent on McGinnis failing in his examination. When McGinnis returned home Phil Sheridan promptly wrote to the Congressman, seeking the appointment. Immediately came an answer, inclosing his warrant for the class of 1848. It is not true that the old tramp went through college, but I am ready to believe he was a geologist and metallurgist, as the writer of the story claims, and I have no doubt the old wanderer had studied almost every science and could talk learnedly on almost any subject. But the story of Phil Sheridan crying when he heard the appointment came to Binckley is so unlike him that to me it is absurd and ridiculous. He would as a boy suffer anything without betraying emotion.

Referring to the most sensational and dramatic part of Cannon's story, the meeting of General Sheridan and the unkempt, ragged tramp that stood on the street in Denver as the shouting, restless, surging mass of humanity was waiting to see the hero of Cedar Creek, Five Forks and Appamattox, and when seen by Sheridan and recognized as his playmate, halted the carriage, dismounted, threw his arms about the feeble old wanderer and kissed him, I do not believe. Sheridan was not emotional nor sensational; his kisses were not numerous. I remember at our little parties when it came his turn to kiss the girls it would always be with a blush and

hesitancy. I do not doubt he took the old wreck in the carriage, and that "Old Bink" was well clad and had money in his pocket after meeting General Sheridan, for his generous and sympathetic nature would not see an old playmate in the condition "Bink" was and not relieve him. I never heard General Sheridan speak of seeing "Old Bink" in the West, but Col. M. V. Sheridan told me he saw him clad and in appearance as described in this episode. General Sheridan would have left the company of Emperor William of Germany, King of England or Bismarck to have met an old schoolmate—one with whom he had ever had an intimacy or fondness. As an instance, on one of his yearly visits home after the war I called to pay my respects, and was informed that he was sleeping, but they would arouse him. I objected, saying I would call in the evening, but his pretty wife and mother said that when he retired he requested that in case I or any of his friends called he should be aroused. They insisted; I submitted. When he came down I apologized for the disturbance, but he repeated the request he had made to his mother and wife, and said, "You know I do not stay long, nor come often, therefore when I do come I want to see you, and that is why I left the word with mother."



SHERIDAN

Decoration Day, 1890.

Rest well, great soldier, now that war is over,
A rich life's harvest in our hearts you reap!
Soundly, beneath the buttercups and clover,
After the battle as a child you sleep.

'Tis meet that mid the friends you loved to cherish—
Where first your glorious warrior-star arose,
And memories of such valor ne'er shall perish—
Brave dust like yours should find its last repose.

A hero on the field to heroes holy,
In the front rank where imminent danger came!
A hero among heroes lying lowly
Until the Captain calls each patriot name!

Soldier, sleep on beside the turbid river
Till martial music and the morning gun
Of angel armies, where the sword-flames quiver,
Awake the camp lit by the Conqueror's sun!

—David Graham Adee.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HEROIC VERSE OF MR. READ, "SHERIDAN'S RIDE"—ECHOES
AT PHIL'S HOME OF THE BATTLE "TWENTY MILES AWAY."

AFTER General Sheridan had conferred with the War Department he hastened back to his command, stopping the first night at Martinsburg and the second at Winchester.

The heroic verse in which Mr. Read so graphically describes General Sheridan's wonderful ride is here quoted in full:

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed.
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.

What was done? what to do? a glance told him both;
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

The battle of Winchester, or Opequan, was fought on the 19th of September. The enemy, defeated and demoralized, made a halt at Fisher's Hill, a very strong position.

I cannot dwell on the details of this splendid victory of General Sheridan's which was won on the 22nd. At one time it looked as if he had compassed the complete destruction of Early's army, but owing to the failure of Generals Torbert and Averell of the cavalry to promptly do their duty, the enemy was permitted to escape in their rout, as the infantry could not successfully overtake them.

General Sheridan was greatly mortified and chagrined at the feeble efforts of those officers. After receiving information of the lack of zeal and neglect on the part of Averell, with a report from him of how little he had accomplished, Sheridan sent him the following note in reply, which is so characteristic of the man that I cannot resist reproducing it:

“HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,

“Woodstock, Va., Sept. 23, 1864.

“BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL AVERELL:

“Your report and report of signal-officer received. I do not want you to let the enemy bluff you or your command, and I want you to distinctly understand this note. I do not advise rashness, but I do desire resolution and actual fighting, with necessary casualties, before you retire. There must now be no backing or filling by you without a superior force of the enemy actually engaging you.

“P. H. SHERIDAN,

“Major-General Commanding.”

A few days after General Averell was relieved of his command as he was not the kind of fighter Sheridan desired.

Sheridan's victorious army followed the enemy as far as Harrisonburg, where he camped for several days, then retired down the valley, desolating it so as to make it untenable by the enemy. The cavalry as it retired was stretched across the country from one mountain range to the other, driving off all live stock and destroying all supplies as it advanced. The infantry went ahead of the cavalry. On the 6th and 7th of October the enemy's cavalry, reinforced by a brigade from Richmond under command of Gen. Rosser, followed Sheri-

dan's cavalry and finally became an annoyance by their harassing rear guard attacks. This made Sheridan angry and he concluded to put a stop to it, and this is the plan he took, as he tells it in his memoirs:

During the 6th and 7th of October, the enemy's horse followed us up, though at a respectful distance. This cavalry was now under command of General T. W. Rosser, who on October 5 had joined Early with an additional brigade from Richmond. As we proceeded the Confederates gained confidence, probably on account of the reputation with which its new commander had been heralded, and on the third day's march had the temerity to annoy my rear guard considerably. Tired of these annoyances, I concluded to open the enemy's eyes in earnest, so that night I told Torbert I expected him either to give Rosser a drubbing next morning or get whipped himself, and that the infantry would be halted until the affair was over; I also informed him that I proposed to ride out to Round Top Mountain to see the fight. When I decided to have Rosser chastised. Merritt was encamped at the foot of Round Top, an elevation just north of Tom's Brook, and Custer some six miles farther north and west, near Tumbling Run. In the night Custer was ordered to retrace his steps before daylight by the Back road, which is parallel to and about three miles from the Valley pike, and attack the enemy at Tom's Brook crossing, while Merritt's instructions were to assail him on the Valley pike in concert with Custer. About 7 in the morning Custer's division encountered Rosser himself with three brigades, and while the stirring sounds of the resulting artillery duel were reverberating through the valley Merritt moved briskly to the front and fell upon Generals Lomax and Johnson on the Valley pike. Merritt, by extending his right, quickly established connection with Custer, and the two divi-

sions moved forward together under Torbert's direction, with a determination to inflict on the enemy the sharp and summary punishment his rashness had invited.

The engagement soon became general across the valley, both sides fighting mainly mounted. For about two hours the contending lines struggled with each other along Tom's Brook, the charges and counter charges at many points being plainly visible from the summit of Round Top, where I had my headquarters for the time.

The open country permitting a sabre fight, both sides seemed bent on using that arm. In the centre the Confederates maintained their position with much stubbornness, and for a time seemed to have recovered their former spirit, but at last they began to give way on both flanks, and as these receded, Merritt and Custer went at the wavering ranks in a charge along the whole front. The result was a general smash-up of the entire Confederate line, the retreat quickly degenerating into a rout the like of which was never before seen. For twenty-six miles this wild stampede kept up, with our troopers close at the enemy's heels; and the ludicrous incidents of the chase never ceased to be amusing topics around the campfires of Merritt and Custer. In the fight and pursuit Torbert took eleven pieces of artillery, with their caissons, all the wagons and ambulances the enemy had on the ground, and three hundred prisoners. Some of Rosser's troopers fled to the mountains by way of Columbia Furnace, and some up the Valley pike and into the Massanutten Range, apparently not discovering that the chase had been discontinued till south of Mount Jackson they rallied on Early's infantry.

After this catastrophe Early reported to General Lee that his cavalry was so badly demoralized that it should be dismounted; and the citizens of the valley, intensely disgusted

with the boasting and swaggering that had characterized the arrival of the "Laurel Brigade" in this section, baptized the action (known to us as Tom's Brook) the "Woodstock Races," and never tired of poking fun at General Rosser about his precipitate and inglorious flight.

After the Woodstock races, up to the battle of Cedar Creek, at which place Sheridan was encamped, there were several severe battles; one was fought on our side by General Thoburn, another by General Custer, and both resulted in small advantages for us. From the aggressive movements of the enemy it could be seen that more re-inforcements had arrived from Richmond.

By reason of a difference of opinion on the future policy of his department between General Sheridan and the War Department, it was absolutely imperative that General Sheridan should visit Washington to confer in person, notwithstanding the threatening attitude of the enemy.

I do not in this book aim to give the details of Sheridan's battles, or to refer to many of them, but I am again tempted to describe the first of the valley battles, with a romance closely connected with it and largely responsible for the battle at Winchester. It illustrates the fact that momentous events are brought about at times by a trifling incident; also, as in nearly all other important occurrences, "there is a woman in it."

CHAPTER XVIII. BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

WON ON THE INFORMATION OF A GIRL—LETTER OF MRS.
BONSAL, THEN MISS REBECCA I. WRIGHT, TO GENERAL
SHERIDAN—A TOUCHING INCIDENT AT CEDAR CREEK.

THAT the famous battle of Winchester won by Gen. Sheridan was really won on a woman's information is not known to many people, and still fewer realize that the heroine of the incident is now working in the Treasury Department, where she has a life position, given her in recognition of her services. Yet such is the case. The lady in question is Mrs. William Bonsal, formerly Miss Rebecca I. Wright of Frederick County, Virginia. Miss Wright, like many other Southern women, belonged to a family that was divided on the question of the Union. She came of a devout family of Friends, who condemned war on general principles. But as between the Union and the Confederacy, Rebecca was a Union woman, while her sister, who looked strikingly like her, was a thoroughgoing Confederate.

Her family occupied a home on Fort Hill in Winchester, the place where George Washington built his famous Fort Loudon some years prior to the Revolution. Miss Rebecca Wright was a school teacher.

During the summer of 1864 she became acquainted with Maj.-Gen. Crook of the Federal army, and upon his finding out that she was a Union sympathizer, he remarked as he left for headquarters that he might find it necessary to call upon

her for help at some future time. Miss Wright then regarded the remark as nothing more than a joke.

One day early in September, however, while she was teaching the children of her school, she heard a rap at the front door. Miss Wright opened the door and found there a negro, who explained that he was Jasper Laws, of Berryville. Laws was more apprehensive than Miss Wright, for he was a spy, and had the Confederates, or even their friends, known of his occupation at that particular time his body would have been sent to the Potter's field.

Laws had been told that there were two sisters who looked like twins, and that he must by all means locate Miss Rebecca I. Wright alone, for he had been intrusted with a message of the utmost importance, the failure to deliver which privately would mean disaster for the whole Union army.

It was some time before he could be convinced that he was in the presence of the lady to whom he had been sent, and not her sister. When he was finally satisfied, he took from under his tongue a small piece of tinfoil and handed it to the teacher, telling her that she was expected to send her reply wrapped in the same covering. It then dawned upon her that the tinfoil contained a message, possibly from General Sheridan, remembering the remark Gen. Crook had made some weeks before.

While opening the little package Miss Wright closely questioned Laws concerning his movements. She became satisfied that he had passed through the Confederate lines from Gen-Sheridan's headquarters, and had carried the note under his tongue in the tinfoil so, should circumstances render it necessary, he could easily swallow the package, note and all. Telling Laws to return at 3 o'clock in the afternoon for an answer, she read the message, of which the following is the text:

“September 15th, 1864.

“I learn from Maj. Gen. Crook that you are a loyal lady and still love the old flag. Can you inform me of the position of Early and his forces, the number of divisions in his army, and the strength of any or all of them, and his probable or reported intentions? Have any more troops arrived from Richmond or are any more coming or reported to be coming?

“I am, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

“P. H. SHERIDAN,

“Major General Commanding.

“P. S. You can trust the bearer.”

MISS WRIGHT'S REPLY.

Miss Wright was greatly troubled as to what course to pursue. She was loyal to the Union and “still loved the flag,” but their house was divided against itself. She had already seen more war than she had ever dreamed of. Winchester had been taken and retaken by the opposing armies many times and she wanted to see no more of it. But what if she refused to answer Gen. Sheridan's note? Although a friend of the cause he represented, she knew that Sheridan was looked upon by the people as a merciless commander and her failure to respond and give the information he sought might prove disastrous not only to her but to her family.

The previous day she had had a conversation with a young Southern officer who lay wounded in Winchester, and he told her of the movements and strength of the Confederate armies in the lower valley of the Shenandoah. Miss Wright decided to send the substance of the conversation to Gen. Sheridan by the negro. Going to her desk in the adjoining room, she wrote:

"September 16th, 1864.

"I have no communication whatever with the rebels, but will tell thee what I know. The division of Gen. Kershaw, and Cutshaw's artillery, twelve guns and men, Gen. Anderson commanding, has been sent away, and no more troops are expected, as they cannot be spared from Richmond. I do not know how the troops are situated, but the force is much smaller than represented. I will take pleasure hereafter in learning all I can of their strength and position, and the bearer may call again.

"X.X.X.X."

Miss Wright did not sign the note.

The negro called promptly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and, after being given a lunch to eat on the way, he left and made quick time, unnoticed, to Millwood, a distance of ten miles southeast of Winchester. Upon arriving at Millwood, which is in Clark county, and not more than six miles from his home in Berryville, he was met by a scout, and by him and a few others taken to Gen. Sheridan's headquarters near the Shenandoah river.

Practically every reader knows what happened in and about the old town of Winchester on the 19th of September, 1864, when Sheridan threw his 40,000 men against Early's army of 20,000. The official reports show that it was one of the most stubborn and bitterly-fought battles ever waged on Virginia soil. Of course, Early's army retreated, but not until there had been great slaughter on both sides, and military experts have repeatedly expressed wonder how the forces of Gen. Jubal Early ever stood up under such a torrent of shot and shell as long as they did.

Late in the evening, while the smoke of battle still filled the air and the wounded and dead lay on every hand, Gen. Sheri-

dan rode to Miss Wright's house and, luckily, found her alone. His first words were: "Miss Wright, it was entirely upon the information that you sent me that I gave battle to Early." He obtained permission to write his official report of the battle in her schoolroom. As the sun went down, Gen. Sheridan left, telling Miss Wright that she would be remembered for the battle she had won.

Miss Wright had no conception of the service rendered until she received this letter:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF GULF,

"NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 7, 1867.

"MY DEAR MISS WRIGHT: You are probably not aware of the service you rendered the Union cause by the information you sent me by the colored man a few days before the Opequan, on September 19, 1864. It was on this information the battle was fought and probably won. The colored man gave the note rolled up in tinfoil to the scout, who awaited him at Millwood. The colored man had carried it in his mouth to that point and delivered it to the scout, who brought it to me.

"By this note I became aware of the true condition of affairs inside of the enemy's lines, and gave directions for the attack. I will always remember this courageous and patriotic action of yours with gratitude, and beg you to accept the watch and chain which I send you by General J. W. Forsyth, as a memento of September 19, 1864."

This letter is put in a double frame, so as to show the writing on both sides. On the back of it is an indorsement by General Grant, in his own hand, asking an appointment for (then) Miss Wright to a position in the Treasury Department. A report was also made by a committee of Congress

and ordered printed. While in the Treasury she met and married Mr. Bonsal.

The watch, a handsome one of gold, bears the inscription: "Presented to Rebecca I. Wright, September 19, 1867, by General Phil H. Sheridan. A memento of September 19, 1864."

Through the kindness of Miss Fannie Holmes I was favored with the following interview, which will give some features of the romantic war incident that has not appeared in print heretofore:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 18, 1908.

227 First St., N. E.

CAPTAIN H. C. GREINER, DEAR SIR:

According to previous arrangement with Mrs. Bonsal, father and I went to her house out in American University Park, to get what papers she could find telling of the incident of which you wish the details.

Her home has a beautiful location on the heights above Washington, with a magnificent view out over the Potomac and to the Blue Ridge mountains in the far distance. It is a perfect bower of flowers. Her husband is exceedingly fond of them, and it is he who cultivates them.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonsal were very cordial towards us, and were pleased to tell us all their story. I wrote down a few of the things she and her husband said, and I shall repeat them for you, though, no doubt, they are all to be found in the papers. Her home was in Winchester. Her family were Quakers. She was teaching in a girls' school, and at that time was the support of the family. A Confederate officer was wounded in a house two doors from her home and when he began to get well he was anxious to have company to talk to,

and several of the young folks were told of this desire. On the night when he was able to meet the young people, Miss Rebecca was the only one at home. The officer had not been able to talk much for so long and was so relieved to be able to do so, that he talked too freely to the little Quaker school teacher, and told many things about conditions in the Southern army that he should have kept to himself. At that time Miss Wright had no thought whatever of giving away the information she thus received. Not long after, however, she happened to make the remark in the presence of some Northern officers that if Grant knew all she knew he would not stay inactive where he was much longer. They pricked up their ears at this, and a few days after a colored man came to the door of the Wright home and, telling Miss Wright he had a message from General Sheridan, insisted on having a private interview. The parlor was not secluded enough to suit him, neither was the dining-room. There were too many doors. He insisted on seeing her in an adjoining closet. Naturally Miss Wright was frightened by such actions on the part of a colored man, and declared she had no communication with General Sheridan. But he insisted on leaving the message and told her he would call at a certain time for her reply.

This letter of Sheridan's Mrs. Bonsal now has framed and takes pleasure in showing it to visitors. It is written on tissue paper, and was wrapped in tinfoil and the negro carried it in his mouth. He had instructions to swallow it if in danger of discovery, so as not to endanger Miss Wright's life. He passed through the inspection of many Confederates without detection. A copy of this letter is in the newspapers. Miss Wright took her mother into her confidence and the advice she received was, "Thee would better tell what thee knows, Rebecca," for the good old Quaker mother now believed that

the information had providentially come to her daughter. The father had been captured and was then lying in Libby Prison, and the mother and daughter felt that they ought to help in any way they could to bring the bitter war to a close. So the reply was waiting for the messenger at the appointed hour. This letter was destroyed later during the great Chicago fire and there is no copy of it. Mrs. Bonsal recollects saying in it that she would take pleasure in furnishing any information she could gather and that the messenger might call again. This was on Friday. The battle was fought on Monday, so he never came again. It was by means of the information given in this letter that Sheridan won his great victory. He made acknowledgment of this in the letter, a copy of which you will find in the papers she sends you, which he wrote in New Orleans in 1867, accompanying the watch and chain he sent her as a memento of the battle of September 19, 1864. The watch is a Swiss watch, with case covered with designs of tiny fleur de lis of black enamel. With the watch is a beautiful double linked chain of very unusual pattern, and a brooch which is composed of a horseshoe, a gauntlet, and a stirrup. From the stirrup hangs the chain, and also a short chain which holds the charms, which consist of a key, a seal with monogram, and a perfect cavalry sabre about two and one-half inches long. The scabbard is set with emeralds, pearls and rubies. The brooch and saber were made to order for this gift.

Living as she did in the midst of a people who did not think as she did, and in a family divided against itself, she had to keep this gift a secret. But one day a sister, whose sympathies were on the other side, because she had a sweetheart in the Southern army, found the watch, and then the secret came out. The indignation of the people knew no bounds. The

children spat upon her, and the women drew aside their skirts as she passed along the streets. She lost her position as principal of the girls' school and was compelled to go elsewhere to live. She went to Philadelphia, and while there she applied to the Treasurer of the United States for a position. She used General Sheridan's letter to help her in this, and on it is an indorsement by General Grant. This letter is framed between two pieces of glass, for the sheet is covered upon both sides with the writing.

She obtained a position paying \$75 per month, and only had a small promotion about three years ago. Many others who ran less risk of life in serving their country in its time of great need have used influence to get larger salaries and pensions as a reward for their loyalty, but Mrs. Bonsal has always been modest about pushing herself forward, and is still plodding on in monotonous departmental work at a salary too small for much but the bare necessities in expensive Washington.

During the reconstruction days the family of Miss Wright scattered, Miss Wright going to Washington, where she was given a life position in the money-counting division of the Treasury Department as a further reward for the services she had performed for Gen. Sheridan.

She had not been there long when she met William C. Bonsal, of Hartford County, Maryland, who was also a devout Friend. In 1874 he came to "Pleasant Level," the home of Joseph H. Jackson, near Winchester, where Miss Wright was a guest. There they were married, returning to Washington, and building themselves a home at Mount Pleasant, where they now live.

Mrs. Bonsal usually spends a few weeks each summer at

her old home in Winchester, recalling the exciting and eventful days of the war.

FANNIE HOLMES.

The day after the battle of Cedar Creek several thousand prisoners were encamped within our lines, surrounded by a cordon of cavalry. A drummer boy belonging to an Ohio regiment was curious to see them. He noticed a boy among the sad men in gray and his sympathies went out to the little fellow. He asked permission of the nearest guard to cross the line to see that boy. The cavalryman consented. Coming up within speaking distance, he called out:

"Hello, Johnny; what you doin' here?"

"Not much," was the cool, defiant answer.

The Ohio boy then extended his hand, which was taken by the small prisoner without cordiality.

"Have they fed you good since you've been here?"

"I haven't had hardly anything since yesterday morning, when we drove you fellers out an' got yer grub."

"I've got some crackers in my haversack. Do you want some?"

"I should think so. I'm awful hnugry."

The contents of the haversack were transferred from the blue to the gray.

"If you'll stay here till I can run over to our tent I'll bring you some soffee and fat meat. It ain't far."

The proposition suited the Confederate boy so well that he could make no objections, only saying,

"Bully! That's good in you. I'll stay right here and wait."

Soon our drummer boy came back with two slices of raw

fat pork and some coffee, which soon disappeared underneath the hungry boy's ragged jacket.

"Did you see much of the fighting yesterday?"

"Yes, saw lots of it. I was under Gordon. We licked you fellers easy in the morning, but in the afternoon, after you got your reinforcements, you licked us easy. Say, Yank, what's yer name?"

"Tom Reynolds. I belong to the —— Ohio. What's your name?"

"Joe Osborne. I belong to the —— Virginia. Say, Tom; how many reinforcements did you get after we licked you?"

"We only got one man."

"Now, Tom; don't fool with me, for I feel awful bad, not only because we got licked, but my cousin was killed, and he was always so good to me. There was about six others in our company killed, too, and the second sergeant slapped my jaws 'cause I lost my drum. I throwed it away 'cause it was shot through an' was no good, but he wouldn't believe me, an' slapped me. Now, tell me true, how many did you get?"

"One man, and he was a little one."

"Who was that man?"

"General Sheridan. He came riding up just after we was licked and running, and he turned us back, re-formed us, and the fight commenced again."

"Well, Tom; I'd like to see that man. He must be a dandy. I've heard of him. If he comes around here, show him to me."

Here is an echo, clear and distinct, of Cedar Creek, as the news reached Somerset, Ohio, several hundred miles distant.

The daily mail that dashed up the main street of that vil-

lage during the war from the nearest railroad station nine miles distant usually arrived about four o'clock. A group invariably awaited it, anxious fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, who filled the small postoffice room and packed the sidewalk in front. It was not only the nervous anxiety of friends to hear of John, Sam, or William, but, the year I refer to, there were one or more battles every day, which caused the city newspapers, a bundle of which the driver of the hack would bring for sale, to be in great demand. Among the number who could always be seen in front of that village postoffice was old John Sheridan. All his boys were out, and it was natural the father should feel an intense interest; possibly that feeling was intensified that year, for his oldest son was now in command of the middle military department, headquarters in the Shenandoah Valley, a valley of disasters to us hitherto.

One day in October, 1864, a neighbor who was not distinguished for loyalty, passed the Sheridan home on his return from the nearest railroad station; Mrs. Sheridan was near the gate as he passed. He halted and told her where he had been and what he had heard of the defeat of Phil's army the previous day. At last accounts, he said, they had been still running from the enemy down the valley. The old lady, considering the source of the information, regarded the story as impossible, and as an imputation on Phil and his brave boys. She plainly told him she did not believe it, but he assured her that it was true beyond doubt; that when the mail arrived his story would be verified.

Of course it was with unusual dread that the old man waited on the pavement at the postoffice for the city paper that evening. A bystander, who had also heard the report, asked Mr. Sheridan if he believed it.

"No, I do not. I do not think they could whip Phil in that way unless they surprised him, and I know him well enough to know that they could not surprise him. He is too cautious."

"But the report says he was not there!"

"Yes, so I heard. But I know he would not leave his men if there was the least prospect of a battle. No, Phil wouldn't do that. If he would not share all the dangers, fortunes and misfortunes of his men I would disown him unless he had been too sick to mount his horse. No, I am sure there is nothing in this report. But here comes the hack, and we will soon know."

The mailsack was thrown out; the driver quickly opened his pack of papers. Old John eagerly purchased one and hurried over the way to have it read by a friend, for his palsied arm, the result of a kick from a horse, prevented him from holding the paper; a number followed him, as there were not enough papers for all.

There was a deathlike silence in that room when the reader commenced with these headlines:

"Defeat and ruin. General Sheridan's army surprised and driven from Cedar Creek down the Shenandoah Valley, panic-stricken and helpless. Five thousand killed and wounded. General Sheridan not there."

When the last sentence was read old John stopped the reader and said:

"Please read those last words again. Did you read Phil was not there?"

The reader repeated, "General Sheridan not there."

Then followed the details of the surprise and panic. After the full account had been read, the group naturally turned to the old man, who stood there mute and motionless, with a

dazed, bewildered expression on his face. Recovering himself, he repeated a portion of the headlines:

"Five thousand of Phil's boys killed and wounded; his colors gone, his cannon and camp taken—and he not there! My God! Where could he have been? Phil not there! Not there!"

This last sentence was repeated with inexpressible sadness. The reader handed back the paper, the sorrowful group dispersed, everyone sympathizing with the old man, for he looked heart-broken. Slowly he turned from the door to go over the hill to his home, where would come one of the saddest duties he ever discharged. It was to hand the paper, which he thought disgraced them all, to the anxious mother. He knew she would be waiting at the gate, where she would read the crushing story of the disaster, and that cruel sentence: "General Sheridan not there."

Had his name appeared among those of the dead or dying, those old people could have borne it with Christian resignation and fortitude, but to learn that he "was not there," where he should have been, this they could not bear. They would rather face death than dishonor or the possibility that he was not sharing the dangers and hardships of his army. There were shame, sadness and tears in the Sheridan cottage that night.

But the next day, as usual, the father was standing with the crowd at the village postoffice again. Terrible as had been the blow the day before, he was too much of a Spartan to remain at home in dread seclusion; besides, he had a strong presentiment that the news would be better that day, and he told Mrs. Sheridan so.

When the hack arrived and he had secured his paper he hurried across the street again to his friend to have the dis-

patches read. The same crowd followed, for, as usual, all could not secure papers. Then there ensued another death-like silence as the reader read these headlines:

“Hurrah! Hurrah! From panic and defeat, Sheridan on his black horse brought victory, turning a defeated mob into a victorious army, retaking his camp, cannon and colors. The enemy running up the valley in dismay.”

Those who heard the reader thrilled with joy and excitement and gave a heart-felt cheer, then turned to look at the old man again as they had the day before. His first words were:

“Phil was there! Phil was there! And I thank God he was!”

They could have borne the news of his death, but not of his loss of honor.

On reading the details, it was found that Sheridan had been ordered to Washington by General Grant, and that that was the cause of his absence. When this was read the father said:

“I thought he must either be dead or ordered away, but it’s all right. Phil was there.”

Securing his paper, he hurried over the hill with a quick step, light heart and bright face, to tell the mother that there was a great victory and that “Phil was there.” The above incident was related to me after my return home.

CHAPTER XIX.

RETURN HOME—MEETING WITH PHIL'S FATHER—"A JOY
SHARED IS A JOY DOUBLED"—A LITTLE LASS PRESENTS
THE BUCKEYE TO THE HERO.

DURING the beautiful month of October we left the Shenandoah Valley to return home. Like all other regiments that traveled by rail, we were packed in box or freight cars, and made about the same rate of speed that freight trains usually make.

We reached our destination the third night, by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as the Baltimore and Ohio Road was, from the effects of war, not in proper condition for travel at that time, though it would have been the most direct route to our home. The Pennsylvania took us through Baltimore, Harrisburg and Pittsburg. At the latter place we were so kindly treated that it is a pleasure to recall it. The patriotic citizens had a systematic arrangement to feed all hungry soldiers who could stop long enough to be fed and sheltered, be it either by day or by night. Nearly all of us being destitute of money, these conditions suited us so well that no voice dissented when we were enabled to avail ourselves of their hospitality.

On leaving the train, a few minutes after our arrival, we were marched, following a guide, to a hall, the march occupying ten or fifteen minutes. At this hall we spent nearly an hour of solid enjoyment. What rations we had started with in haversacks had been eaten the first day out. This was all

we had except what we could pick up on the way. When the train stopped for water or change of crews, boys and girls, and often adults, would run out from their homes and distribute bread, pies and fruit among us, but only a few could be provided for in this way. But at Pittsburg we had a bountiful feast. It is one of the most pleasant recollections of the war, the thought of that good, substantial supper. It was near midnight when we commenced eating. I do not know into what part of the city we marched, but distinctly remember that we climbed to the third or fourth floor. Here long tables stood, loaded with good bread and cheese, cold meat and hot coffee. We stacked arms and many of the boys, seeing the well-filled tables, took the precaution to unbuckle their belts in anticipation of the abundance before them; it was well they did, for after supper they were bulged out. Those who served us were very kind and attentive, enjoying the task of ministering to our keen appetites, for they smiled as we passed our tin cups a third or fourth time for "more of that good coffee." It had milk in it. Apart from the intoxication of a good meal, there is pleasure in watching those whom we care for, enjoying the same satisfaction. "A joy shared is a joy doubled." As I looked up and down the line of my company, though all had soiled faces and hands and tattered clothing, they appeared so happy that the picture was more pleasing to me than the efforts of a Reubens or a Michael Angelo.

Although all this occurred so long ago, I still cherish the memory of Pittsburg's kind treatment as vividly as though it had been but yesterday, and I can still taste that good supper.

The next day we again met good-hearted friends at the town of Salem, Ohio, in Columbiana County, near the birth-

place of President McKinley. We were detained at this place for several hours; something was wrong with the engine.

It was Sunday, a beautiful day. As soon as it became known that a regiment of hungry soldiers was at the station, we were overwhelmed with substantial kindnesses, without leaving the station. Many of the boys, however, went up into the town and fared sumptuously at the homes of citizens. When my boys spoke of this town in after years, and could not remember its name, they would call it "that Yankee town," for that part of the state was largely settled by New Englanders.

About twelve o'clock that night we reached Columbus. In stepping from the car to the platform, still half asleep, I stumbled over something covered with a blanket. It felt to me like a person. On examination I found it to be one of our regiment who had died in the hospital car that night. Poor little Anderson! So near home and yet so far away!

We went into camp in a clover field adjoining the penitentiary. The following day a train took us to Zanesville, where we had been mustered in, now to be paid and mustered out. Here we were in good, comfortable quarters in the fair grounds. When it was ascertained that the mustering officer and paymaster would not be with us for several days, I applied for a leave of absence for twenty-four hours to make a flying visit to my home, eighteen miles distant. Of course I wanted to see the little girl that had been born not many weeks after our start for Virginia, and very much desired to see her pretty mother; neither had been in very good health at last accounts.

A drive of three or four hours brought us to the foot of the hill that made the approach to the village, where I met a farmer on his way home. He was the father of one of my

company boys. I had to stop and tell him how his Tom was, and all the others he knew. He said it was known in the village that we had arrived in Zanesville. As we were talking, two boys came down the hill; when they recognized me, one called out:

"Hello, Cap., when's the others coming?"

"About day after tomorrow."

With this news they quickly turned back to the village to spread the tidings that part of Company G was at the bottom of the hill (another was with me) and the balance would come home in two days. They were excited and greatly impressed with the importance of being the first to spread the news. The village boy is the scout of that kind of community; he sets afloat nearly all the gossip and is authority on all sensational or startling occurrences; he is to a little town what the cavalry is to an army—the eye and ear. In a very short time these advance couriers had spread the news of our coming from one end of the town to the other.

The livery stable, where we proposed to leave our team, was in the rear of the old courthouse—the center of the place. Here we were met by a number of friends of the company, some of whom took the horses to the stable so as to permit us to alight and answer questions. We were soon surrounded by men, women and children, and a hundred questions were being fired at us.

"How did you leave my Sam?" a mother hurriedly asked.

"When will Charlie come home?" asked another.

"Was George well enough to come with you?"

A little girl pressed her way to the front and asked, "Will our Bill come tomorrow?"

I was suddenly plucked by the coat, and when I looked to find the source of the jerk, saw a five-year-old who wanted

to know about their Jim. "Mother sent me; she's too sick to come herself."

"Tell her Jim will come in two days. He's fat and well." And he started off running to give his mother the glad tidings that Jim would soon arrive "fat and well."

For some time the crowd steadily pressed us with questions, but I remained until all were answered, anxious as I was to get home. I had finally reached the outside of the now diminishing crowd when I felt a gentle touch at my elbow; it was so gentle that I thought it must come from some little girl who had not yet heard tidings of father or brother. Upon turning, I found it to be old John Sheridan who, because of the denseness of the crowd and his short stature, I had not seen. He had modestly taken a back stand, as he expressed it, "to let the women and children have a better chance." After the usual salutation and welcome the old man, in a rather confidential tone, asked: "How did John stand it, and what kind of a soldier did he make?"

"Very good, Mr. Sheridan, after the fat was marched off him. Then he stood it very well until he got that spell of fever; but the first month he was badly galled from marching. He was so fat, you know. He is in good health and will be home in a few days, after we are paid."

"Was he a good soldier?"

"Yes; what makes you ask that?"

Then, with some deliberation, he replied; "Well, you know John always did love to take things easy in this world; he never distinguished himself for hard work. I was fearful that he might shirk hardships. I am very glad he did his duty. I will not detain you longer; I know you are anxious to see your wife, baby and parents."

After the old man had heard my report of his son his

countenance brightened and he afterward told me he was more pleased to hear that John had done his duty as a private than to hear of all the promotions and praise that Phil had received. The prominence that General Sheridan achieved made no impression on the family. The only pride old John took was in the fact that his boys did their duty, and the mother was happier in the knowledge that Phil was a good son than that he made his famous ride and won such great battles.

A few months after the war we heard that General Sheridan was coming home.

The reader will remember that at the close of our war Sheridan was sent to the Rio Grande with three corps to watch the French, who were then occupying Mexico. The order, of course, came from General Grant, but Sheridan's enemies said he went there to pick a fight with the French. Be that as it may, it was this movement that delayed his visit to his native village.

Now the French had been driven out of Mexico and he was returning home. How much history he had made since going away! How much of life and death he had seen since his last farewell! I am sure he came back with tender emotions to the scene of his childhood and early manhood; with kind thoughts of his paternal home, his playmates and his neighbors. He rejoiced to once more walk the streets of the quaint old village, every nook and corner of which was familiar to him, and fond associations returned at sight of nearly every building.

Five or six of us happened to be standing at the corner drug store a few hours after word came that the General was coming that day. Someone proposed that when he came we should welcome him in some informal manner; we would

have no time for anything elaborate, as he was to leave the following day. Someone suggested that we go out about six o'clock with music and flags; our stay would be brief, as he naturally desired as much time with his father and mother as his short visit would allow.

The details were agreed upon. We would meet at the ringing of the bell at six o'clock, and march out. But the musicians must be notified. Some boys were standing by. "Sam, run down to Billy Jackson's and tell him to bring his drum up at the ringing of the bell at six o'clock, and tell him why; and as you pass Bill Page's tell him the same and state the object of the meeting."

"George, take my mare and ride out to Tommy Dean. Tell him to be here at six o'clock and bring his fife; we are going out to see General Sheridan."

"Here is money to buy some powder to fire the cannon and——"

The boys required no "tip" for their services, for they would enjoy the event as much as any of us, so they started off with alacrity. The news was soon spread abroad by the boys. The boy detailed to ring the bell discharged his duty promptly, and the drum corps, with all the ex-soldiers of the village and many citizens, had assembled. Over all the stars and stripes fluttered inspiringly.

According to the program, it was now time to start. I happened to be the only ex-commissioned officer present, so Sergeant William Russell, of my old company, came to me and said:

"Cap., the boys want you to take command, get us into line and throw us into fours, so that we can march out in some kind of order. Phil won't like to see us coming out

like a mob. Most of us that are here have been soldiers; let us go out as soldiers."

Soon we were in column of fours, the music in front and, as usual, all the boys in town crowding us closely. This was observed by an ex-soldier, who suggested that the "kids" be driven back by the town marshal and made to keep their place on the left of the column, otherwise they would crowd the music. The marshal carried this suggestion out, much to the disgust and indignation of the "kids."

All was now ready, and we started. On our way out, between tunes, I asked Dr. Kagey, a fluent speaker, to prepare himself with a three-minute speech of welcome. A ten-minute-walk brought us to the pretty cottage which stood back from the road thirty or forty steps. By the time we had halted and faced the house the family came out to discover the meaning of the music. When the boys recognized Phil they cheered—the regular cheer of the Northern army when going into battle. I then took the citizen who had been invited to make the speech of welcome, to the house, when, after some handshaking and a few brief remarks, the General, with his father and mother, told us to bring the visitors in, which we declined, on the ground that we were there to make a very brief stay, our object being to give Phil, as this was his first visit home, an informal welcome.

"Go out with us on the road and shake hands with the boys."

He smiled, saying, "I will be glad to see them," and we started.

When we reached the gate, at the command of an ex-sergeant who was assisting, all gave a true military salute. Dr. Kagey then made a neat little speech lasting a few minutes. When he had concluded, the General told us with some

embarrassment and hesitation that this unexpected but nevertheless welcome visit touched him deeply, as it came from his personal friends, neighbors and former playmates.

He referred to those who were not present to welcome him; letters from home had told him they had fallen on Southern fields. When he spoke of them I could detect emotion in his voice, for, among many others, Tom Talbot, the son of the man who had given him his first employment, had been killed while carrying the colors of the 31st Ohio.

He concluded by thanking us for the regard we manifested toward him, as it was especially appreciated coming from those "who knew him best."

While we were in this informal manner offering our rustic tribute to the modest hero of a hundred battles, a trifling episode occurred of which I was reminded a few months ago when looking over my old scrapbook. The lines were written by Noah Perry.

In the midst of the handshaking with the citizens after the ranks had been opened and Phil had gone through the lines of ex-soldiers, a little girl, one of a group that had followed us out, elbowed her way to where I stood, and touched my hand. When she had attracted my attention she timidly asked if I thought General Sheridan would accept of "these two buckeyes" she was holding.

"Oh, certainly; he will be pleased to have them," I said to the embarrassed little miss.

I interrupted the handshaking by saying, "General, here is a little girl who desires to present you with these two buckeyes."

He turned quickly, taking the Ohio emblems, thanked her very warmly and asked her name. "I will keep them to remember you," he said.



UNVEILING OF THE SHERIDAN MONUMENT
Somerset, Ohio

A happier and more self-satisfied girl was never seen as, with blushes, she pressed her way back again; and as she did so I caught a look from her bright eyes that plainly thanked me for affording her so much pleasure. She paid no attention, further than to cast a look of contempt on a rude boy she was passing, who said, "This is no place for girls."

The next day I met the little girl I was the means of making happy the day before. She stopped a moment to say, "Captain, did you notice how General Sheridan smiled to me and did not notice those other larger and prettier girls that were there?"

BY THE WAY.

Oh! did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drum's gay beat,
The drum's gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbal's clash, the cannon's crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass,
That pressed to see the hero pass?

My face, uplifted, red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh, all along, a lovely throng,
Of faces fair, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him standing there.

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face;
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see.

The day following our celebration General Sheridan called at my rooms. He spoke of the boys who had gone from the village to the war.

"Was Jimmie Gibbons with you, and what became of him?"

"Yes, Jimmie was in the first company. No one knows what became of him after his discharge, which was in Kentucky, the first year of the war. He was at times somewhat demented, which was the cause of his discharge. We were told that he never came back home."

"Poor Jim! I am not surprised his mind failed; it was doubtless the result of the cruel beatings he had received from his step-father; they lived near us, you remember. I often saw him beat Jim over the head when he was a little fellow, and we thought then the boy was getting silly from the effects of it. Mother, a number of times, thought of hav-

ing the father arrested for cruelty, but to spare Mrs. Gibbons' feelings she never did."

He also inquired for Tom Talbot, who was killed in front of Atlanta.

It was in 1881, I think, on one of his annual visits, General Sheridan came to my office. After talking of all the old residents and the boys and girls he had known in the fifties, he said: "Who shall I get to attend to the Pigeon Roost Farm?"

This farm was twelve miles south of our village.

"You want someone as agent?"

"Yes."

After thinking a minute, I said: "Get Martin Scott. You know the business will be honestly and carefully attended to. If Scott is not careful and honest, no one on earth is."

Then Phil laughed. I wondered what I had said to amuse him, and asked:

"What is so funny in what I have said?"

"I will tell you. Martin Scott was out to see me last night and I asked him the same question as I did you—who should I get to take charge of the farm? He studied a few moments and then replied, 'Get Captain Greiner,' I was just laughing at the coincidence—he recommending you and you him. Do you belong to the same mutual admiration society?"

"Yes; it's reciprocal with other benefits."

He then insisted I should see to the farm.

"What is there to do in taking care of it?"

"Not much. Collect the rent, see there is no timber cut except what is needed for fuel and fencing, go down once or twice a year as you like and see how it is getting along."

Generally speaking, the tenants in that part of the county

were poor. The soil was not **fertile**, being almost worn out, and rocky.

I was always averse to collecting debts, therefore a very poor collector.

I said, "General, you have always been very friendly to me and I should be glad for that reason, if for no other, to serve you in any way; but I hope you will excuse me now, as I know nothing of crops and land and would probably make some mistake. Besides, I am a poor collector."

I remember that I then attempted to interject some Shakespeare by saying, "When the poor cry or complain, I pity." A collector should be made of sterner stuff.

Then Phil said: "When the poor cry I want you to pity. I will think more of you if you do, but I cannot excuse you. Try it for a year, then if it is not pleasant you can resign. All you need to do is to take the rent, deduct your pay for services and time, then send the remainder to me."

I agreed to try it one year.

"Now, I want another favor. I am to meet some parties there who desire to buy the farm; if I sell, that will relieve you. They will be there tomorrow. I would like to have you go down with me. I will engage a carriage now to start at seven in the morning. If you can go, stop for me as you pass our house."

I told him I could go. The carriage called for me, driven by Jim Bradshaw, a livery driver and ex-soldier of my first company. We found the General waiting; he was "always on time," as General Grant once said of him. For an hour he did not talk much, nor did I disturb him with many questions, though there were many I desired to ask. From the beginning I noticed that he was looking at the hills and valleys, fields and forests that he had known so well as a boy.

As we passed a farmhouse he would say, "Who lives there now?" Occasionally he asked, "Where are the Crossnans, the Yosts, the Dolans?" etc.

Soon we would come to a country with which he was not so familiar and in which he did not have the same interest; I knew that would be the opportune time to ask my questions. We were to be almost alone the entire day, and it was a lovely day; a shower the day before having laid the dust, a pleasanter time for the trip could not have been selected. Nature that morning had put on her most captivating dress; the trees were in full foliage and the flowers in perfect bloom; the birds in the groves were giving their freshest and sweetest music, while a gentle breeze seemed to stir the trees—a silent welcome to the soldier who had been absent so long.

"What is so rare as a day in June!"

We were on the summit of the Redmond hill when he said to the driver, "Stop a moment." He stood up in the carriage and looked over the rolling landscape; from that point a view could be had for many miles.

"Those hills look so beautiful, and higher than they did when I was a boy. When I see them now, or look over the splendid prairies of the West, and think of the glorious institutions of this country, I more than ever think it is a country worth fighting for."

After leaving Redmond hill we came to a country not so familiar to him. We passed a little white schoolhouse. He was a believer in the common school system. Pointing to it, he said:

"That is what made us superior to the South; the little white schoolhouse of the North gave us a great advantage. Education is invincible."

Now he was ready for conversation, and it continued almost uninterruptedly all day.

This ride occurred in the June following the inauguration of President Garfield, in the midst of the bitter, rancorous contentions between the Republican factions that a few days later furnished a Guiteau and a split in the party in New York that in time brought disaster to Blaine. The combination against Garfield, headed by that great power, Senator Conklin, and his able ally, Vice-President Arthur, and backed by the Republican machinery of New York, threatened to overwhelm the President and disrupt the party. It looked to everyone as if the voice of the conciliatory Garfield had lost its power and that even with the assistance of the able and adroit Blaine he would be overthrown by the magnetic, dictatorial Conklin. This condition was then convulsing the whole country.

Grant, with a majority of the prominent military officers who took an interest in politics, sympathized with Conklin. Knowing the warm friendship that existed between Conklin and Sheridan, and the intimacy between Grant and Sheridan, also the close friendship between Grant and Conklin, I naturally supposed that Sheridan had heard the most from the Conklin side and would sympathize with him and his chief, Grant. At that time Garfield was getting the worst of the fight; he was, metaphorically, the "under dog." I was soon pleasantly surprised to find that Sheridan's feelings were for President Garfield, and he expressed himself in the strongest words of pity and regret that in addition to the usual turmoil, embarrassment and clamor of thousands of office hunters who were thundering at his door, this bitter fight should also assail him.

I personally knew Garfield. I said, "General, I am pleased to hear you sympathize with Garfield."

He concluded this part of our conversation by saying that if an opportunity presented itself he would tender the President his sympathies. It did not occur to me to ask if he would permit me to communicate that fact to the President.

A week after, while the war, lead by haughty, imperious Conklin, was still being waged, and to all appearances Garfield was getting the worst of it, I could not resist the temptation of writing to him the substance of my talk with Sheridan. I stifled my conscience for this breach of confidence in revealing a private conversation, with the thought that the President would be gratified to know of that much additional sympathy, at least. So I briefly wrote the substance of our talk, emphasizing the fact that Sheridan was with him. Of course I expected no reply, as none was required, but by return mail I received an answer dictated by the President, thanking me for my interest and the information my letter had contained. I was just reading this communication when a friend said to me: "A telegram has just been received that the President has been assassinated."

When I had time to think of my letter, written three days before, my conscientious scruples were relieved for having violated a confidence. I am sure that the knowledge of having gallant Phil Sheridan with him in that terrible political conflict was an encouragement to him during the few remaining days that he lived.

It was on this trip that I learned how General Sheridan came into possession of the farm we were going to see.

"How did you come to buy this farm, not knowing at that time that there was any mineral on it?"

"After the war I received a letter from mother telling me that Uncle John, from much sickness and death in the family, could, with all his frugality and toil, accomplish nothing

toward paying off a long-standing mortgage, and that the claim was about to be foreclosed, which would take from him the home he had cleared with his own hands, and would probably leave him penniless; it was to be sold in a few weeks. Could I not help him in his distress?

"In view of his age and the difficulty in working it, as he was badly crippled with rheumatism, I thought it best to let it go to sale, buy it in, and let him have it as a home free of rent as long as he lived. A year or two ago he died, after occupying it for seventeen years on those terms. It did not cost me over twenty dollars an acre, but since the railroad has been built so near, and coal and iron discovered on it, you know it has increased greatly in value, so that I can say I am well satisfied with my purchase, even though I did not buy it on speculation. I did it to please mother and Uncle John. One never loses anything in the end by doing what is right."

I thought it my best opportunity to speak to him of the war saddle his brother John and his father had given me. My object was that, if he so desired, it should remain in the family as a relic; I would readily return it. I supposed he knew nothing of its being in my possession. He did not even remember the saddle until I mentioned that it had come with the black mare and chestnut horse—an English dragoon saddle taken by his command at the battle of Missionary Ridge. After I gave him this description he remembered it.

"I am glad you have it. I never rode it often—just enough to try it, for it was of such peculiar make. Yes, it was taken at Missionary Ridge with the grey pacer. Are you fond of relics?"

I told him I was rather fond of them.

"Then I will send you some when I return to Chicago. If you do not hear from me in a few days you may know that

I have forgotten my promise; then write, and remind me of it."

In a few days after his departure I received three historic relics.

"In all your battles, which do you think was the hardest and bloodiest?" I asked.

He spoke of several, but my impression is that he said Murfreesboro was the most trying and severe to his command.

"I lost all my generals there. I was with the cavalry most of the time in the East, yet the sabre fighting, according to the numbers engaged, was the bloodiest in Tennessee, although Custer and Merritt did good sabre fighting in the valley. It was with Minty's command that I saw the best sabre fighting."

Then we turned to the Indian question and the death of General Custer, that occurred about that time.

"Poor Custer, he was the embodiment of gallantry. If there was any poetry or romance in war he could develop it. But I was always fearful that he would catch it if allowed a separate command. Yes, I told him he would get it some time, and I told others so. It was not much of a surprise to me when I heard of the disaster, but it was a great blow, as he served me so gallantly in the Shenandoah Valley. He always needed someone to restrain him; he was too impetuous, without deliberation; he thought himself invincible and having a charmed life. When I think of the many brave fellows who went down with him that day, it is sickening."

"Was that battle fought under Sitting Bull's management or leadership?" I asked.

"By no means. Sitting Bull is no fighter; besides, he is a coward; he never led in a battle. It was Rain-in-the-Face,

Crazy Horse, Lame Deer, and Gall that led the fighting there. Sitting Bull was in his tepee during most of the fight, ready to run at any moment. He is an over-rated, scheming fraud—only a mean medicine man.”

“I am surprised to hear you say that. I cannot account for the prominence he has attained with so little bravery and no ability. Why is he so distinguished?”

“The only way I can account for it is that he is the champion instigator of discord and the incorrigible hater of the whites; he is always evil-minded toward the whites; always concocting some deviltry against the government—a brutal, cowardly, cunning dog.”

All this was news to me; but time and subsequent events proved that General Sheridan’s estimate was correct.

Then we spoke of General Custer again. I asked him if it were true that General Custer rode up to him at Cedar Creek, when they were going at full speed, and kissed him.

“Yes, that is true. He kissed me and I did not like it. I did not want to be kissed then. We had no time to lose; it was a critical period of the battle. Every moment of time was precious. I did not know what his object was until he had thrown his arms about my neck and kissed me and was off again. I suppose he was so overjoyed by my return and the victory he thought we would gain that he could not restrain himself. He was as boyish as he was brave, and I would not have cared, but that we both lost a little time—that was what I did not like.”

Sheridan appreciated the enthusiasm that had filled the heart of his boyish general, but felt like reprimanding him for losing the time for its demonstration.

I had only to ask questions during that ride. Sheridan did all the talking, and he was a very good talker when with

but one or two companions, but disliked making speeches or having many listeners.

The beautiful day had passed into night when we descended the May Hill, now in sight of the Sheridan home, the lights of which we could see. Our last talk was of his tour through Europe, and the Franco-Prussian war; of the courteous distinction shown him by old Emperor William, whose guest he was; of the kindness shown in giving him such an excellent opportunity of studying the details and battles of that great war, where he could, at close quarters, observe the operations of Von Moltke, the statesmanship of Bismarck, and compare the generalship of the military nobles who were leading the German forces. I had read that Victor Emanuel and other crowned heads had received him with notable consideration. I remarked that when I thought of those attentions from the crowned heads of Europe it seemed something like a fairy tale to realize that it was the same Somerset boy that Thorn and McNanley had thrashed.

"You had a glorious time on that trip?"

"Yes, I was very well treated by all those we have spoken of and many others I have not mentioned, but I would rather dine on a good piece of country cured ham in that cottage (pointing to his mother's home) than feast with all the emperors and kings of Europe."

"It is reported that you so enjoyed war that soon after the surrender of Appomattox you prevailed on General Grant to give you three corps to take to Mexico and stir up a fight with the French. Is that true?"

"Not a word of it true. The request came from Grant. He was in a hurry and would not let me remain with my command long enough to participate in the review at Washington. Of course, I felt that I would like to ride with my ten thousand

cavalry down Pennsylvania avenue, for I would never see them again. They had served me so gallantly that I thought I would enjoy that one last ride, and I told Grant so, but he insisted that I should be off before the review could come. I must confess I was eager to assist the Mexicans in driving out the invaders. We both had a great dislike and contempt for Napoleon, with the fullest sympathy for our sister Republic, but I did not want to go so soon as Grant desired."

I can remember no incident that impressed me with the thought that he enjoyed war. But once I visited his quarters in the Shenandoah Valley; during the conversation concerning the expiration of our term of service he asked me if my boys desired to go home. I told him "Yes, and it increased as the time approached. They were counting the hours they had yet to remain. Then there was a long, loud laugh by Phil."

Royalty inspired no more consideration in the heart of Phil Sheridan than the presence of some good, patriotic American farmer. He inherited this democracy from his parents. Rank had no charms for him. When the breath of fame blew the records of his splendid achievements over the world and his parents heard them it only brought a smile of joy that he was doing his duty.

It will be recalled that at the time of Grant's inauguration to the Presidency, Sheridan was just closing a successful Indian campaign on the frontier. Here is an account of General Sheridan's appointment as the Lieutenant-General by President Grant, this appointment being one of the very first made by the new President:

General Grant had just been elected President of the United States. The commission of general held by Grant expired with his resignation thereof. Sherman had been named, as was Grant when made general, in the acts which

authorized his appointment as lieutenant-general. Legislation was therefore not necessary. It had been obtained. Grant's first act as President after taking the oath of office, reading his inaugural, and calling the Senate together in executive session, was to nominate William Tecumseh Sherman as General, and Philip Henry Sheridan as Lieutenant-General in the Army of the United States. The nominations were immediately confirmed.

Sheridan, two thousand miles westward, was moving east with his wearied escort, consisting of a detachment of the Tenth Cavalry, accompanied by Colonels Lebo and Schuyler Crosby, Major J. W. Clous, and Colonel McGonigle. They were returning to Fort Hays. Between the middle of February and March 6th, a march of over three hundred miles had been made. Sheridan had left the camp of the captured Indians, on the head waters of the Wichita River, after a remarkable talk to such of their head men as were left, in which he had firmly, but without anger or the arrogance of power, told them what they could expect from the "Great Father." His little command was but twenty miles from Fort Hays on the Smoky Hill (now known as Mt. Jesus, Clark County). The long shadows of the afternoon sun were descending as a military courier was seen fleetly riding towards the advancing command. The vedettes and their commander were proudly saluted, but the courier drew no rein. It was evident that whatever was the news, he was proud of being its carrier. But in his haste he rode by the general, and an orderly was sent to inform the rider that he was at the head of the little column. Turning his horse swiftly, the messenger drew a yellow envelope from his pocket, and rode up furiously, reining his horse almost back upon his haunches, and standing in his stirrups, as he touched his hat in a military salute, exclaimed while handing over the dispatch:

"I have the honor of saluting the Lieutenant-General of the Army of the United States."

The bronzed, flushed face of the trooper was all aglow with pride and pleasure, as at once he became a rigid and martial statue "at attention."

The cry was heard, and even before the gallant little sol-

dier to whom the dispatch was addressed could open it, the soldiers all, officers and men, shouted "To the Lieutenant-General!"

General Sheridan's face, says an eye-witness, was flushed with mingled sensations of pride and emotion. His hand trembled with feeling as he opened the packet. It was a telegram from General Sherman substantially in these words:

"Grant has been inaugurated. He has just nominated me for General and you for Lieutenant-General."

"To the Lieutenant-General!" went up in shouts along the little column of officers and troopers which broke the solitudes of the Smoky Hill; "To the Lieutenant-General!" again and again in rounds of cheers. And then the bugle gave the order "trot," and shortly the little command was briskly galloping toward Fort Hays. The next day, March 7th, General Sheridan, with two aides, left for Washington. They arrived in the middle of March. Sheridan was the recipient of the most marked social attention. After a short rest he was assigned to the Military Division of the Missouri, embracing all the territory north and south from the Gulf to the British line, and from the Missouri River west to the Rocky Mountains. His headquarters were fixed in Chicago. Four departments, each commanded by a well-known soldier, were included within this great division.

The close observer of human nature who believes that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" would, in the case of Phil Sheridan, have been mistaken, for he was indifferent to feasts, and banquets were distasteful to him.

When we drove up to the gate we found his pretty wife waiting for us in the dark. We had overstaid our time several hours, and possibly she had been fearful lest some accident had overtaken us while traveling over those steep hills with a spirited team.

The following note from the General explains itself:

"Chicago, Jan. 20th, 1882.

"My Dear Greiner: I am just in receipt of your letter of 19th. You can rent the farm to Sharkey for such rent as

you may choose to fix for it per year. I wish you would have it understood that if Sharkey takes the place no timber is to be cut.

"Any rent you may fix for it would be satisfactory to me. I leave for the East today and will be absent a couple of weeks. With sincere regards, yours truly,

"P. H. SHERIDAN."

"Headquarters Army of the United States,

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 27, 1888.

"Captain H. C. Greiner, Somerset, Ohio.

CAPTAIN: Gen. Sheridan is in receipt of your letters and enclosures regarding the settlement of rent, tax receipts, P. O. order for \$4.87, and statement.

"The General has also received the deed of the Pigeon Roost property. In a former letter you asked the General whether you would send him the deed of the homestead, which is at Somerset. In reply he says, yes, he thinks it best to have the deeds all together. The General has received back the letter and statement lately sent you. In reference to these matters the General desires to thank you for your kindness and promptness and care now and heretofore.

"Very respectfully,

"DANIEL O. DRENNAN, Clerk."

"Headquarters Army of the United States,

"May 28th, 1887.

"MY DEAR GREINER: I received your draft \$29.00, &c., in due time, but in the pressure of business here for the past

two months overlooked answering your letter, for which I hope you will pardon me. Go ahead—use your own good judgment about a roof on the house. Let me know the cost and I will send you a check for the amount. Gen'l Vinal called four times while I was absent. Finally, yesterday, he left your letter, which reminded me of the matter. I was under the impression that I had answered your letter, but I had not.

“With warmest regards, I am, truly yours,

“P. H. SHERIDAN.”

“Headquarters Army of the United States,

“March 19, 1886.

“MY DEAR GREINER: Referring to your letter about repairs which S. writes of I will be glad if you will do what you think right in the matter and to see that I am not overcharged. I therefore leave the matter entirely in your hands.

“Yours truly,

“P. H. SHERIDAN.”

During the ten years that I had charge of Pigeon Roost farm I had but three changes of tenants. With the one who remained the longest an incident occurred that was characteristic of General Sheridan and was somewhat amusing and not a little pathetic. This tenant, “Billy” Sharkey, was poor, but honest and straightforward. It was probably his second or third year on the farm that a terrific storm passed over that part of the country, violently striking the Pigeon Roost farm.

About a week later, I met “Billy” at an intermediate village and he told me of the effects of the storm. He related how destructive it had been to his corn and wheat, which were

nearly all destroyed, and he said he could not then see how he would be able to pay the rent that year, unless he should sell a very promising three-year-old colt which would bring seventy dollars, and he could get ten dollars for "Lead" (Leader, his valuable dog).

"I cannot very well spare the young horse, for my mare is nearly worn out, and I'd almost rather sell one of my children than sell 'Lead,' but, I suppose, I must."

The young horse I had seen, but did not know what he meant by "Lead."

"What is 'Lead'?" I asked.

"Why, that good coon dog you were looking at when you were down the last time; that's the best coon dog in Pike Township. Ike Enrich will give me ten dollars for him any day, but I don't want to sell him. Me and Jane was a-talkin' over this rent business t'other day, and she wanted me to go and see you and git you to write to the General to throw off half this year's rent on account of the storm."

Now, Billy was poor in all things but two—children and dogs. Of these he had an abundance, considering that he was still a young man; of children he had six and of dogs the same number, but Lead was his favorite because he was a coon dog.

"Yes, Jane wanted me to go up to your town and ax you to write to Phil and tell him the storm tuck about all of our corn and wheat; and you might tell him we are poor and have a good many children, and it's pretty hard scratching to pay the rent even when crops are good. And tell him this—don't forget to tell him that Pap belonged to the 6th corps. I've heard Pap say that General Sheridan never liked to go into a big battle unless the 6th corps was with him. Will you write?"

I told him I would, and that I knew what he said of the 6th corps was true; also that if he would meet me in two weeks at that place I would have the General's reply.

I wrote to General Sheridan of the storm and of the request of the tenant, recommending a deduction of forty dollars, the amount asked by Billy. The entire rent amounted to eighty dollars.

On the day appointed I went down to meet him. He had arrived sooner than I, and was standing on the platform. A spirit of mischief suddenly possessed me when I saw his serious face. I got the idea to depress him with bad news temporarily in order that his elation and joy might be greater when he heard the facts.

"Well, Billy, I heard from the General. He did not consent to throw off the half of the rent."

His grave countenance changed to deeper gloom, while he said:

"I was afeered of that from the first, and I told Jane so. You see, when a feller gets up in the world and has plenty fur himself he furgits what a devil of a time some of us has to git along. Well, I'll just have to sell the colt and Lead."

Then I said, "Wait, Billy, till I tell you all. General Sheridan says in his letter that he will not charge you any rent this year. I told you he would not throw off half; but he says he will throw off all."

Then that sun-burned face looked bright, but still had an expression of doubt. When finally thoroughly convinced that I was serious, he said, "Thank God for little Phil; and I thank you for writing. I won't have to sell the colt nor Lead, and I can get Jane that alpaca dress she's been wanting for several years, and other things we've needed for a long time."

Then he hurried over to where the bald-faced colt was hitched and mounted and rode home in a hurry to tell Jane the good news.

CHAPTER XX.

FORMAL RECEPTION TO GENERAL SHERIDAN—"I PROMISED MOTHER I WOULD BE HOME TO DINNER. I MUST NOT DISAPPOINT HER"—MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD DAYS.

THE regiment in which I had served was made up largely of Perry County volunteers. In 1886 they arranged to hold their yearly reunion at Somerset, Perry County, the home of General Sheridan, and in connection therewith to give him a formal reception should he meet with us.

At a meeting I was delegated to communicate to him our action and write him to be there.

As the time approached, I received other letters from him that assured us of his coming. We then issued the following invitations to all the ex-members of the regiment:

"TOM TALBOT POST, NO. 143, G. A. R.

"Somerset, Ohio, July 24th, 1886.

"You are cordially invited to be present and participate at the eighth annual reunion of the Thirty-First O. V. V. I., to be held at Somerset, Ohio, August 10th and 11th, 1886, under the auspices of Tom Talbot Post, G. A. R. General P. H. Sheridan, Perry County's greatest son, and the country's greatest soldier, will be here to meet and greet the comrades and friends of his boyhood days. General W. H. Gibson, Ohio's orator, will be present and deliver the oration. The following distinguished gentlemen have signified their intention to be present: Gen. James S. Robinson, Gen. W. H. Ball, Hon. Jos. H. Outhwaite, Hon. John G. Reeves, Gen.

C. H. Grosvenor, Gen. Moses B. Walker, Hon. John McBride,
Hon. George L. Converse.

“J. B. GROFF, Adjutant.

“H. C. GREINER, Com.

“Committee of Arrangements:

“E. KEMPF, Secretary. T. T. SMITH, Chairman.”

In one of my letters I told him that some of our citizens desired he should bring his uniform and appear in it on one day of the exercises. He replied that there was no occasion for that kind of formality and display on his part and that he would much prefer to see them as a private citizen, not as a military officer. He asked that I explain his objection to those who had made the request. I did so, but they were not satisfied, and insisted that he bring his uniform. The ones who made this request were old men and women, and girls and boys. I wrote again saying that the passing and the rising generations would not excuse him—that he must appear one day as a military man. Most of them had never seen him as a soldier, and would not be satisfied with less. To this he made no positive refusal, and I was confident the request, coming from the old people, would be granted. So the second day of our program he appeared in the uniform of a general of cavalry.

A reception committee had been sent to Newark, “twenty miles away,” to greet him. When he arrived at our station and stepped from the cars a cheer went up from the gathered thousands that echoed among the hills and valleys for miles. As soon as the noise had subsided so that he could be heard, he inquired what the program was.

“Not much today. We will form now, barracks band in front, you and the reception committee following in carriages.

Then will follow the organizations and citizens, and they will escort you home. We will go only as far as Pig Foot Square, then countermarch; that will be about all for today. I will notify you in time for the exercises tomorrow." Then I continued, "General Ball of the 126th Ohio, who served under you, will make the welcoming speech, to which you will reply."

"You don't expect me to make a speech, do you?"

"Yes, indeed, you must say something in reply, to the people, even if it be ever so brief. They will expect you to say but little, as the weather is so hot."

"Well, as I left here while still a boy, my mind naturally reverts to that period. So I will address my remarks principally to the boys and young men; I will give them something of my experience."

We were now ready to start the parade. In my old scrap-book I find a description of the first day's exercises, clipped from the *Ohio State Journal*. The speech he made on this occasion was probably the longest he ever made.

After the speeches were over and the crowd dismissed, the General was taken to the residence of M. F. Scott, on the public square, as the Sheridan home was fully a half mile away. Here an informal reception was held. As old play-mates and comrades crowded about him he was so truly one of them, that they asked him questions bringing back memories of childhood days, such as:

"Wouldn't you like to go up High street, where we used to run races and get apples?"

"General, would you like to see the old schoolhouse by the Lutheran graveyard where Thorn and McManley thrashed us? It is still standing. If you will go, I'll send for a carriage."

"Phil, if you say so, I'll send for my buggy and take you to Finck's Springs by the wild plum grove. The water is as cold and pure as it was when you were a boy, but the grove is gone."

But to all these invitations he answered, "No, I cannot. I promised mother to be home for dinner; I must not disappoint her. Some other time when I come, and have more time, I shall be glad to see those old spots again."

The old friends who had not served in the war called him Phil, while the ex-soldiers, who had not forgotten military etiquette, addressed him as General.

So far as memory extends, nothing was ever attempted in that village, no matter how beautiful, dignified or sentimental, that something did not occur to inject a humorous feature.

On this occasion General Sheridan was driven up the street in a carriage at the head of the parade, preceded only by the marshals and by the barracks band, which had one of the finest-looking drum majors in the regular army. Of course, on this occasion the leader manipulated his baton with a grace and skill unprecedented. As we were passing, two innocent country girls wedged among the thousands along the way, asked a bystander, "Where is General Sheridan? Which one is he?"

The nearest bystander, to whom the questions were addressed, happened to be Obe Coleman (no time or place was sacred to that wag). Pointing to the conspicuous, gorgeous man at the head of the band, he said, "That's him."

The girls gazed for some time, then, with a shade of doubt and question in her eyes and voice, one asked: "Why do you call him 'Little Phil'? He's not little."

Again Coleman was wicked and equal to the emergency, as he replied, "Oh, he is little when he gets that big hat off."

And to this day, doubtless, those girls, who lived far down among the Hocking hills, wondered why Phil Sheridan threw that stick about so.

CHAPTER XXI.

MEETING A VETERAN—THE GENERAL AMUSED AT “NICK’S” DESCRIPTION.

IT IS of the last visit General Sheridan made to his boyhood home that I shall now speak. The train was due in the evening, about dark, but on this occasion it was twenty minutes overdue. The General was accompanied by his brother, Colonel M. V. Sheridan. They had been summoned to the old home because of the serious illness of their mother.

It was the evening after the close of our county fair; a cold, muddy evening, in the latter part of October. The night they returned I attended them in the hack to the station. On my invitation the brothers were present at the races on the previous day; we had occupied the judges' stand to obtain a better view.

This was the first intimation I had had of General Sheridan's fatal affliction. I remember he told me he was not feeling well; he complained of a cold, chilly sensation. I, having a heavier overcoat, exchanged with him. I inquired whether he had slept well. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I sleep like a baby. It isn't that. There is something wrong here," and he laid his hand upon his breast.

This was the beginning of the end of gallant Phil, and I sometimes reproach myself with having hastened the end by inviting him to that bleak, exposed position to see the horses. The next day he told me that the cold feeling was aggravated,

indeed, from that on he failed rapidly, although he lived several months longer.

In the light of subsequent events, I can now see that both mother and son were entering the valley of the shadow of death together. The mother preceded her boy by only two days.

While occupying our cold position in the judges' stand, there was an intermission in the race program, and, in order to avoid the chilly sweep of the wind, I proposed that we take a carriage and spend the interval in a visit to the floral hall, where I knew there would be less exposure.

We went, and found that small room filled principally with women and children. As soon as we entered, I heard on both sides the exclamation, "There is General Sheridan!" We were there but a few minutes when Mrs. Isaac Zartman came up and said: "This is Phil Sheridan, is it not?" Turn to me, I introduced her.

"I call you Phil, just as I did when you were in Mr. Whitehead's store. I sold you many pounds of butter—it was only worth a fip a pound then—and many dozen of eggs I sold you, too, for three cents a dozen. I always liked to trade with you; you were so pleasant, correct, and honest, I thought."

The General's brown eyes looked pleased, and a smile was on his lips as he thanked her for her good opinion, saying: "I was never a very good boy, but I always tried to do my duty toward my customers and employer."

Another, and more pathetic scene, followed. An old lady came up, extended her hand, and said:

"General, I knew you when you were with Mr. Talbot, and I can say, as the other lady did, that you were a good boy. But I wanted to see and speak to you for another reason.

I had two boys under you in the Shenandoah Valley—the 6th corps. One never came back. Poor Ed—he lingered three days after he was wounded.”

“In what battle?” Phil asked.

“Winchester,” the old lady replied.

“Yes, I lost many good boys there; it was a very hard battle.”

“I am always glad to think they stood up for what is right, and Ed, I am sure, is better off now than to be in this troublesome, wicked world; but it was so hard to give him up.”

I saw the old lady wipe a tear as she turned away.

Either Phil had seen enough of the flowers and needlework, and whatever else was exhibited in floral hall, or else it was too painful for him to bring back sad memories of their dead boys to the mothers he found there. At any rate, he did not remain long before making this characteristic remark: “Let us go back to the horses again.” He never tired of that noble animal. So back we went to the races once more.

On the night of his departure there was no change for the better in his condition. He complained of the same chilliness; he looked ill. I attributed much of his low spirits to the serious illness of his mother, not dreaming that this was the first stage of the disease that would in a few months compel a reluctant but complete surrender.

When we arrived at the station, we found it dimly lighted by a single small lamp which sent its uncertain rays upon two persons standing by the stove. One of them was the Methodist minister, the other a somewhat eccentric, harmless character, an ex-soldier who had been born and reared in that locality, but was then working in the northern part of the

county. He had been on one of his periodical drunks during the fair and was now on his way home, several miles up the road. When I came near the stove he recognized me, which reminded him of his long-delayed pension. He opened conversation by a violent attack upon President Cleveland with a stream of sulphurous oaths.

Having been a soldier, and in politics, I was regarded by ex-soldiers as common property to be called upon at any time to write letters to the Commissioner of Pensions on behalf of their pending claims. This man had repeatedly called on me for that purpose. The matter had now been pending for more than three years, and you may know that his patience was exhausted. I remember how the poor old fellow always wound up his story with the request that I be sure and tell them that "he couldn't wait any longer—he needed it bad."

While the befogged veteran was profanely tongue-lashing the President, I interrupted him by saying I was surprised and shocked to hear so good a soldier and citizen use such language in the presence of General Sheridan and the Rev. Frey. Then "Nick" looked inquiringly at me and repeated: "Rev. Sheridan and Gen. Frey? What do you mean, Cap?"

"I mean that you are very profane in the presence of General Sheridan and Rev. Frey."

"General Sheridan! Where is he?"

"Standing by your side."

His eyes turned in the direction I indicated. Then I beheld the strangest and most amusing combination of expressions mingling upon his face—surprise, mortification, uncertainty and affection, all seemed to be there. For some time he appeared so dazed that he did not, or could not, express himself. He kept looking at the General and tightly holding

his hand. Upon finally regaining his speech, his first words were:

"God bless you, General. 'Tis you. I didn't know you was near me, an' didn't know you had come to town. I thought Cap. Greiner was only fooling me. When did you git to town?"

"Two days ago, to see mother, who is very ill. I was sorry to hear you swearing so when we came in. I remember your family well."

"I tell you, General, it's enough to make a saint swear the way Cleveland has been treating me about my pension. I hope you'll forgive me for swearing, but I couldn't help it."

Then he dropped the General's hand and slowly raised his head as if he saw a picture far away, and from his after-remarks we learned that he was looking at one that was indelibly impressed upon the memory of the old veteran. It was a picture dim to his mind in the condition it was then in, but one that could not be obliterated. It was a hideous panorama of death, defeat, humiliation, panic and disgrace. But this sad scene was followed by a bright and glorious one, the change proclaimed by loud cheers that had a ring totally different from the yell of the enemy. Then a black horse and rider plunged into sight, the rider swinging his hat and calling upon the boys to "face the other way."

Now the old soldier had shaped these scenes into words, for, slowly and with some uncertainty, he said:

"It seems to me there's others besides me that swears; I'm not the only one that sins in that line. Hold on, Phil—hold on, General—I think I heard you do some pretty tall swearin' once or twice; I'm not the only one. Don't you mind, General, at Cedar Creek, and in front of Petersburg, when the

5th Corps did not come up quick enough into battle line to suit you, how you swore—don't you mind?"

The General, somewhat amused at Nick's description, said:

"You cannot believe all you read; the reporters did me injustice sometimes. Newspaper men are often imaginative."

"Yes, but I was there myself. It was at Cedar Creek I got the wound in my leg. I heard you swear. I was sittin' down leanin' against a fence corner, another wounded feller with me, when we heard the cheering. He heard it first and got up, looked all around, and said: 'It's our side that's cheering. They are coming from Winchester. I see a man on a black horse coming this way as hard as he can come. He's swingin' his hat and talkin' to the boys to follow him, an' hundreds of them have turned back to come with him.' It was you. When you came nearer I could hear 'em holler, 'It's Sheridan! It's Sheridan!' Then everyone who could walk got up an' cheered, an' followed you. Yes, we were badly whipped before you came, and we all felt mean. I can't tell you how bad we felt before we saw you coming. I hollered at you myself as you passed, but I was lyin' down an' you couldn't hear me. I hollered, 'Here's a Perry County boy,' but you couldn't hear, there was so much fuss an' cheerin'. Why, General, I knowed you when you was a little boy; we only lived three miles from Somerset. Yes, you did swear at Cedar Creek."

"It may be possible, Nick, but that was under peculiar and trying circumstances. I was young then and have quit the habit long ago."

"Well, General, I am under pretty trying conditions now, myself, an' that's what makes me swear. But if you'll do one thing for me, I'll promise to quit swearin' an' drinkin'."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the General.

"When you go back to Washington, go an' see old Cleveland and git him to go to General Black and tell him to allow my pension. Black's all right, but the trouble is with Cleveland—he's down on me for something. I want you to help me; I'm in a tight place. Some of my enemies have writ some lies to Cleveland, I expect, an' for that reason he's down on me. You see, I'm gettin' old and can't clear land and split rails and dig coal, as I used to. I am poor an' want help, an' I can't get it, for Cleveland is down on me."

General Sheridan promised to see to it, adding that in all probability the President had never heard either of the case or his name mentioned, as it was outside of his official duties. This aroused Nick's indignation, and he already forgot his promise not to swear, for he said:

"Oh, the hell, he hasn't heard of me! Most everybody knows me. Here's Cap. Greiner has writ a dozen letters down there to hurry my claim. No! He is down on me an' I can't tell what it's about. You go an' see him an' find out what he is mad at me about, an' if you git the pension for me an' ever hear of me swearin' or drinkin' ag'in, you may take the pension away from me."

"What is the number of your pension? Tell Captain Greiner and he will send it to me."

I am glad to say for old Nick that a few weeks later he came rushing into my office with the glad tidings that his claim had been allowed. Whether General Sheridan was instrumental or not, I do not know, but the old fellow gave him the credit.

The belated train came around the curve through the deep cut and the Sheridans, the minister, and Nick started to board

it. The General looked so feeble that I asked leave to carry his hand satchel. As he stepped slowly from the platform to the car step, he turned and said:

“Good-bye, old boy, until we meet again.”

That was the last time I ever saw him alive. I often wonder if we shall meet in the other life.

The cold winds whistled and moaned through those hills and valleys; the shivering snowdrops of March were followed by the green fields and shady groves of summer, and, later, autumn’s splendor, but the brave little soldier never returned.

Speaking of General Sheridan’s swearing, I will say that, so far as I could see, there were only two points on which he was sensitive—he did not wish to go down into history as a profane man, and he did not wish it to be generally understood that he was reckless. The truth is, no general studied his plans more carefully—he left absolutely nothing to chance. Some expressed the opinion that he was reckless, but lucky. On the contrary, his plans were always well matured and his movements based on careful calculation. He owed nothing to luck, any more than did Napoleon, Washington or Grant.

Returning to the topic of the general’s last visit to Somerset, I would add that it was about this time that the deadly pallor became apparent on his countenance which proved the forerunner of the last and fatal inroads of the enemy. His mother, too, lay in her last lingering illness while months passed and spring deepened into summer. Because of some exposure on the general’s part, the disease made a more determined attack at this time, so for awhile it was uncertain whether the mother or the son would first reach the distant shore. For obvious reasons, the serious illness of the son

was not communicated to the mother, nor was the son aware of his mother's dangerous condition. When the end came, there was but a few days between the two.

It was said in our village that when Phil saw death near, his soul, weary from long illness, wandered away from the trappings of war to his dear old mother among the hills of Perry. He asked that she be sent for and, if she could not come, to be taken to her. She had been his stay through all the years before he came into prominence, and he wanted her near him in the final struggle. It is said, too, that he longed for the green fields and rocky slopes of his early home.

Sheridan was always true to his friends and never forgot the old attachments, but he could not forgive disloyalty or treason in his associates.

A former citizen of our village, and a friend of Sheridan's when they were both boys or very young men, married and settled in Virginia. He was one of those who are always on the "make," even if it be at the expense of the mother country. This man was a non-combatant, but was detected giving aid to the enemies of his country, by carrying drugs and medicines through the lines. He was tried, found guilty, and was about to be sent to military prison. As a last resort he asked to be brought to General Sheridan, in whose department he had committed the crime. But General Sheridan could not forgive him for selling his country, and declined to interfere in the sentence.

I remember the case of a Catholic priest who was arrested in the Shenandoah Valley for violating the privileges accorded the clergy. The charge was carrying information to the enemy. He was tried and sent to military prison under Sheridan's orders. I refer to the latter incident in order that those who are of the opinion that with Catholics their religion

comes first, and oath and country are secondary considerations, may have that erroneous impression corrected. It is well known that Sheridan was a strict Catholic.

It was afterward, I think, between the years 1884 and 1886, that General Sheridan called on me during one of his yearly visits to our place. A week or two previous to this call I had read a very elaborate and lengthy editorial in the *New York Herald* urging his candidacy for the Presidency. During our conversation I referred to this editorial, asking if he had seen it and, if so, what he thought of it.

"There is nothing in that. Even could I be elected, I would not think of being President. Yes, I saw it. Someone sent me a marked copy."

I told him I was in hopes he would consider the matter favorably. The editorial had been very significant, coming, as it did, from the most powerful Democratic paper in the country, and he being a pronounced Republican.

"I hope you will overcome your prejudices against politics and if you are pressed to take the nomination by your party, will do so. Don't be so emphatic in your objections. Consider what you could do for me and for your other poor friends in case you were elected."

He had been looking at a war scene on the wall, his back turned toward me, when I made this remark. He turned, saying with an air of reproach:

"You know something of politics and should be the last one to advise me to adopt such a course. You should remember that I have never been anything but a soldier and, at my age, with no previous political experience, to plunge myself into a sea of strange trouble and vexation, make myself the subject of abuse and slander, and, if elected, burden myself

with great responsibilities, would, I am sure, crush me to my grave. Now, do you still advise me to go into politics?"

Seeing how earnest he was and how true was his contention, I could but say:

"You are right! Never, never think of accepting the nomination, even should they offer it to you."

At the Chicago convention in 1880 he could have had the Republican nomination for the asking, but he declined the honor. As a Republican and a staunch friend of General Grant, he took his place on the platform in the interest of his old commander. Whether he really believed in the policy of a third term may be questioned, but he did believe in Grant. At one period in the proceedings when it became apparent that Grant could not get the nomination a vote was cast for Philip H. Sheridan. It was a critical moment. Any strong man could have carried the convention by storm, as Garfield did a few hours later, and it was the opportunity of Sheridan's life had he wanted to be President. Old soldier that he was, he could not fail to see that the cause of his chief was lost for a third term, but Sheridan was made of different stuff from some other delegates to the convention, and breaking loose from those who would hold him back he sprang to the front, and in words that could not be misunderstood declared that he would, under no circumstances, accept the nomination, but was for Grant. Every person present knew that Sheridan meant just what he said at that time, and the whole country knew his meaning some years ago when he said emphatically that he would not accept a nomination at the hands of the approaching Chicago convention. He had achieved the height of his ambition when he became commander of the army.

The following letter received when I asked for the retention of a Republican friend during Cleveland's administra-

tion shows that Sheridan did not like to have "anything to do with politics," but would still do all he could for a friend, even under a Democratic administration :

"August 23rd, 1885.

"Headquarters Army of the U. S., Cape Vincent.

"MY DEAR HENRY GREINER :

"I have your letter of Aug. 19th. The letter containing the proposition from Nye has not come to hand. The Asbrook matter was referred to the P. M. Gen. for favorable consideration. I do not have anything to do with politics, but hope he may favorably consider it. It was sent to him out of consideration to you. I am up here for a week or two of rest or fishing, but anything sent to me to Washington will reach me here.

"With kind regards, my dear Greiner, I am,

"Yours truly,

"(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN."

In 1882, soon after General Sheridan's promotion to be general of the army, I had business in Washington; of course I called to see him, to pay my respects and to personally congratulate him on his promotion. He was almost alone; there were only a clerk or two and a military messenger standing by. As usual, he gave me a cordial reception. After a twenty-minute talk of home, past and present, I extended my hand, saying I must leave on the next train.

"Don't go yet; go up with me to lunch. I want you to see little Phil; he's a boy now—when you last saw him he was only a baby. On our way up we will stop and see a pair of Kentucky horses Mrs. Sheridan bought the other day. And,

especially, do I want you to see the handsome residence my Chicago friends presented me."

His invitation was so earnest that I could not refuse. We stopped to see the horses, which were not far from the War Department. They were a splendid pair of bays. The only objection one could make to them was that they were bobbed. We lunched with Mrs. Sheridan and the bright, pretty children, whose delicate features resembled their mother, with the exception of the boy, in whose face the rugged outline of his father's physiognomy could be distinguished. I spent the greater part of two pleasant hours in the room where the general kept his relics, trophies and presents. Around the room and on the walls were many souvenirs of the chase and of war. He called my attention to a Rocky Mountain goat, perfectly mounted.

"That, Greiner, was one of the best shots I ever made. You know how extremely cautious they are and how inaccessible their haunts, but after a long hunt and great labor I got a shot at him. This grizzly bear I assisted in bagging. You know it's no child's play to tackle one."

Pointing to an immense wild turkey, mounted on a pedestal, he observed:

"It took a long shot to bring that fellow."

I greatly admired a Mexican saddle presented to him by some Mexican general, or generals, the workmanship of which was so elaborate that it had taken years to complete it. The buckles and other metallic parts were of solid silver and gold, and it was a most appropriate gift to an immortal rider. The presentation of this saddle represented the grateful appreciation of the givers for the invaluable services General Sheridan rendered that country when it was conquered by the French and governed by the unfortunate Maximillian, who was but

the innocent dupe of that pompous fraud, Napoleon the Third.

Grant and Sheridan had keenly smarted under the insult offered by Napoleon in his attempt to force a monarchy upon this continent at the time when we were in a desperate struggle for life, and they could not resist the temptation to get even after the war was over. Sheridan, who was eager, was ordered to take three corps to Texas and the Rio Grande, and, if he felt so inclined, to push things. This part of the order was verbal, indeed, *sub rosa*. When our soldiers reached the banks of the Rio Grande, ostensibly every preparation was made for crossing. The French became alarmed, and their Minister at Washington flew to Secretary Seward to inquire the meaning of our movements, and to ask that Sheridan be halted. By instructions from our Secretary, Sheridan was halted. Chagrined and impatient, he lay idle for a few days. Then his patriotic impulses got the better of him again and he commenced moving his corps as if with the intention of crossing. Once more dispatches flew thick and fast to the French Minister at Washington. Then came emphatic instructions to Sheridan that he must do nothing to bring on a war with France. Impatient and disgusted he sat down again. I had it from his own lips that it was the most trying ordeal of his life to remain on our side of the river.

But our object was accomplished. Through the diplomatic skill of Seward and the warlike demonstrations of General Sheridan, the French became demoralized and Maximilian's forces abandoned northern Mexico. With Phil's corps on the east bank of the Rio Grande, with bristles up, showing their teeth, the Mexicans took heart, and soon the invaders took ship and sailed. Thus the last act in the tragedy of the rebellion (for it was part of the plan of the rebellion) was played on Mexican soil.

CHAPTER XXII.

PARENTS OF GENERAL SHERIDAN—A FITTING TRIBUTE FOR A NOBLE LITTLE WOMAN, WHO GAVE ALL HER SONS TO THEIR COUNTRY.

JOHN SHERIDAN, the father of Philip H. Sheridan, was born in the County of Cavan, Ireland. He came to this country about two years before Philip was born.

He was an industrious, cheery, intelligent, good-hearted citizen. After he had completed his contract to build a portion of the railroad through our place, which contract did not turn out to his financial advantage, he devoted his time and energy to tilling the little farm of twenty-three acres which he owned near the village.

He died May 5th, 1875. As was the custom in that locality a couple of neighbors, myself one of them, remained at the Sheridan cottage that night. The day following the general arrived. Mrs. McIntire, a kindly neighbor, who had quietly assumed charge of the necessary activities, thus relieving Mrs. Sheridan, told me that the general had not seen his father as yet, and suggested that I ask him if he wished to do so. I did ask, and in reply he said that his mother had informed him there had been a great change in the appearance of his father after death, therefore he would prefer not to look upon him now. For this same reason he had not viewed the remains of his much beloved sister who had died a few years previous in great suffering. He wished to remember them as they had looked when in health.

Some thought it strange that when Grant, his chief, was

dying, Phil did not visit him. It was to save the dying general's feelings, as well as his own, that he did not look upon his friend in his last hours of suffering.

"Without Sheridan, Grant's triumph would not have been so complete; for it was Sheridan, who, by rapid marches and incessant blows, secured the enveloping, and thus the surrender, of Lee. After this the intimacy grew out of achievement. While Grant was sick and dying Sheridan wrote: 'It is unnecessary for me to use words to express my attachment to General Grant and his family. I have not gone to see him, as I could only bring additional distress to them, and I want to remember him as I knew him in good health!'"

General Sheridan probably saw more dead men during his time than any other man living at that time, but with all this he would, if possible, avoid the sight of one.

Mary Minah Sheridan, the mother of Philip, was also born in the County of Cavan, Ireland. She died June 12th, 1888, aged 87 years and two months. She sank into death as an infant goes to sleep, the transition being so gentle as to be almost imperceptible. This was a fitting death for a noble little woman whose sole aim in life appeared to be the fulfillment of her duty to family, friends, country and God. No honors could elate her, but she was sensible and grateful for every blessing.

When she died, the poor had one friend less. The needy, wandering soldier never found a more hospitable welcome than Mrs. Sheridan would extend. Many of them would drop in, when in our vicinity, to see the mother of General Sheridan. There was a generosity and gentility of nature in her that made her beloved by all.

Inasmuch as she had always been kind to the soldiers and had freely given all her sons to the service of their coun-

try, I thought it fitting that a guard of honor composed of veterans should escort her to her grave. Acting on this thought I sent a note out to her son John, he being the only son then at home (Phil was dying at Nonquit at this time), asking if it would be agreeable to the family to have a detail present for that purpose. The reply came that there would be no objection. A called meeting of Tom Talbot Post was held that night and the detail selected. It unintentionally occurred that they were all wounded soldiers except myself.

The funeral was one of the most impressive I ever witnessed, and was as simple as it was impressive. No nodding plumes nor glittering hearse were there—they were not needed, for six of the nearest neighbors took up the light remains of the Spartan mother, carried them down the slope and up the hill, only a short distance from her home, where the cortege was met at the cemetery gate by good Father Noon, who conducted it to the grave. By the side of each carrier marched an ex-soldier, the guard of honor, clad in the regulation blue of the Grand Army of the Republic. What we observed that day in our ceremonies over the burial of Mrs. Sheridan was probably the nearest to a military burial that any woman ever received in this country.

I remember having said once to Mrs. Sheridan, "Is not this home too small for you now? When the general and colonel visit you you will not have room for the callers. Let me trade you my house; possibly you would prefer living in town. Mine is a little larger. You know it would be more convenient when the boys return."

"I know the house is small for the occasions to which you refer. They have often spoken of building us a larger one, but I won't hear to it. No, I would not exchange with any one. I will never forsake this. From that gate by the road,

and this door, I waited and watched for years for the boys to return from war. In this house Mary and father died. This house has witnessed the loves, hopes, joys and sorrows of so much of my life that I cannot think of leaving it while I live. No! I would not exchange."

The year before Mrs. Sheridan died the state of Ohio celebrated its first centennial anniversary. One of the features of the celebration, which was held at Columbus, was an exhibition of relics representing some of the state's most distinguished citizens, born or adopted.

Mr. Graham of Columbus was secretaary of the committee on arrangements as well as its most active member. He came to Somerset on this business and, finding that I was a former acquaintance of his, he called on me, stating the object of his visit. This object was to secure the loan of the cradle that had rocked Phil Sheridan, hearing that it was still in possession of the family. Being a stranger to them he requested me to go out with him and introduce him. I had never heard of the cradle, and expressed doubt that they still had it. However, we went to the Sheridan home and, after presenting Mr. Graham, I stated the purpose of his call. I was not surprised to hear that the cradle had not been seen in many years. Mrs. Sheridan told us the story of its disappearance, which is as follows:

"When we lived in town a very poor family who lived near us borrowed it when their first-born came, and kept it until their third child had been rocked in it. We never saw it again, nor did I care, for it was not a very substantial or elegant piece of furniture when it left us, and was probably much the worse for wear when they moved away."

After giving us the history of the cradle, there ensued a slight pause, which the old lady broke, saying:

"So it is Phil's cradle you desire, Mr. Graham, and came all the way from Columbus to secure it. Why shouldn't the cradle that rocked the Walker boys, or my John, or Mr. Greiner, or the Martin boys, who never came back to their poor old mother after the war, why should not a cradle that rocked any of those boys do as well? They were all soldiers."

There was a tinge of sarcasm in her remark which I thought Mr. Graham would not understand, and even if he did it would embarrass him to answer, so I came to his rescue and answered:

"You know, Mrs. Sheridan; we never distinguished ourselves; we never won great battles, nor did we make a great ride."

"No! Probably you made no great rides, but you made the great marches through heat, cold, hunger and thirst; I am sure it is easier to ride than to march. Mr. Graham, if you can find a cradle that has rocked a private soldier, take it up with you. It might not be appreciated by some, but it would be by me."

Mrs. Sheridan always disliked to see the private soldiers overlooked, not because her brightest boy had been a private, but because of that strong democratic sentiment that stands up for the more humble patriot.

As Mr. Graham secured nothing from the Sheridan home that he thought would be available for the exhibition, I contributed the saddle which General Sheridan gave me, together with other relics.

To his mother, Phil was not the invincible fighter, the son who made the Northern cavalry a conquering cyclone, whom to meet was destruction to the foe. She never referred to him as distinguished, but would often speak of his goodness to her, even from the time when he was a little boy; neither could

she understand why visitors so often referred to him as "famous." In her estimation, his domestic traits were far more admirable, but at the same time she felt a just pride and unshaken confidence in his military ability.

I have a little silk flag that, as the years roll by, I prize more and more highly. Its needle work was done by Mrs. Sheridan, it being the last she did—when she was 87 years old. It was originally printed, having on some of its stripes political inscriptions. Those were cut out, others substituted by her, and it was finished and brought to me on the 22nd day of February, 1887. It came to me in this way:

I was at her home on some business pertaining to the general's affairs. During the conversation she spoke of her declining health and very feeble condition. I could plainly see that she had not many more months to live, and said, "Mrs. Sheridan, I should like very much to have a memento from you. The general, when he lived in Chicago, sent me several without a request on my part, but I take the liberty of asking you for something by which to remember you."

"Oh, I have nothing you would like or that would be appropriate. If I was not so weak I would sew you something for my eyesight is still good."

I then thought of my political flag and told her of it—that the stars should remain, she to replace the stripes.

"Well, send or bring it out and I will try. There is nothing I would rather work on than the American flag. Give me a long time, a month or two, and I think I can have it finished. Cynthia (speaking to the housekeeper), will you see to it that I do a little at it each day when I am able?"

Cynthia promised to remind and encourage her in the work.

"I often thought of giving you something by which to remember me, for you were so good to Johnny when you were out."

"I can't remember being partial or good to John any more than to others. I would not do that even if he was the brother of a general. Mrs. Sheridan, I was not better to John than I was to poor Tim McCarty, who had not a friend in the world, he told me."

"Yes, he told me he stayed in your tent, where he had more room than he would have had in one of those dog tents. He could read and sleep with more comfort."

"I did that for my own enjoyment. He is so entertaining as a talker and so much better educated than I that I could learn from him, and besides, he was such a good story-teller that I wanted him near for that reason, too."

"Then, when he was sick with fever and disliked to go to the hospital you detailed Noah May as a nurse. You could not have selected a better one for that duty, or kinder. Yes, I will work hard to make you the flag."

When I received it from the hands of Mrs. Boling I saw that the stitching was very poorly done, and it could not be otherwise, for the hand was trembling with old age and the weakness of approaching death. Her womanly pride was ashamed of it, for she apologized for its poor execution the first time we met. Mrs. Boling told me when she brought it that, "Often and often would I gently encourage the old lady to take a few more stitches, for I knew she could not live many months longer."

It can be truly said that Phil Sheridan's mother died making the American flag, for this was the last piece of work she did.

AN INCIDENT—AN OBLIGATION—A DYING HERMIT'S WISH.

There would come a man of peculiar appearance, always clad in cheap, threadbare clothing, to the postoffice to which I was attached in the southwest portion of Chicago. He came every day for ten years, excepting Sunday; deep snows, intense cold or heat, were no obstacle. From his many visits for so long a time we became well acquainted. After securing his mail, his stay was brief. I learned that he was a graduate of the University of Vermont and had taught school in many parts of Illinois. Questions would often arise in my mind which I would submit to him, always receiving a correct answer. His memory was phenomenal. He received more mail than any other person. Notwithstanding his many visits to our suburb, he knew no one but those with whom he had transactions, and they were few. His hermit home was four miles southwest of the postoffice. After several years we became, to some extent, intimate friends. His habits of life were extremely frugal, excepting in one respect; in this he was a spendthrift. He would pay any price for a book that appealed to his desires, generally purchased at auction from the Boston sale of old and rare books, he receiving every three months a catalogue of the coming sales. A few weeks before his death he received "McKenzie's Explorations of the Great Northwest," printed over one hundred years ago. This cost him twelve dollars. The same mail brought him a small worm-eaten book which cost four dollars. Finding what a mania he had for books, I, being encumbered with books too scientific for my mental calibre, gave them to the recluse. He was very grateful, emphasizing his gratitude, knowing I was from Ohio, by presenting me with Henry Howe's two large volumes of "His-

torical Collections of Ohio." Removing the wrapping from the books, he asked what county I had lived in in Ohio. He opened that page, saw an engraving of General Phil Sheridan, and asked if I knew him.

"Yes, we were playmates and schoolmates. I also served under him in the Shenandoah Valley."

Many questions followed, when he told me he had two relatives who served under him in that Valley, belonging to the First Vermont Cavalry; he had heard them speak of him as a wonderful soldier; always eager to fight; they thought he was fond of war and fighting. I told Mr. Belknap (the hermit) that he was not fond of war; by nature kind and gentle. I knew every side of him, from every standpoint, and related some incidents that surprised him.

"The world should know this. His history should be so recorded. Why not write this and let his countrymen know the truth?"

"I cannot very well resign this office to attempt that. I am too weary after hours to work longer. I am old and not in good health; besides it takes money to publish a book." He quickly said:

"I will assist in that line. I will advance you two hundred dollars any day you desire it."

A week after he came to me very ill, saying he could not care for himself; where could he go? I could not leave the office then, but gave him a letter of introduction to a lady who sometimes kept boarders, pointing to the house. He was received. Next day I called to see him. He told me he would soon die, which I could plainly see. He had written to his brother in Kansas that he would prefer dying there; that he had no regrets excepting the non-completion of the genealogy

of his family, beginning with his grandfather, who was a Revolutionary soldier, dying in a British prison ship. He asked me to send for an attorney. He desired to make his will. I sent for Mr. Booz, in the Ashland Block. I told him I had no claims to the two hundred dollars he had given me and that I would return them, as possibly he might have reconsidered the matter.

"No, no; I would rather add to that small amount. I consider it an honor to assist in a cause so patriotic and worthy."

"Mr. Belknap, is there anything you wish said for you as to this gift?"

"Yes; you can say that I am proud to do something for the memory of one who did so much for his country, with the many admirable traits you tell me he possessed. I shall be dead then, and I will consent to having this said."

In our long friendship I never heard him speak an unkind word of anyone. He was a typical Puritan, humble, refined, sensitive and modest. He, with his 2,700 volumes of scientific books, started for Kansas a day or two after his brother's arrival. He lived there a few days only. He was born and is now buried in South Royalton, Vermont.

Governor McKinley was making his second campaign for Governor and on that business he visited our village to make a night speech. I, being in politics and having a personal acquaintance with him, the committee on arrangements delegated me to the pleasant duty of entertaining him. He was compelled, by reason of the few passenger trains, to arrive in the forenoon. During our conversation in the afternoon, he asked me who was left of the Sheridan family (he knew this was their home). My reply was, John L., wife and two daughters.

"John? I never heard of that brother. He was not a soldier, was he?"

"Yes; he was a private in my company. We served in the Shenandoah Valley."

I shall never forget the astonished expression of his gray eyes when I told him that John was only a private.

"How did he compare mentally with his brother?"

"He was the superior, with the faculty of fluent speech and eloquence which you know the general and the other brother did not have. He had a wonderful memory; one of the best story-tellers I ever heard. Being so well educated and so entertaining, I invited him to make my tent his quarters. My object was to learn from him."

"Will I not see him?"

"I doubt that he is able to be out of bed, from a bad case of rheumatism. If we have not too many callers this afternoon we will call to see him."

"Did General Sheridan bring home many trophies from the war?"

"Not many that I have seen from the Civil War; only his headquarters flags, guidons and battleflags, quite a number of Indian war relics."

"I should like very much to have a relic or memento from the family if it should be ever so insignificant."

My reply to this was, if we called at the Sheridan home and received nothing I would see to it that he should have something in that line. Several years passed before I again thought of my promise to send the then President a memento or relic of the Sheridans. I could think of nor secure anything that I thought suitable but the little silk flag that the mother of Phil had made for me during her last days. To in-

sure its delivery, I sent it to Mrs. Phil Sheridan to be delivered, as can be seen by the following letter. This is the same little flag that was on exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. On a visit there I could not locate my Sheridan flag, so I wrote to the Secretary, and Mrs. Sheridan thus explained matters :

"March 31st, 1901.

"MY DEAR MR. GREINER :

"The check for \$500 from Mr. Blood reached me safely, also the little flag which I will give to the President in a day or two and will write you when it is delivered.

"Sincerely yours,

"IRENE RUCKER SHERIDAN."

As General Sheridan's black horse immortalized himself by carrying his rider twenty miles to the battle of Cedar Creek and saving the day, I shall devote this chapter principally to the General's horse. When transferred from West to East to take command of the Potomac cavalry, Sheridan started from Louisville, Kentucky, by boat with four horses; he disembarked at Cincinnati, to go by rail. The horses, under the care of a staff officer, continued to Parkersburg, Va., by boat, where they were met by John L. Sheridan, who brought two of them, a black mare and a chestnut horse, home to the village of Somerset. On one of these was a peculiar-looking saddle that General Sheridan gave to me after the war. A black and a gray horse were left on the boat to be taken east to the Army of the Potomac. The black mare sent to Somerset was entitled to the name of "Balck Beauty," on account of her appearance, at least. She was of Kentucky stock, in build perfect, but almost too small to be a war horse with a heavy rider. Al-

though of symmetrical mould, the important points were powerfully developed. In disposition she was equally perfect, with one or two exceptions. She refused to be a draft animal and she refused to recognize and care for her offspring.

After the war I rode her on several occasions and found her to be the best trained saddle horse I ever rode. She could furnish any gait the rider desired and seemed to know by instinct the speed required. Her favorite gait was a swinging pace from which she would go if urged by word or the bridle rein into a rack, or canter, always with the ease of a cradle and the grace of an antelope. When standing or walking she would coquettishly toss her pretty head, seemingly to invite attention to her fine face and neck. The almost constant tossing of her head would rattle the cavalry bit and chain, which I think she enjoyed, for she never tired of this music while standing or walking. Under the saddle she was perfectly gentle and courageous, but there she drew the line. If any attempt was made to make her work in harness, it transformed her from the peaceful "beauty" to a demon. To draw a load was, in her estimation, menial; her aristocratic instincts resented it with rage and indignation. If the effort was persisted in, kicks and plunges would follow until she had extricated herself from the hated bonds. The attempt was often made while she was with the Sheridans, with the same result; then all effort in this line ceased, she being kept only for the saddle.

Not many years after the war she became the mother of a beautiful colt. It was then that her second shortcoming developed itself. The colt, being very pretty, was welcomed by everyone but the unnatural mother. Instead of being the object of her tenderest solicitude, it was spurned and repulsed, and, to save its life, a separation had to be effected between the

little daughter and its mother, and the colt was reared by hand.

Her unpardonable treatment of her colt had a tendency to alienate the fondness of the Sheridans for her and ultimately led to her banishment. The first sin they could easily condone, but the second they would not. She was sold at a comparatively low price to a horse dealer who lived in the next town.

Several years later I saw her in harness, and the sight was painful. It took but one glance to see that her proud spirit had been broken. She had at last been compelled to submit to harness; and the martial bearing of the war horse had disappeared. Her fine eyes flashed no more and the graceful curve was gone from her smooth neck. She appeared moody and sullen. The owner told me she discharged her duties without spirit, which was evidently true. I never saw the black beauty again. I did not inquire how much cruelty had been necessary to break her; I feared it would have been a pitiful story. I was glad she was not human—she could not compare her present condition with her proud past, when she had heard, but feared not, the enemy's yell swelling from a thousand throats, echoed back by the wild cheer of the loyal hosts, ere the two sides met in deadly combat.

The chestnut horse that had accompanied the black mare to our village had been an artillery horse when bought by Sheridan, therefore he was accustomed to harness. He proved to be a safe and excellent family driver; he was larger than the mare. His death came about in a strange way. Indeed, a fatality seemed to pursue all of the General's horses except the famous Black Winchester. Four or five years after the war John L. Sheridan drove the chestnut from our town to Zanesville, about eighteen miles distant. When he had traveled

about half the distance he unexpectedly met at a bend in the road the advance of a traveling menagerie, composed of some elephants and a group of camels. The horse had seen strange sights in his time, for he was not young then and could not have belonged to Sheridan during the war without having seen bloody battles; he had faced death in many fields without flinching or fear, as it was this horse that the General rode in the southwest, at the battles of Booneville and Corinth, and at other Mississippi actions; but it seemed to know nothing of elephants and camels and he came upon them so suddenly that it was a complete surprise. Every soldier knows that a surprise is demoralizing. At first sight he became excited and refused to go forward; from nervousness and absolute fright he had become so uncontrollable that to save the buggy from destruction and possibly to save his own life Sheridan was obliged to turn and go back until he reached a cross road into which he turned, going far enough to be out of view of the strange sight which the horse could not understand. When the caravan had passed, he was driven back, to resume his course, still nervous and terrified, becoming almost unmanageable when he reached that spot on the road whence he had first caught sight of the dreaded objects. Although the day was cool, and he was not being driven rapidly, the perspiration came from him almost in streams.

When his destination was reached and he was taken to the stable, his appetite for food and water seemed to have failed him. The following morning there was no improvement, either in appetite or nerves. Upon his return, he was turned out to graze with the other horses. Naturally fond of society, he now seemed to avoid it, secluding himself in a distant part of the field. Nothing attracted his attention except, perhaps,

a passing load of hay or covered wagon, which would startle him by their resemblance to the elephant. When the fright had passed, he would resume his dis-spirited, dejected look again.

A few months after the meeting with the caravan and its imaginary terrors he died. John Sheridan's theory was that he died of shame and disgrace; that it broke his heart when he discovered he had been a coward, and that existence under those conditions became intolerable. Life having no charms now, he determined to die, and succeeded by starving himself.

The celebrated gray pacer I never saw. He was a favorite with General Sheridan when on long, toilsome marches; he had great strength, an easy gait, and wonderful endurance. He was a southern horse by birth, taken from the enemy at the battle of Missionary Ridge, he having been ridden during that battle by one of General Breckenridge's staff officers. It was the gray pacer's fate to be burned to death during the great Chicago fire of 1871.

When the black horse carried Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek on the famous ride, there was much rapid riding to be done in reforming the line and rallying the troops; to do this the General changed from the black to the gray, regardless of the old superstition that he who changes the color of his horse during a battle will not long survive the battle. This black horse I never saw after he became famous. While the Army of the Cumberland was in pursuit of Bragg after the battle of Perryville, I saw Sheridan on a fine black horse several times. As he had acquired no fame at that time I did not notice him particularly, but have no doubt it was "Winchester."

It is true that the pedigree of a horse had something to do with the continuance of the war and the final success of the

Union cause. Had "Winchester" been of only ordinary endurance, he could not have borne the impetuous Sheridan twenty miles in continuous speed; he would have broken down. Had the stock been any other than Morgan, I fear the rider would have been at the least an hour later in his arrival. But the game animal was able and willing to keep up the speed which enabled Sheridan to arrive in time to rally his broken, demoralized battalions and make his plans before Early made his second attack, for it will be remembered that the lines were barely formed when the enemy came again. Had he not been there sufficiently long to make these preparations, the stricken army would have been driven from the field and out of the valley—a disaster which would have compelled a change in the military plans, deferring the close of the war and making the final result doubtful. "Winchester" participated in eighty-five battles and skirmishes.

"Winchester," as he was named on his second baptism—his first had been "Rienzi"—was the only one of the four horses which escaped an unhappy end and was allowed to spend his superannuated days as General Sheridan had designed they all should, in ease and retirement. This horse partook more of the nature, spirit and disposition of his rider than either of the others; he was restless and combative.

The following description is from General Sheridan's Memoirs:

Shortly after the Booneville affair Captain Archibald P. Campbell, of the Second Michigan Cavalry, presented me with the black horse called Rienzi, since made historical from having been ridden by me in many battles, conspicuously in the ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, which has been celebrated in the poem by T. Buchanan Read. This horse was of

Morgan stock, and then about three years old. He was jet black, excepting three white feet, sixteen hands high, and strongly built, with great powers of endurance. He was so active that he could cover with ease five miles an hour at his natural walking gait. The gelding had been ridden very seldom; in fact, Campbell had been unaccustomed to riding till the war broke out, and, I think, felt some disinclination to mount the fiery colt. Campbell had an affection for him, however, that never waned, and would often come to my headquarters to see his favorite, the colt being cared for there by the regimental farrier, an old man named John Ashley, who had taken him in charge when leaving Michigan, and had been his groom ever since. Seeing that I liked the horse—I had ridden him on several occasions—Campbell presented him to me on one of these visits, and from that time till the close of the war I rode him almost continuously, in every campaign and battle in which I took part, without once finding him overcome by fatigue, though on many occasions his strength was severely tested by long marches and short rations. I never observed in him any vicious habit; a nervousness and restlessness and switching of the tail, when everything about him was in repose, being the only indication that he might be untrustworthy. No one but a novice could be deceived by this, however, for the intelligence evinced in every feature, and his thoroughbred appearance, were so striking that any person accustomed to horses could not misunderstand such a noble animal.

When General Thomas, the hero of Chicamauga, who was one of the last to remain and fight the enemy, left that bloody field, the whole army had fallen back to Chattanooga. Among his regiments was the 31st Ohio, which when it went

into battle, unslung their knapsacks and blankets and threw them on a pile, leaving two men to guard them. They never saw those blankets and knapsacks again. They went back carrying nothing but their arms, ammunition and empty canteens. This is why Sergeant George Nichols and Milton Dodd of my first company, when they arrived at Chattanooga, looked around to find a loose blanket or stray overcoat to keep themselves comfortable that cool, autumnal night. Those Somerset boys held a consultation as to how to keep warm that night. They concluded they would go through the town and army and make a private reconnoissance. If they didn't see a blanket, they might find something to eat in their travels. It was nearly dark when they passed some officers' tents which they could distinguish from the others because of their size and the number of horses near. These horses were blanketed, but only one had a good covering, the others being thin and torn. They went up to make the acquaintance of the horse that had the best blanket. To their surprise, he resented all advances; he would allow no familiarity; he laid back his ears and showed his teeth, looking a model of fury and ill-temper. He was a beautiful black, and the hungry, chilly boys, badly as they felt, could not but admire his symmetrical form.

"Whose quarters are those?" one of them asked of a soldier not far away.

"General Sheridan's," was the reply.

There was neither time nor desire to call upon him even had they known him in their native village; everyone was feeling too blue and wretched after the defeat to be sociable. Besides, Phil would not have had any recollection of them, as they were too young when he left home to become a soldier at West Point. No, they did not desire to see Phil Sheridan,

but they did want that good blanket that was on the fiery black horse much as they disliked to rob their townsman. However, they found on consulting their feelings that self-preservation was the first law of human nature. So they concluded to return when it was quite dark, and, by every argument, try and persuade the horse to surrender the blanket.

The reader, if he has not been a soldier, might ask why they did not go to General Sheridan, make themselves known, state their condition and request the use of that blanket. This would have been regarded by any soldier in the nature of a weakness, an admission of want of fortitude. In short, it would not look soldierly to complain of hardship or suffering. So the two waited until darkness set in and a heavy fog, when they found themselves again near the black horse that had received them so unkindly during the day. Then they held a council of war and adopted this plan: They would approach his head from opposite sides simultaneously; this would so divide his attention that they could approach and hold it firmly. When this was done—and it required some caution, nerve and strategy—the stronger man, who was Dodd, was to hold the head while the sergeant did the unbuckling and stripping.

When this part of the plan was attempted, the intelligent animal appeared to realize their intention and commenced a furious fight by biting and striking at Dodd, but they were in desperate need of a blanket, so he held on long enough for the sergeant to secure it and then they made away with it on the run, for the enraged horse pursued them the full length of the rope, gnashing his teeth in anger.

When the horse had become celebrated by so gamely carrying his rider from Winchester to Cedar Creek and turning the tide of battle, Nichols would laugh and tell what a mean trick

he had played and how glad he was that the rope did not break when the horse made the vicious charge after them when they ran with his blanket.

Finally, on a beautiful April morning in 1865, as the sun rose over the hills and vales of a region that had never yet felt the cruel footfall of war, Sheridan's cavalry swung into line for the last charge. The sound of those horses' hoofs on the road beyond Gordon's advance was the final menace to the expiring Confederacy.

The night of the 8th of April closed upon a day of hard work and exciting events. By a forced and rapid march Sheridan had thrust his cavalry in front of the retreating Confederate army. The night before the surrender, Custer had enveloped Appomattox Station, capturing three heavily laden railway trains of supplies, twenty-five pieces of artillery, 200 wagons, and many prisoners. After this stroke the cavalrymen stood to horse all night. The gray of the morning was just yielding to the stronger light of full day when they were ordered to move forward. As they emerged from the woods and advanced upon the plains beyond, they could see the army of Lee cut off from further retreat. It was a sight at once grand and thrilling when the horsemen moved forward to the final attack. Gordon made an attempt to destroy the line of cavalry which appeared with sabres glistening in the spring sun, the trophies of war mingling with battle-flags of the Union commander. Behind Sheridan's cavalry long lines of infantry under Ord, Griffin, and Gibbon, were waiting to gather the sheaves of war which Sheridan's troopers had secured. The last fight was a short one, and the white flag of truce from Gordon's headquarters announced the final surrender. Sheridan rode into the Confederate lines to receive the praises of

his chief and the applause of his country for his brilliant work. It was a fitting end to the closing hours of the great struggle, that his fame as a soldier should be completed only with the final breaking up, which his generalship and energy had done so much to hasten.

The story of so dashing and brilliant a life cannot be easily told. But it is well before leaving this thread of his military life to observe the elements of mind and character which have combined to produce a soldier whose fame has reached far beyond the limits of his own country, and of whom Grant once said: "No better general ever lived."

CHAPTER XXIII.

PHIL SHERIDAN AT SHORT RANGE—BY COLONEL
JOHN SCHUYLER CROSBY.

WHEN Colonel Crosby was requested to describe that phase of Sheridan's character which is of peculiar interest to the public, he replied quickly:

"There is no phase of his character which is not of peculiar interest to the public. Sheridan had all the attributes of a soldier; genius of mind and character, physique, and fortitude. He was courageous even to fearlessness. Born a soldier, during all the many years of his active army life he devoted his energies to the best interests of the service.

"Some men have well-rounded characters and can succeed at almost anything, but Sheridan was simply a soldier, and that was all he considered himself. He had but one purpose, the same that has characterized so many American soldiers—that of doing his duty. In this respect he was wholly consistent, expecting neither promotion nor praise for performing what he considered a sacred obligation to the government. Neither would he recommend a man to the War Department for promotion for doing what he was ordered to do, a soldier's duty. What a contrast to the wholesale recommendations for brevets made by many of the generals and commanding officers for service in the late engagements and skirmishes about Santiago!

"It was inconceivable to him that a man should expect any reward for performing the service required of him. Courage he expected of every man, and it was the exception when

his judgment erred in this respect. He expected those about him to be ready for duty at all hours, should their services be needed.

"If an officer or soldier performed any creditable duty he would have to depend upon his own conscience for his reward, for Sheridan rarely expressed any strong approval other than a quiet smile and pleased expression, which showed his appreciation of what was going on; but when the opportunity occurred later Sheridan always remembered that officer by recommending him for promotion where his qualifications could be utilized to the best advantage. The General was explicit in his verbal instructions to his staff officers, and reposed confidence in their judgment and opinions only after many severe trials. When once gained, however, his faith was implicit."

"What of Sheridan's disposition?" I asked the Colonel. "Had he a quick temper?"

"He had the temper of a robust man," replied Colonel Crosby, "but always kept it under control. He had the force of a giant and the tenderness of a woman. He was not profane, and the stories of his terrible oaths are in most cases absolutely groundless, and in others outrageous exaggerations. He rarely used an oath, though at times I have heard him swear when his temper was aroused by conditions which would have provoked a saint. Both in the field and at his desk, when annoyed or troubled by matters not going as he had directed and looked for, he would knit his brows and close his upper teeth down upon the right side of his mustache and lip.

"At such times it was just as well to keep at 'attention' and await his orders, or allow him to open the conversation.

Sheridan's voice was in general conversation low and sweet, though when excited he would pitch it for a moment to a high but not disagreeable key.

"In conversation he was incisive and clear—in fact, quite epigrammatic—and possessed of a remarkable power of description; yet it was difficult for him to express his thoughts to his own satisfaction in writing."

"Was Sheridan witty?" I asked.

"Yes, he had all the wit of the Irish. He appreciated a good yarn, and was fond of a song, although he himself did not sing, having no voice; but he would not tolerate a vulgar story.

"While Sheridan's temper made it advisable at times not to intrude upon him, he never remained angry long. He was never moody or blue, though often, during critical periods, he was serious and silent almost to the point of taciturnity. His natural optimism was the General's chief support on many an occasion.

"Few people realize the hardships encountered by Sheridan and his small command during his active campaigns against the Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches in 1867-'69, in which he commanded in person.

"Previously to Sheridan's taking command all the campaigns against the Indians had been conducted in summer, when the redskins had the soldiers at a great disadvantage, as their ponies were fat and strong and could move with great celerity. The General recognized this, and determined to change the tactics which his predecessors had employed. He resolved to attack the Indians at a time when their horses were thin and weak, and their families could not be moved through the snows; consequently the results of his campaigns

were eminently successful. But such work, of course, entailed great suffering on the soldiers from hunger and exposure.

"On prolonged marches through deep snows, and often in the face of death-dealing blizzards, Sheridan never lost his nerve. He would always share the hardships with his men, and demand nothing more for himself than the humblest private received. He was always cheerful; and, although we often marched through heavy snows, with the mercury below zero, I have never heard him utter a complaining word. He showed great sympathy and concern for the officers and men about him, who were pursuing and fighting Indians five or six times greater in number than his own command. He was particularly concerned about the pack animals and officers' horses, which, having no fodder, were often compelled to live on cottonwood bark, which they stripped from the trees with their teeth, as a schoolboy does the bark of a birch tree.

"During one of these winter campaigns a courier reached Sheridan. A halt had been called for lunch, and the General was standing in the snow, making a frugal meal of hardtack and bacon. The dispatch handed him was from General Grant, announcing to Sheridan his nomination and confirmation as Lieutenant General of the army. When he read the news to us his face flushed with pleasure, and everybody in our little group threw his hat high into the air; and as soon as the news was conveyed to the rest of the command, cheer after cheer could be heard through the frosty air. After a few moments Sheridan said: 'Gentlemen, I've a confession to make. None of us has had a drink for over six weeks, and yet I've had a bottle of whisky hidden away in my saddlebags all this time, which I've been keeping for an emergency.

I think that this occasion justifies the breaking of the bottle.' But there wasn't much more than a swallow apiece as we drank to the General's well-earned promotion."

"Was Sheridan a drinking man?" I asked Colonel Crosby.

"I think," he replied, "that a drinking man would not have kept an unbroken bottle of whisky in his saddlebags for a whole month. No! [most emphatically] No! he was not a drinking man. There seems to be a proneness among people to ascribe to prominent men all sorts of vices, generous and otherwise; and many persons seem to have the idea that Sheridan was a hard drinker. On the contrary, in the five years I was on his staff, both in the field and traveling under circumstances of great physical and mental fatigue and worry, I never saw him under the influence of liquor in the slightest degree.

"He rarely drank when alone, and neither at the table nor in company did he ever indulge to excess. During the last two years of his life he suffered greatly from stomach trouble, and any vigorous exercise would weaken him; but even then his drinking was moderate. The General was often misjudged in regard to this habit, owing to his high color and often flushed face. But the secret of that was an abnormally high pulse, which beat from fifteen to twenty more strokes to the minute than that of the ordinary man.

"In other respects, also, Sheridan was markedly different, physically, from other men. His face was most expressive. He had arched, heavy eyebrows, from underneath which large, piercing black eyes looked out at you. One could tell from his eyes in a moment whether he was fiercely angry or only indignant; whether he was serious, sad, or humorous, without noticing another feature of his face. I never saw

eyes which showed so many shades of feeling as those of Phil Sheridan. His mouth was firm and his chin square and aggressive. He had a bullet-shaped head and medium-sized ears, behind each of which there was a peculiar development which gave him the appearance of having great force of character.

"His shoulders were broad and his chest deep; he had long arms and large hands, while his legs were short and his feet small. Although he was but five feet six inches in height, still the great length of his body made him look over six feet when in the saddle.

"Sheridan's most distinguishing traits, apart from his military genius, patriotism, and love for his family, were unyielding loyalty to his friends and considerateness for dumb animals.

"As I said before, Sheridan was particularly loyal in his nature and was especially attached to the men he knew in his early days before he came into prominence. He was fond of Colonel Lawrence Kip and of both the Forsythes, also of General Fitzhugh, Colonel Newhall, and Dr. Morris J. Asch, now of New York, and in after years he always spoke of them with great affection. He had a strong regard for Grant personally and a most exalted faith in the military skill of that great leader.

"I've often heard him say that General Wesley Merritt was one of the best officers he had ever had under his command, and that he had great confidence in his judgment, skill and persistence under any conditions requiring the exercise of those qualities. The General would never allow anybody to speak disparagingly of one of his friends. If such a thing were attempted, no matter by whom, he would diplomatically

change the subject; but if the offense were persisted in, he would say, 'I've shown you that the person is a friend of mine and I will not permit you to talk against him.'

"I once essayed to compliment him upon the possession of this trait in so extreme a degree, and he seemed surprised that I should have noticed it at all. 'A man doesn't make friends lightly,' he said, 'and when he does he must stand by them for better or worse. I certainly should expect my friends to do as much for me.' Apart from friendships of his own, the habit of backbiting was one for which he had an absolute detestation. He used to say, 'A man who speaks well of others speaks well of himself.' He made few intimate friends, but he regarded his staff officers a part not only of his official household but of his personal family as well. When the war was over and he was placed in command of a large military department he was always easily accessible to every one, although he would brusquely dismiss anybody who sought to use him for personal ends, and he was remarkably quick at detecting such a motive, no matter how adroitly it might be veiled."

FUNERAL OF GENERAL SHERIDAN—ELOQUENT TRIBUTE FROM
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The remains of General Philip H. Sheridan were buried August 11, 1888, with all the pomp and circumstance of a military funeral. The day was one of extreme quiet. The Capitol was deserted, the departments were all closed, and every wonted occupation was suspended. At the entrance to the church were a number of military officers who acted as ushers and seated the guests as fast as they arrived. Among the most prominent to arrive first was Secretary Fairchild,

who was escorted to a seat near the front. A few minutes later Secretary Vilas and Postmaster-General Dickinson arrived. Secretary Endicott and General Sherman came in a few minutes later and were seated to the left-hand side aisle. At 9:45 Mrs. Sheridan, leaning on the arm of Colonel Sheridan and preceded by Captain Lawton as usher, appeared and were shown seats in chairs placed in front of the first pew. Mr. John Sheridan followed, accompanied by two ladies of the family. General and Mrs. Rucker, the parents of Mrs. Sheridan, came next and were ushered to seats immediately behind Mrs. Sheridan.

The personal staff of General Sheridan and the physicians who attended him during his illness occupied pews in the rear of the relatives. President Cleveland and wife, accompanied by Mrs. Folsom, occupied seats in front.

To the right of the main aisle were seated the members of the diplomatic corps in the city. They were dressed principally in black dress suits, but the representatives of Corea wore their highly conspicuous uniforms, as did the Turkish representatives.

About 200 army officers of varying rank, dressed in their bright uniforms, were present. Many of these wore medals of honor and special decorations. The judiciary was represented by Justice Harlan and Solicitor-General Jenks, while Speaker Carlisle, Senators Ingalls, Evarts, Allison, Blackburn, Paddock, Edmunds, Chandler and Representatives Stahlnecker and Mahoney represented Congress.

Promptly at 9:50 the Rev. Father Mackin, celebrant, and Fathers Kervick and Ryan as deacons, preceded by a number of altar boys and acolytes, forming a procession, emerged from the sacristy and began the Requiem Mass for the dead.

Cardinal Gibbons occupied a throne to the left of the altar. The service was most solemn and impressive. The choir sang Schmidt's Mass. At the Offertory the hymn "*O! Christi Salvator Mundi*" was sung with great effect.

At the conclusion of the Mass, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons ascended the pulpit and delivered the closing funeral address. He said:

"And Jonathan and Simon took Judas, their brother, and buried him in the sepulchre of their fathers, in the city of Modin. And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation, and they mourned him for many days, and said: How is the mighty fallen that saved the people of Israel.—I. Mac. ix., 19-21.'

"Well might the children of Israel bewail their great Captain, who led them so often to battle and victory. And well may this nation grieve for the loss of the mighty chieftain whose mortal remains now lie before us. In every village and town of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific his name is uttered with sorrow and his great deeds recorded with admiration.

"There is one consoling feature that distinguishes the obsequies of our illustrious hero from those of the great Hebrew leader. He was buried in the midst of war, amid the clashing of arms, and surrounded by the armed hosts of the enemy. Our Captain, thank God, is buried amid profound peace, while we are enjoying the blessings of domestic tranquillity and are in friendship with all the world. The death of General Sheridan will be lamented not only by the North, but also by the South. I know the Southern people. I know their chivalry, I know their magnanimity, their warm and affectionate nature; and I am sure that the sons of the South, especially those

who fought in the late war, will join in the general lamentation and will lay a garland of mourning on the bier of the great General. They recognize the fact that the nation's General is dead and that his death is the nation's loss.

"And this universal sympathy, coming from all sections of the country, irrespective of party lines, is easily accounted for when we consider that under an overruling Providence the war, in which General Sheridan took so conspicuous a part, has resulted in increased blessings to every State of our common country.

"Let me select an incident which reveals to us his quickness of conception and readiness of execution. I refer to his famous ride in the Valley of Virginia. As he is advancing along the road he sees his routed army rushing pell mell toward him. Quick as thought—by the glance of his eye, by the power of his word, the strength of his will, he hurls back that living stream on the enemy, and snatches victory from the jaws of defeat.

"How bold in war, how gentle in peace! On some few occasions in Washington I had the pleasure of meeting General Sheridan socially in private circles. I was forcibly struck by his gentle disposition, his amiable manner, his unassuming deportment, his eye beaming with good nature, and his voice scarcely raised above a whisper. I said to myself: 'Is this bashful man and retiring citizen the great General of the American army? Is this the hero of so many battles?'

"It is true General Sheridan has been charged with being sometimes unnecessarily severe toward the enemy. My conversations with him strongly impressed me with the groundlessness of a charge which could in nowise be reconciled with the abhorrence which he expressed for the atrocities of war,

with his natural aversion to bloodshed, and with the hope he uttered that he would never again be obliged to draw his sword against an enemy. I am persuaded that the sentiments of humanity ever found a congenial home, a secure lodging in the breast of General Sheridan.

“Those who are best acquainted with his military career unite in saying that he never needlessly sacrificed human life, and that he loved and cared for his soldiers as a father loves and cares for his children. But we must not forget that if the departed hero was a soldier, he was, too, a citizen; and if we wish to know how a man stands as a citizen we must ask ourselves how he stands as a son, a husband and father. The parent is the source of the family, the family is the source of the nation.

“Social life is the reflex of the family life. The stream does not rise above its source. Those who were admitted into the inner circle of General Sheridan’s home need not be told that it was a peaceful and happy one. He was a fond husband and affectionate father, lovingly devoted to his wife and children. I hope I am not trespassing upon the sacred privacy of domestic life when I state that the General’s sickness was accelerated, if not aggravated, by a fatiguing journey which he made in order to be home in time to assist at a domestic celebration in which one of his children was the central figure.

“Above all General Sheridan was a Christian. He died fortified by the consolations of religion, having his trust in the saving mercies of a Redeemer and an humble hope in a blessed immortality. What is life without the hope of immortality? What is life that is bounded by the horizon of the tomb? Surely it is not worth the living. What is the life

even of the antediluvian patriarchs but like the mist which is dispelled by the morning sun? What would it profit this illustrious hero to go down to his honored grave covered with earthly glory, if he had no hope in the eternal glory to come?

"It is the hope of eternal life that constitutes at once our dignity and our moral responsibility. God has planted in the human breast an irresistible desire for immortality. It is born with us and lives and moves with us. It inspires our best and holiest actions. Now, God would not have given us this desire if He did not intend that it should be fully satisfied. He would not have given us this thirst for infinite happiness if He had not intended to assuage it. He never created anything in vain.

"Thanks to God, this universal yearning of the human heart is sanctioned and vindicated by the voice of Revelation.

"The inspired word not only proclaims the immortality of the soul, but also the future resurrection of the body. 'I know,' says the Prophet Job, 'that my Redeemer liveth, and that on the last day I shall rise out of the earth and in my flesh I shall see my God.'

"'Wonder not at this,' says our Saviour, 'for the hour cometh when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they who have done well shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they who have done ill, to the resurrection of judgment.' And the Apostle writes these comforting words to the Thessalonians: 'I would not have ye ignorant, brethren, concerning those that are asleep, that ye be not sorrowful, like those who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so those who have died in Jesus God will rise unto Himself. Therefore comfort yourselves with these words.' These are the words

of comfort I would address to you, madam, faithful consort of the illustrious dead. This is the olive branch of peace and hope I would bring to you today.

"This is the silver lining of the cloud which hangs over you. We followed you in spirit and with sympathizing hearts as you knelt at the bed of your dying husband. May the God of all consolation comfort you in this hour of sorrow. May the soul of your husband be this day in peace and his abode in Zion; may his memory be ever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen; and may our beloved country, which he has loved and served so well, be among the foremost nations of the earth, the favored land of constitutional freedom, strong in the loyalty of its patriotic citizens, and in the genius and valor of its soldiers, until time shall be no more.

"Comrades and companions of the illustrious dead, take hence your great leader; bear him to his last resting place; carry him gently, lovingly; and though you may not hope to attain his exalted rank, you will strive at least to emulate him by the integrity of your private life, by your devotion to your country, and by upholding the honor of your military profession."

The Cardinal's allusion to the personal life of General Sheridan brought tears into the eyes of many, and even old weather-beaten veterans seemed to be affected.

After the closing prayers the casket was placed on the shoulders of the eight sergeants from Troop B, and was conveyed to the caisson at the door of the church.

Following came the pallbearers: General Wesley Merritt, George W. Childs of Philadelphia, Marshal Field of Chicago, General Joseph S. Fullerton of St. Louis, Secretaries Whitney and Endicott, General Augur, Senator Hawley,

Speaker Carlisle, Colonel Charles P. Lincoln, and General McFeely.

Then followed Mrs. Sheridan and Colonel Sheridan, members of the family, General Sheridan's staff, his late physicians, the President, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Folsom and the members of the Cabinet, the Senate and House Committees, the Diplomatic Corps, the Loyal Legion, army and navy officers, the judiciary and the invited guests.

Drawn up in line in front of the church was the military procession. The procession, under command of Colonel Gibson, then moved to Arlington cemetery, where the remains of General Sheridan were laid to rest. Seventeen guns were fired in honor of his rank. Three volleys of musketry followed, closing with taps on the bugle, and the crowd returned to Washington.

STATUE OF GENERAL SHERIDAN UNVEILED. DEDICATED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. HIGH TRIBUTES PAID HERO.

The splendid military achievement of General Philip H. Sheridan, whose famous ride was one of the notable incidents of the civil war, was celebrated at the national capital, Washington, D. C., Nov. 20, 1908. A heroic equestrian statue of the gallant soldier was unveiled. The nation's tribute was paid in the festivities of the day and was spoken by President Roosevelt, Brigadier General Horace Porter and Luke R. Wright, Secretary of War, who delivered glowing eulogies of the famous soldier.

The parade of troops, under command of Major General Franklin Bell, was reviewed by the President and a large assemblage, representing the diplomatic corps, army and navy, and veterans of the civil and Spanish wars. Secretary Wright of the War Department presided over the ceremonies. Rt. Rev. P. J. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University of America, delivered the invocation.

Mrs. Sheridan, the widow of General Sheridan, removed the covering which gave the assemblage the first view of the beautiful statue. She was attended by her son, Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan.

The statue, which was unveiled amid military pomp and splendor, is the work of Gutzon Borglum. It shows General Sheridan on horseback, his steed in action, representing the occasion on which he returned to the field at the battle of Cedar Creek waving his hat in his hand and shouting to the men to turn back. It is one and three-quarters times life size, and is said to contain more molten brass than was ever before cast in one piece in this country. It is twelve feet long and eight feet wide and the entire piece is fourteen feet in height. The sum of \$50,000 was appropriated by congress for the statue. It is located in Sheridan Square, in the residential section of the city.

The military parade was headed by General J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff of the army. The Thirteenth Cavalry,

three batteries of field artillery, four batteries of coast artillery, the Fifteenth Cavalry, four companies of marines and two companies of blue jackets were in line. The United States Marine Band rendered appropriate music. The second division consisted of the District of Columbia militia, headed by the Engineers' Band. The third division was composed of the veteran societies of the Army of the Potomac, of the Cumberland, the Tennessee and Ohio, whose members served under General Sheridan.

President Roosevelt's address was short and told of the valiant deeds of the hero whose statue was unveiled. He said in part:

"It is eminently fitting that the nation's illustrious men, the men who loom as heroes before the eyes of our people, should be fittingly commemorated here at the national capital, and I am glad, indeed, to take part in the unveiling of this statue to General Sheridan. His name will always stand high on the list of American worthies.

"We tend to think of him only as the dashing cavalry leader, whereas he was in reality not only that, but also a great commander. Of course, the fact in his career most readily recognized was his mastery in the necessarily modern art of handling masses of modern cavalry so as to give them the fullest possible effect. But in addition he showed in the civil war that he was a first-class army commander, both as a subordinate of Grant and also in independent command.

"His career was typically American, for from plain beginnings he rose to the highest military position in our land. His career symbolizes the careers of all those men who, in the years of the nation's direst need, sprang to the front to risk everything, even life itself, in valorous conflict for an ideal.

"Dreadful was the suffering, dreadful the loss of the civil war. Yet it stands alone among wars in this—that, now that the wounds are healed, the memory of the mighty deeds of valor performed on one side no less than on the other has become the common heritage of all our people in every quarter of this country.

"We meet together to raise a monument to the great Union general, in the presence of many of the survivors of the Union army; and the Secretary of War, the man at the

head of the army, who, by virtue of his office, occupies a special relation to this celebration, is himself a man who fought in the Confederate service. Few, indeed, have been the countries where such a conjunction would have been possible.

"We should keep steadily before our minds the fact that Americanism is a question of principle, of purpose, of idealism, of character; that it is not a matter of birthplace, or creed, or line of descent. We of this generation have our own problems to solve and the condition of our solving them is that we must all work together as American citizens. Mighty is the heritage we have received from the men of mighty days. We must gird up our loins to meet the new issues with the same stern courage which marked our fathers who belonged to the generation of the man in whose honor we commemorate this monument today."

Brigadier General Porter reviewed the career of General Sheridan at length, telling of the incidents of his boyhood, his appointment as a cadet at West Point, his early Indian campaigns, his continual and merited promotions in the civil war and the final campaign with an army of cavalry that turned the tide of war.

"Much as I admired his marvelous soldierly qualities on other fields of battle," General Porter continued, "I felt that I had never measured the true scope of his matchless genius until that memorable day at Five Forks. I spoke to him of his attitude in battle, and he replied: 'I have never in my life taken a command into battle and had the slightest desire to come out alive unless I won.'

"General Sheridan showed himself possessed of the highest characteristics of the soldier. Bold in conception, self-reliant, demonstrating by his acts that much danger makes great hearts most resolute. The hearts of men warmed to him with the glow of abiding affection. The inspiration of his example roused them to deeds of individual heroism.

"Sheridan's sword always pointed the way to an advance; its hilt was never presented to the enemy. Under his guidance the flag of his country was never once dethroned from its proud supremacy. He was never defeated. He loved brave men and despised dastards. He did not believe that the Lord ever intended his deeds to be made manifest by cowards."



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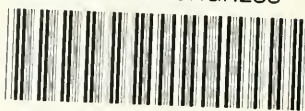
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